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REVOLUTIONS IN ENGLISH HISTORY.*

As in other ages when a period of great deeds has been succeeded by a season of repose, the forty years which have followed the Peace have been prolific in contributions to our history. The care of the state and the industry of many persons have been employed during all this time in illustrating the national life of England, or in giving it historical form and consistency. The noble edition of the statutes at large which was first published in 1819, and which, as Mr. Froude very justly observes, is the best contemporary evidence of our annals, has been followed by the labors of the Record Commission, and by the epitomes or transcripts of our ar-

chives which issue at intervals from our State Paper Offices. As might have been expected, such a field for investigation has not been allowed to lie fallow or barren, and a great number of men of genius have enriched it in parts with the choicest culture. The novels of Bulwer and of Mr. Kingsley, and the volumes of Mr. Froude and Macaulay attest, by splendid yet varying proofs, the great increase of our historical materials, and how brilliantly art and industry have adorned them. It is remarkable, however, that while the history of England has been thus successfully dealt with in fragments, so few attempts have hitherto been made to condense our recent acquisitions in this province into something like a collective form, and to place the reader in a point of view from which he can see our annals as a

* *Revolutions in English History.* By ROBERT VAUGHAN, D.D. Vol. I. *Revolutions of Race*; II. *Revolutions in Religion.* London: John W. Parker & Co. 1859-61.

whole, as modern researches present them to him. With scarcely an exception our later historians have preferred elucidating particular periods, to tracing our national life from its source until it reaches its full development; and the result has been that the general reader is often as ignorant as formerly of the subject. All competent persons have long ago agreed that the work of Hume is shallow and inaccurate; yet it still retains its hold upon the public; and this is because it has not been supplanted by any digest of equal ability which embodies, for all the period it embraces, the latest discoveries in English history.

To supply this want in our present literature, and, without attempting a formal narrative, to place before the reader, in clear miniature, the whole features of English history, as recent researches have led us to see them, is the main object of the volumes before us. Subordinate to this is the secondary object of tracing out concisely yet boldly the causes which have formed the national existence, and of estimating, and setting in proper significance, the influences which have shaped the destiny of the empire. For reasons which will be obvious to some of our readers, we have delayed to pronounce our judgment upon the manner and style in which Dr. Vaughan has so far succeeded in carrying out these important aims. But as, with a few very trifling exceptions, these volumes have met with a cordial reception from the organs of public opinion, we think that it would be a prudish mistake to defer any longer our notice of them. We feel assured our readers will believe that our criticisms always follow the rule, "that truth is to be preferred to Plato;" that what we really and honestly think will be set down without respect to persons.

This being premised, we feel free to express our judgment upon these two volumes, which, though only a part of the whole design, contain a review of the history of England from the age of Cæsar to that of Elizabeth. That judgment is, that no other book fulfills, in nearly an equal degree, the important purpose the author sets forth with, or details with equal accuracy and picturesqueness the great phases in our national life, and the various causes which have affected it. It is true that, in following out his plan, Dr. Vaughan seems to have been of opinion

that history does not obey the impulse of laws readily discoverable by us; and, accordingly, to the school of Vico, he may seem wanting in the power of generalization. It is also true that, in our judgment, opposed as it is to historical dogmatism, he might have defined with more clear precision one or two epochs of change in our annals, and might have suggested more fully than he has done the influences which produced those transitions. And, as it is obvious when treating a subject which requires not only a breadth of view and a sound judgment in forming conclusions, but a vast range of special knowledge, that it is idle to expect completeness of information in an equal degree upon all topics, so we shall not assert that in all respects Dr. Vaughan's work is entirely trustworthy, or gives all events their proper proportion. In short, that ideal philosophic insight, and that thorough mastery of numberless acquirements which would make a work of this kind perfect, are of necessity more or less deficient in these volumes; and, accordingly, some insufficient judgments, some views in part inaccurate and hasty, some partial estimates, and some errors of fact, undoubtedly may exist in them. So, too, a captious and sneering critic might find occasional blemishes in their method; and their diction, though always vigorous and natural, and sometimes very pleasing and animated, admits, perhaps, of a higher polish. Making every allowance, however, for these drawbacks, this work presents, we think, the best summary extant of the life of this nation, viewed as a whole, in its long course from its Celtic independence to the eventful close of the sixteenth century. No other work so clearly sets forth the important changes which Celtic Britain underwent at the Roman and Saxon invasions, or gives a more satisfactory solution of the real effects of the Norman Conquest. If somewhat deficient in its description of our legal and constitutional progress before the accession of the House of Tudor, no other work gives so good an account of our social life in the Middle Ages, of our old commercial and industrial organization, and of the movement which originated with Wycliffe. The chapters upon the England of Henry VIII., upon the growth of our early Protestantism, upon the character of our first Reformation, and of the personages who guided its

issues, upon the double Revolution which followed, and upon the rise of Puritanism among us, are eminent for ability and judgment; and, indeed, the whole view of the Tudor period not only contains much new information, but is very valuable from its display of sound criticism, and clear discrimination. We should also add, that we were greatly struck with the unassuming and moderate tone which characterizes every part of the work, as well as with its impartial spirit, its genial temper, and its warm humanity.

In seeking an answer to the question, how the life of England was evolved in the past, Dr. Vaughan, we think, was perfectly right to refer briefly to Celtic Britain, and to trace the effects of the Roman conquest. It has been the fashion with a class of writers who identify national being with institutions, to place the commencement of English history at the period of the Saxon invasion, and Lord Macaulay, from a different reason, has arrived at nearly the same conclusion. Now, although it is true that the Celtic tribes no longer occupy the English soil, that Druidism and its kindred jurisprudence have become forgotten things of the past, and that the visible traces of the Roman colonists, and of their settlement in this island, have been overlaid by the dust of centuries, it is equally certain that indirectly the influence of these races has been great in forming the type of the English people, and in giving a stamp to the national character. For—setting aside the important fact that if we would view the empire as a whole, the Celtic element even now is dominant in Wales, Ireland, and one half of Scotland—it is quite clear, as Dr. Vaughan has shown, that the Celtic race has mingled with the Saxon within even England, properly so called, in a greater degree than has generally been supposed, and has therefore formed one main stem from which to derive our national existence. To which we might add, that the two sovereigns who perhaps have left their mark most visibly on the frame of our institutions and polity, namely, Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, were in part, at least, of Celtic origin;* and, singularly enough, in their acts and

lives betrayed the tendencies of the Celtic nature. As for the Roman influence upon this island—even if we reject the theory of Spence and of other critics of that school, that much of the so-called Saxon institutions had in fact a Celto-Roman original—still, if we remember that the Christian Church was planted in England by Roman hands, that for somewhat more than three hundred years a Roman colony occupied England, and that many of our towns, existing at this time, owe their rise to Roman and Imperial civilization, we can scarcely doubt that it is idle to deny that this race has deeply affected our destiny. We agree, therefore, with Dr. Vaughan, in tracing the elements of our national life to the period of Cæsar and of Agricola, and we think that, had he not gone so far back, his work would have wanted logical unity.

Who, then, and what were the Celtic tribes who wandered over our English plains at the time when Cæsar first saw our cliffs, and Agricola led his legions to conquest? Lord Macaulay, adopting the tone of the *Commentaries*, says: "When first they were known to the Tyrian mariners, they were little superior to the natives of the Sandwich Islands." There is reason to question the fidelity of this account, since, long before the invasion of Cæsar, the inhabitants of Britain are described as half-civilized, and, as Dr. Vaughan observes justly, even if it be true of the Britons of Cæsar, it can not apply to the Britons of Tacitus. It is quite certain that the various races who inhabited this island, toward the close of the first century, were, at least all along the southern counties, very far removed from primitive barbarism, and were not ignorant of agriculture and commerce. This, of course, was owing to the proximity of Gaul, which, subdued before the Christian era, and reduced to the shape of a Roman province, opened channels for trade to her British neighbors, and taught them perhaps a perilous culture. Dr. Vaughan's description of these British tribes, as they appeared to the Romans of the age of Vespasian, is very full, graphic, and interesting. Though presenting marked differences between themselves—the Silurian race showing traces of the south, while the others were more of the type of the Gaël—and not combined in an uniform government, they were bound together by the strong ties of the

* This fact was laid to the charge of the House of Tudor repeatedly. * It was often said by malcontents in their days, that "Cadwallader's blood" had no right in England.

common faith and laws of the Druids, which, in the ascendancy they gave to a priesthood, are so significant of the Celtic character. They were also exceedingly brave and warlike, but, like their descendants in after-ages, were broken into separate communities, which, under the rule of ambitious chiefs, were constantly in a state of discord with each other, and opened a way to a steady invader. "Dum singuli pugnans, universi vincuntur" is the Roman commentary on these British septs, so like the clans of O'Neill and Llewellyn; and Dr. Vaughan has clearly marked this special feature of Celtic nationality.

After several fierce yet ineffectual struggles, the Celtic Britons succumbed to Rome, and Britain, in the reign of Domitian, was at length subdued by Julius Agricola. Dr. Vaughan describes with much spirit the heroic deeds of Boadicea and Caractacus, the steady progress of their civilized invader, and that very characteristic incident, the massacre of the Druids in their groves of Mona. From this time, for more than three centuries, the whole island, from Cornwall to Caithness, was more or less under Roman rule, though the Roman influence was hardly felt beyond the line of the Grampian hills. Some writers have thought that this long occupation had very little effect upon the country, and that scarcely a trace of the foreign admixture survived the close of the fifth century. Though it is true that Britain was never Romanized in the same degree as the Gallic provinces, that the Celtic tongue seems never to have died out, that we do not read of British imperators, or of Britons found in the Imperial Senate, and that "no Latian porticos or aqueducts" remain in stately ruins among us, Dr. Vaughan, we think, has shown conclusively that, not to speak of permanent results, the effects of the Roman conquest in Britain were broader and deeper than has generally been admitted. He rejects, indeed, the theory of Spence, that our polity and laws in the Saxon period may be really traced to the Celto-Romans, insisting, with Coke and the jurists of that school, that our laws spring from a native original. But he has pointed out that, eastward of a line from the Scotch Highlands, through Derbyshire to the south, the Roman influence was paramount in Britain, while westward the Celtic element prevailed; and he has given us a number of clear proofs of the marked

character of the Roman ascendancy. The island was portioned out into provinces, was governed by Legates and Procurators, and was occupied by a series of garrisons, which, under old republican appellations, were so many centers of a Roman population. The Celtic princes were gradually Romanized, accepting, as Tacitus tersely remarks, "humanity" in exchange for "freedom;" the dress, the architecture, and the language of Rome became fashionable with the Celtic nobility, and the British youth, enrolled in the legions, "saw their national life in the camp and the eagles." At the same time the agriculture was Roman, and rose to a very high pitch of excellence; Roman roads and stations pervaded the island, and the commerce of Britain with Gaul and Italy spread Roman influences throughout the country. In fact, it is probable that Celtic Britain was more deeply penetrated by Roman elements than India has been by those of England.

But whatever may have been the transient effects of the Roman occupation of this country, its permanent results have been considerable. We shall not discuss the interesting problem whether Roman law, transmitted from the Empire, is the real basis of the English common law, and of most of those Saxon institutions which we fondly ascribe to Teutonic freedom. Dr. Vaughan we think has pronounced too hastily against a conclusion now strongly supported; and, could we see in the courts and assemblies which existed before the Norman conquest, an image of the Imperial institutions, surviving in form, yet changed in spirit, we should find a strong additional link to connect the chain of English history. It appears, however, certain from this work, and indeed more clearly than any where else, that we owe the rise of Christianity in Britain, not to any particular missionary or apostle, but to the Roman legionaries and colonists who brought with them the sacred influence. Thus we trace our religion through distant ages to the presence of the soldiery of Trajan and the Antonines in their different settlements on this island; and Dr. Vaughan has fully proved that long before the ascendancy of the Papacy, Christianity had taken deep root in Britain, and never lost it at any time afterward. Three bishops from Britain were present at Arles, when Constantine called his council together; there were

British ecclesiastics at the Council of Nice; and the system of monasticism was established among us toward the close of the fourth century. In the fifth century, the Pelagian doctrines had infected many of the Christians in Britain—a fact significant of the deep influence which the Christian ethics must already have had, since every error in the Pelagian tenets may be traced to a somewhat exaggerated notion of the power of man to attain perfection. It is not possible at present to estimate the mighty effects which this change of religion must have had on the Celto-Roman province. What is more important to our present purpose is to bear in mind, as these volumes have shown, that Christianity never died out in Britain; that it survived the Roman settlement in this island; and that its light was never extinguished through the dark chaos of the Saxon invasion. Long after the advent of Hengist and Horsa, and before the celebrated mission of Augustine, we find the Church established in Britain, and numbering congregations of the faithful amidst the mountain fastnesses of Wales, or beside the stormy cliffs of the Hebrides. This is one of the points in the publication before us, to which we would specially call attention; and it has been worked out with much skill and learning.

But if the seeds of civilization and religion were sown in England by the Roman occupation, that event brought elements of evil with it. It sapped the strength of the British races by drafting their youth into foreign armies, and it cast the palsy of Imperialism on the brave descendants of Cassivelaun and Boadicea. The defense of Britain against the Picts and the Scots was transferred to the Tigris and the Pillars of Hercules; and the whole tendency of the Roman rule was to break down the nationality of Britain. It is to these causes, and not to the effects of Christianity and a more polished life, that Dr. Vaughan properly ascribes the decline of power in the British Celts and their inability to withstand invasion. Here is his summary of the results of the Imperial Government before its collapse in the fifth century:—

“The condition of affairs in Roman Britain was fair and imposing on its surface, but hollow beneath. Corruption in Rome never failed to become the parent of corruption in its dependencies. The distinctions of rich and poor obtained in some degree among the Britons even in their

vanquished state. The arts of peace came into the place of the calamities of war. But even that change may not be a change for the better. What is gained in quiet and comfort may be gained at a serious loss to virtue and manhood. By this process, the fidelity, the courage, and the national spirit which had characterized the Britons in their rude state, were all deeply impaired. The men of substance were flattered, baited with pleasure, and rendered harmless by such means; and while the industrious furnished the conqueror with a revenue, the adventurous were made to replenish his armies in distant provinces. Such was the general policy of Rome. Britain was used so long as it could be used, and was abandoned when it could be used no longer. It had been civilized into helplessness, and it was then left to its fate.”

Night sinks for a time upon English history as the Roman colony leaves our shores; and through the impenetrable gloom of the past we can only hear the sound of great changes, and catch the outlines of mythical phantoms. When light reappears, we find a new race supplanting the ancient children of the soil in the more Romanized districts of England, driving out the Britons along a line from the Frith of Forth to the mouth of the Exe, and forming itself into different communities, three of which at the edges of the Celtic pale obtain from the first a marked preëminence. The Saxon invaders, though sternly resisted, and, even within their own settlements, more mixed with the British than has been imagined, became the dominant race in England; they lay the basis of the national language; set out the lines of a national polity, the traces of which are still among us; and give that peculiar stamp to our character which has marked thirty generations of Englishmen. Converted gradually to the faith of the Briton, they introduce the Teutonic spirit—so different from that of the Celt in religion—into all parts of their Church system, and though of course not free from the superstitions which deface an age of comparative barbarism, they vindicate, even in that early Church, the ascendancy of law over that of the priesthood. From various causes the three chief States, which formed the heads of the Saxon Commonwealth, are united under a single prince; and the House of Cerdic, in the person of Athelstan, becomes at length sovereign in England. Long before this time, the Saxon settlements, and, indeed, almost all the seaboard of England had been invaded by new as-

sailants, as fierce and heathen as the ancient Saxons; and the Danish armies, as they were ominously called, had planted themselves in our northern counties, and had mingled largely with their former population. In the eleventh century these formidable colonists had themselves conformed to the Christian faith, and, blended with the kindred Saxon races, had engrafted upon the Saxon stem a new stock of exuberant vigor. A Danish dynasty now appears for a time, but it seems, in its general influence, to have differed but little from the Saxon monarchy; and the scepter of Canute again passes to the hands of the genuine Saxon kings without a violent social revolution. During all this time the Saxon element remains still predominant in England; the Celtic yields to it in the Saxon region, and barely withstands it in its own retreats; the Danish influences it, yet melts into it; and in the reign of Edward the Confessor, after long ages of violence and change, the Anglo-Saxon polity and laws, and the Anglo-Saxon character and nature, had become the ascendant power in the nation.

Dr. Vaughan has treated this long period, from 412 to 1066, with great ability and research; and has added much to our knowledge of the subject. Perhaps he has dwelt a little too much on the wars of the Saxon and Danish races, though, in keeping with his original plan, he has shown how these wars had a lasting effect in forming the Saxon monarchy of England, and fixing the distribution of the people. We were much pleased, to speak generally, at the continuity of his narrative in this period—how he traces the changes this island underwent, not to sudden events or single persons, the usual expedients of hasty ignorance—but to the gradual operation of causes succeeding each other in the lapse of centuries. The points which perhaps he brings out most clearly, and places most originally before us, are the strong hold which the Celtic Britons retained for ages on the English soil; the peculiar effects on the Saxon settlement that followed from the position of the three leading states, the character of the Saxon Church and of the Christianity which sprang from it; and the real genius, nature, and spirit of the Saxon laws, institutions, and manners.

As regards the first of these cardinal points, he has clearly proved that the Britons remained a distinct people beyond

the age of Alfred and Athelstan; that they occupied the tract from Cornwall to Cumberland, until the close of the tenth century; and that, even within the Saxon counties, they formed a considerable element in the people. As regards the second he has justly observed that the place of Wessex, Northumbria, and Mercia, as the frontier states of the Saxon region, contributed to the long duration of the Heptarchy, since the marked ascendancy and power of these states protected the lesser commonwealths in their rear from any necessity of a common union against British or Scottish invasion. As regards the third, he shows convincingly that the rapid conversion of the Saxon conquerors was due, not less to Augustine's mission, more than to the remnant of the British Christians, and also perhaps to the natural aptitude of invaders, separated from their old associations, to adopt a purer and more spiritual religion. The great Saxon prelates and ecclesiastics Dr. Vaughan treats with less courtesy than we consider them justly entitled to, and he is very hard on the grave corruptions which seem to have penetrated the Church at this time; but he has traced fairly, fully, and generously the enormous advantage the Church proved in welding together the races on one soil, in forming a mediating influence between them, and in taming their fierce and uncivilized nature. And as for the social and political life which seems to have animated the Saxon monarchy, Dr. Vaughan's account of it is, we think, more interesting than that of any other writer. He has firmly grasped, and minutely set forth, the main principles of the Saxon polity, so unlike those of anarchic feudalism—that law is the paramount influence in the state—that every subject has his legal status—and that civil society is bound together in the bonds of mutual support and responsibility; and he has well illustrated the working of these principles in the various institutions of our Saxon ancestors. We can also commend his succinct review of the actual history of these institutions—the monarchy, the church, the witanagemot, and the law courts; and his chapter on the early Saxon civilization is full of very interesting matter.

The following passage will give some idea of Dr. Vaughan's view of the Saxon monarchy about the middle of the eleventh century:

"The 'oath and pledge' which had bound the Saxons as freebooters, now binds them as men engaged in a better occupation; and disposed to exchange government by the sword for government by law. Tithings, and hundreds, and shire courts, weave them all into a great social network, which covers the land. Every man enters into a security for the good conduct of the men nearest about him, and acts continually, from the nature of the case, as an officer of the police, and as an officer whose motives to vigilance supersede the necessity of pay. Such as were not responsible to the court of the hundred, were responsible to the hall court of their lord. All localities have their local governments, and each locality has its refuge from injustice from within itself, in its right of appeal to the sense of justice beyond and above itself. For the tithings, the hundreds, the hall-mote, the shires, the king's court, the king himself—none of these are absolute. The last resort lies with the wisdom of the great council of the nation, conjoined with the king. By the weak and necessitous such ultimate appeals would rarely be made. But the right was open to such causes and persons as might reasonably claim a hearing in that high quarter. Such is the polity which, in new circumstances, grew out of those simple principles of government which had been common to the Germanic race from the earliest time, and which were to be further developed through the storm and labor of centuries in English history."

The main defect in the Saxon monarchy was, perhaps, the want of a strong executive, and of a compact and centralized government. It perished under the sword of the Norman; and for nearly two hundred years after the battle of Hastings, England groaned beneath the yoke of foreign conquest. In the lower strata of society, indeed, the Saxon laws and institutions survived, and were destined to reappear anew in forms only partially altered; but a violent change passed over the upper; and in many respects the polity of England went through a complete and terrible revolution. A French dynasty, resting on the shields of a hundred thousand French nobles and knights, sat on the throne of Canute and Harold; and if we may credit cotemporary accounts, was enabled to govern with extreme despotism. The lands and estates of thane and franklin passed into the hands of a foreign seigneur, who dotted them over with numerous castles; and the harsh bonds of an iron feudalism formed a check upon the native population, and a means of mutual support among the conquerors. The Norman Aula Regis and council came

into the place of the witanagemote; and the Church, powerfully supported from Rome, became filled with alien prelates, and, very differently from Saxon times, was made a separate estate of the realm, and was raised to the highest degree of splendor. The vanquished race struggled fiercely for a time, but at length sank down in unquiet subjection. They became the tenants and dependents of the Norman; but, although considered as an inferior caste, they retained many of their ancient privileges, especially in their local tribunals, and in their tenures by free socage. By degrees the two races became amalgamated; and toward the close of the twelfth century the harsh features of conquest rapidly disappear, and a new England, composed of a people of diverse origin melted into each other, begins to take its place among the nations. And it must be remembered, that though the conquest had its dark side in its military tyranny, it tended to strengthen and consolidate the monarchy; it gave rise to many valuable institutions; and, by increasing the intercourse of England with continental and foreign nations, it improved and fostered our early commerce.

Dr. Vaughan describes this great Revolution with much minuteness, and in accurate colors, and he marks its phenomena very distinctly. He has shown conclusively that the notion respecting the early civilization of the Normans is not sustained by any real evidence; and that the followers of William the Bastard were little better than military freebooters. His description of the battle of Hastings is very graphic and even eloquent; and he has pointed out more closely than any one the reasons why this disastrous event brought in its train the subjugation of England. We commend, especially, his learned account of the struggles made by the Saxon nation, which is fuller than that of any other historian; and his notice of the gradual growth of the tyranny which overshadowed the Saxon polity, is full of laborious research and information. The relations of the two races to each other from the death of William to Magna Charta, he has traced out in the Norman institutions; and he has accurately noted the peculiar characteristics of English feudalism after the Conquest—the great power it gave to the sovereign—the check it placed on the Norman seigneurie—and

the military protection it secured to the country. He has justly remarked that the germs of a change, and of the reappearance of the Saxon element, remained in the local tribunals of the country; and he has traced out with considerable skill, though not we think with complete accuracy, the rise of the Anglo-Norman jurisprudence—conspicuous for its centralized aspect, and for its especially regal character—and of the growth of trial by jury. He has carefully pointed out the ascendancy acquired by the Church in the Norman period, an ascendancy of which the culminating point was reached in the reign of Henry II.; and although he is somewhat severe on the prelates who labored to secure this spiritual domination, he is not blind to its beneficial influences. And he has given us a very interesting chapter upon the social effects of the Conquest in expanding the range of English ideas, in freeing them from an insular character, and in laying the foundation of our maritime greatness.

The following is Dr. Vaughan's sketch of the state of England before Magna Charta; and it marks his candid and penetrating spirit:

"By the Conquest our island almost ceased to be insular. England became a consolidated power, participating in all the questions and interests affecting the nations of Europe. In the great controversy, for example, between the ecclesiastical and the civil power, England has its full share. All the subtle pleas on which such controversies were founded became familiar to men's thoughts in this country. Ecclesiastical disputes, military affairs in Normandy, the commencement of the Crusades, the fame of our Richard I. in those enterprises, the new laws, and the new features in the administration of law—all may be said to have been both the effects and causes of a new wakefulness, disposing men to observe, to reflect, and judge, in regard to what was passing about them. The five hundred monasteries had their schools, but the five hundred towns and cities were all schools; and in these last, the lessons taught, though little marked or perceived, were ceaseless, manifold, and potent. By degrees, Norman and Saxon became more equal. Marriages between the two races became every day events. In the face of the law and of the magistrate, the two races may be said by this time to be two races no longer. If the Saxon burgess and the Norman alderman still looked at times with jealousy upon each other, the fight between them became comparatively fair and harmless, as it became less a battle of the strong against the weak. When the corpse of King John was laid in Worcester cathedral, the dark day in the history of the English had passed. In future,

the Norman, whether prince or baron, must demean himself honorably toward the Englishman, or cease to be powerful. The revolution of this period to the Saxon had consisted in his being defeated, despoiled, down-trodden, and in his recovering himself from that position by his own patient energy, so as to regain from the new race of kings all the liberty he had lost; and guarantees for that liberty which are full of the seeds of a greater liberty to come. With this revolution to the Saxon, there came revolution to the Norman. The Norman is no longer a man of military science, and nothing more—no longer a mere patron of letters, with scarcely a tincture of them himself. His intelligence is enlarged. His tastes are expanded and refined. The country of his adoption is becoming more an object of affection to him than the country from which he has derived his name. In short, the Norman is about to disappear in the Englishman. The Englishman is not about to disappear in the Norman. After all, the oldest dwellers upon the soil have proved the strongest."

Magna Charta broke down the Norman tyranny; and during the next three hundred years, the constitution and national life which exists in England, even at this time, were settled in their main features and elements. All that since has followed—the limitations of the prerogative, the establishment of a free monarchy, the successful ascendancy of parliamentary government, the Reformation and its manifold effects, the peculiar forms of our social life and correlation of orders in the nation, our maritime eminence and commercial greatness—may be traced up as ultimate developments of the polity of England in the Middle Ages. There were many important changes in this period, and a great Revolution has since succeeded; but it may be affirmed that the germs of our England may be found in the England of the later Plantagenets. The first great point which deserves attention in studying this part of English history is the form in which English society was cast, and which it assumed in the fourteenth century. The distinctions of race between Norman and Saxon disappear completely in the higher orders; and an aristocracy, nominally feudal, but divested of most of the feudal privileges, and in no sense an exclusive caste, becomes the head and champion of the nation. The free and socage tenants, who never had lost their rights in the darkest times, ascend rapidly in the social scale; and, possessed of considerable political power, of rising importance in the commonwealth, and yet shut out from any place in the state, compose the gentry and

yeomanry of England, and the representatives of the English Commons. A mercantile class is the natural result of this happy fusion and gradation of society, and of the insular position of the country; and the trade of England, though bound in fetters which seem to us exceedingly absurd, expands by degrees, and secures to the nation an opulent order of busy traders, and a race of hardy and enterprising seamen. The towns grow up, and afford markets, not only for the produce of the country, but also for the labor of the peasant; and under this influence and that of the Church the curse of serfdom fades from the soil, and the villein laborer becomes a freeman. There is, doubtless, occasional social disorder; now and then a fierce and powerful monarch invades the privileges of noble and people; now and then the baronage indulge in excesses of predatory wars and mutual outrage; and outbreaks of lawless force and rapine are not uncommon in a nation as yet rude and untamed by civilization. But the great rights of society have been won in the breaking down of the barriers of caste, and the equality of laymen in the eye of the law; and on this foundation we see even now the fabric of the future arising.

The next points to consider are the development of our polity and laws, and the history of the Church in England. Magna Charta secures the great general rights of personal security and private property, and lays the foundation of taxation by Parliament. In the next generation Parliament appears; and the important statute, *De Tallagio non Concedendo*, gives the Commons their oldest and highest privilege. Soon the Houses vindicate their claims to make laws, and to visit state offenders with penalties; and the boldest Plantagenet feels that his power is no match for that of the nation. Toward the close of the fourteenth century, the monarch, though still possessing prerogatives of very large and undefined extent, is restrained by law in his every action, and fenced round by strong limitations; he has no power to enact a statute; he can not levy a tax at his will; and through his ministers he is responsible to his people. Concurrently with this, the common law is molded into its present form; the *Aula Regis* becomes the Courts at Westminster; and a jurisprudence, curiously combining the regal with the popular element—very far from just, when

the Crown is concerned, yet equal in its relations with the subject, and in part, at least, administered by the people—becomes the heritage of all English laymen. With the progress of our polity and laws, and the corresponding advance of the nation, combined with other special causes, the power of the Church declines gradually; it remains, indeed, a separate estate, with a qualified right to legislate for itself, with enormous influence in its spiritual tribunals, with absurd immunities and privileges in the state, and with a gigantic mass of property. But the days of Becket and Anselm have passed; and in the various statutes of Provisors and Mortmain, in the jealousy felt at the ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and in the hatred expressed of the regular clergy, we see the symptoms of a coming revolution. These symptoms culminate in the theories of Wycliffe, and in the attitude of the Commons of his time; the one, with the penetrating glance of genius, seeing through the false assumptions of the priesthood, and shaping out an ideal Reformation; the other, with sturdy insular feelings, detesting the foreign power of the Papacy, and feeling their way to a national Catholicism. So rapid had been the progress of the nation that, toward the close of the fourteenth century, England seemed on the verge of a great revolution on the side of liberty in Church and State, and was fast emerging from her medieval condition.

A very important century succeeds, in which, though signs of ominous import cloud over the prospect for several years, and great changes take place in our polity as well as in the social life of the nation, the hopes of the future are not disappointed, and England passes into a phase immediately preceding more modern civilization. The wars of the Roses, and the working of the laws of economic and commercial change, break down the strength of the feudal baronage; and for a season the liberties of England appear exposed to a growing despotism. But the increasing power and wealth of the Commons prove a counterbalancing check on the monarchy; and the government, though more vigorous than of old, is not really dangerous to freedom, and is all the better for a greater centralization. The Crown and the House of Commons acquire a marked ascendancy in the Commonwealth; the one, armed with an in-

definite prerogative, and able to do many violent acts, so far as regards individual rights; the other, deprived of its old supports, and as yet unorganized and unconscious of its strength, yet, on the whole, not unworthy of its trust, and jealous of any general encroachments. Simultaneous with this political crisis is a mighty change in the national life—a change involving the gravest issues, and launching England on a new era. The old bonds of feudalism break down, with the old system of husbandry and population; the old modes of commerce, trade, and manufacture are felt to be gradually growing obsolete; and new forces, ideas, and energies, transform the altering frame of society. It is in vain that law attempts to control, and to fix in the ancient ways and courses these novel elements in English society. The fiat has gone forth that mediæval England is to be the England of more modern times; and the whole nation gradually and unconsciously passes into a different phase of existence. One institution alone remains, unchanged in outward appearance at least from what it had been in the fourteenth century, and even resting on a stronger foundation. The Church, which in the reign of Richard II. seemed likely either to fall altogether, or to be cut off from dependence on Rome, had regained, at the accession of Henry VIII., its old ascendancy and apparent influence, and was in the closest relations with the Papacy. It was still a distinct estate of the realm, with enormous privileges and exemptions from law, and since the fall of the feudal aristocracy it was dominant in the House of Peers. It had won the right of crushing out heresy, in consequence of the reaction against Wyckliffe, and it towered in the highest places of the land in the full pomp of opulence and dignity. But it was mined by rank corruption within; the vices, frauds, and exactions of the priesthood had made it a mark for popular hatred; and in its occasional immolations of some early martyrs to nascent Protestantism, it was kindling the fires of its own destruction.

In tracing out the character of this period, Dr. Vaughan has been, on the whole, successful, though, of course, he has not dealt equally fully with all the parts of his important subject. He has well worked out his cardinal idea of the progress of England in general prosperity between

Magna Charta and Henry VIII., although that progress was arrested for a time in the first years of the sixteenth century. He follows out the symptoms of this growth in the great centers of English life, political, social, and ecclesiastical, in a very clear and interesting manner; and he carefully subordinates the course of his narrative to the carrying out of his main purpose. We could wish that he had marked a little more clearly the enormous change which the ruin of feudalism effected in the lower and middle classes of England; though he has not failed to dwell on the fact, and he very properly refers to it afterward as one of the complex problems of the Reformation. Speaking generally, we think more highly of his sketches of the social and ecclesiastical condition of England, than of the improvements in her laws and constitution. He has given, we think, too little prominence to the law reforms of Edward I., for there is no doubt that in that sovereign's reign the principles of our common law were laid down nearly as they exist; that our system of tenures was settled on a basis which lasted untouched till the reign of Charles II.; that our courts were placed on their present footing in litigation between subject and subject; and that subsequent changes in their procedure are merely expansions of powers then given them. This extraordinary reform in our laws is a very curious problem in our history; and we think Dr. Vaughan has not discussed it with his wonted care, ability, and learning. In treating the constitutional progress of England between the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries, he comes in rivalry with Mr. Hallam, who has made this his particular study; and though he deals with it carefully and minutely, he has little space for originality in this province. His summary, however, is more interesting than Hallam's; and though not so full of antiquarian research, is probably nearly as useful to the student; and it notices very fully and ably the great reforms of the fourteenth century. Perhaps it is somewhat wanting in its estimate of the power which the Tudor princes acquired on account of the fall of the old noblesse; though it does not fail—what Hallam omits—to notice, besides, the steady advance which the House of Commons made at this period.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

From the North British Review.

EDWIN OF DEIRA.*

WE are the advocates of the real in poetry, as in art and in every thing, and love our brown loaf better than ambrosia, and claret at thirty shillings more than the mead of the Mysian Olympus. Such tastes are human and ignoble; but we are convinced that a greater amount of incomprehensible twaddle has been talked upon, the "ideal" than upon any other mundane matter. The ideal! Except in the frost-bitten romance of the nursery, or during the revelries of the dear Christmastide, where does the "ideal" exist? The gauzy wings, and the brief and spangled petticoats, are yet, no doubt, unprofaned by an irreverent criticism.

"Still in immortal youth Arcadia smiles."

Jack still mounts his marvelous beanstalk; and Cinderella drops the fairy slipper, as she hurries from the enamored prince. But the man who, in these days, can sit down, and, in cold blood, indite a treatise on the "ideal," must be a lunatic, or a lover. The reign of chivalry is over; and the "ideal" has no place in a world which has been converted into an extensive cotton-mill.

The kindly old-fashioned Seasons, that we all remember so well, Summer, seated on her tawny pard, and Autumn, crowned with yellow sheaves, and gray-bearded Winter, shivering in his bear-skin coat, have been clean swept away, and men of fine genius expend more "tender" labor on the berries of the mountain ash than on the blue eyes of Lesbia. Why not? *Magna est veritas*. Let us be true, and sincere, and conscientious, however dreadfully unpleasant we may make ourselves.

The triumph of the realistic school has been nearly as complete in Poetry as in Art. An immeasurable gulf divides the age which could relish "the great Mr. Congreve's" stilted and artificial tribute

to "Anna's mighty mind," from that which recognizes, in the simple and honest words that Alfred Tennyson addresses to his Queen, a truer spirit of loyalty. In Poetry, too, as elsewhere, the old mythologies have "undergone the earth." The Spirit that had her haunt "by dale, or piny mountain, or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly brook," has vanished, and left no trace of her whereabouts. Where are Oberon and Titania? There is no moonlight now like that in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Never a witch rides to the "Brocken" on her broom; and when, in its mystic cauldron, her black broth simmers upon the stage, the gods laugh. Even the Hobgoblin has lost faith in himself, and cracks a jest upon his own nose. Phillis, and Daphne, and Lavinia have been forsaken by their swains; and the domestic poet of the period presents his frigid affections to Mary Jane or Anna Maria. Our "Bridge of Sighs" crosses the unromantic, if not unmemorable river, which supplies Barclay and Perkins'.

It was about time indeed that the romantic school should be abolished, when Mrs. Radcliffe and Monk Lewis had come to be its apostles. The thing had entirely worn itself out: it was as dead as the Dead Sea—and the sooner it was put out of the way the better. The fairy world had been unpeopled; which it was not to Shakspeare, though he rather inclines occasionally to quiz Peas-Blossom and Mustard Seed. But Shakspeare had as real a faith in that world as in any other; it did not strike him with any sense of strangeness. Theseus, no doubt, declares, "I never may believe these antique fables and these fairy toys;" but the Master himself must be held to reply, in the words of Hippolyta, that even the tricks of the imagination are never altogether without warrant; and that, when thus transfigured, the story of the night,

"More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy:
But, howsoever, strange and admirable."

* *Edwin of Deira, and other Poems.* By ALEXANDER SMITH. 1861.

Yet even Shakspeare rarely gives us more than a *glint* of moonlight. Ariel and Titania are very well in their way; but Englishmen need coarser food: moonbeams will not fill the stomachs of mortals; and so, with his delightful ease, he turns the page, and the strong colorless light falls upon doughty burghers, and patriotic kings, and the passions which consume Lear, and Othello, and Juliet.

That the recoil has been somewhat excessive need not be denied. Reactions always are; and Mr. Buckle will be succeeded by a fanatical Joe Smith or an ultramontane priesthood. Wordsworth has a good deal to answer for in this respect. Steeped in poetry as he was, the bard of Rydal was yet utterly destitute of the faculty of selection, and he always showed himself quite unable to appreciate the natural suitableness and the relative proportions of the subjects on which he worked. The result was, that in vindicating the real, he not unfrequently descended to what was essentially mean, trivial, and prosaic. Most of his disciples have kept in his track. The delicate revelries of the imagination, the stately discourse of kings and heroes, Belinda's charming burlesque, the polished couplet and the ringing epigram, have been exchanged for the sorrows of an idiot or the amours of the nursery-maid. The fair humanities of old religion, nay, even the ladies and gentlemen in the drawing-room, are scrupulously avoided, and the poet seeks the angel of the house in the scullery or behind the bar. This wretched mistake discredits the reformation. Homeliness is not necessarily poetic. It is pure caprice and wantonness to single out the ignoble incident in an ignoble career. The man who does so willfully cripples his art. The most exquisite genius is needed to conceal the essential meanness and poverty of many of the situations which Wordsworth selects; and, with all his enthusiasm, he fails to invest them with interest. Whereas a great theater—the Thermopylæ Pass, the Sacred Lagoon, the Plain of Marathon or of Troy—*warms* the imagination. It rouses the fire in the reader, and he comes prepared to own and to obey the spell.

The true domain of poetry may be said, in this aspect, to lie somewhere between the photograph and the fairy-land. Neither fairy nor photograph is touched by the authentic passion of the imagination; and, deprived of its heat, poetry dies.

The nobler incidents of history (using the word in its widest sense) are thus the materials which the poet must use, and, for our part, we are disposed to hold that these incidents should be chosen from the past rather than from the present.

Not that we by any means acquiesce in the opinion that the present time is necessarily prosaic. Every age has its own romance; and scraps of that romance are sometimes visible to, and sung by, the contemporary poets. *The Charge of the Light Brigade* is already classic as one of Homer's battles. No tragedy in past history causes a thrill such as stirred Europe, the other day, when its greatest statesman died. Cavour's whole life, indeed, is a poem—none the less fascinating because the purity of his patriotism did not shrink from base allies and obscure intrigue. He may, like Robert Bruce, have deeply sinned; but he was true to freedom, and he died for his nation. It is impossible to touch pitch with impunity; but it can not be said to defile the man who devotes his life with incorruptible fidelity to a great cause, as it defiles the man whose aims are sordid and whose ambition is mean. The character of Cavour may continue to perplex the judgment of the formal moralist; but, as with the outlawed king, the higher and more religious instinct strikes home, detects the royal manhood behind, and pronounces an unfaltering absolution:

"De Bruce, thy sacrilegious blow
Hath at God's altar slain thy foe;
O'ermastered yet by high behest,
I bless thee, and thou shalt be blessed!"

And even the real life immediately about us still keeps its pathos. Love, anger, jealousy, despair, are potent under Victoria, as under Agamemnon or Lear. There is not a household in the land where the Great Sorrow is not felt—which the Destroyer does not enter—from which *the Cry of the Human* does not ascend to heaven.

"O God! to clasp these fingers close,
And yet to feel so lonely;
To see a light on dearest brows,
Which is the daylight only.
Be pitiful, O God!"

Mrs. Browning's is a noble poem—alas! that she too should even to-day have dragged that sharp cry, not from one heart only, but from many who revered and loved the purity, and gentleness, and unquenchable energy, and vivid intelligence,

of a most helpful woman—but the subject is one not easily exhausted. It will last our time—as also, let us trust, the Love which deprives his dart of its sting, and reaps victory through her tears. Such materials can the present time furnish to the Tragic Muse; and for Comedy—Have we not Vincent Scully and a whole island of Irishmen?

At the same time, as we have intimated, we incline to prefer the claim of History. When a poem possesses a historical basis, the risk of caricature is diminished. The poet who spins his web out of his own brain for any long time, “gangs aft agee;” whereas the poet who relies upon the facts which the unimaginative annalists of a people have recorded, is protected against the deceitfulness of the imagination, and brought back incessantly to reality. And, moreover, an event, as a whole and in its completeness, may be viewed with better effect when removed a little way from us. The pressure of the crowd partly conceals its proportions; but, in the silence of the night-season, what is poetic in the story is disengaged from its casual environment, grows plainer and more distinctly articulate.

We have always held that there was the right stuff in Mr. Alexander Smith. We felt sure that one who united, as he did, the fire of the poet with the sagacity and moderation of the critic, would ultimately work clear of the fogs which obscured his genius. We are glad to find that we have not been mistaken. Mr. Smith has turned to history; and, guided by the Venerable Bede, has produced a thoroughly good piece of work. There can be no mistake about it. He has hitherto failed conspicuously in his choice of subjects; but his choice in this case is admirable. The story is rife with incident, and keeps the reader's interest awake from beginning to end. His plot, too, has been generally very defective: it wanted bone and muscle; but he has now got a historical framework which he is forced to respect, and which prevents him from running into unnaturalness. The morbid and diseased self-consciousness of the *Life Drama* is got rid of: the author of *Edwin of Deira* is beyond dispute an eminently healthy and well-conditioned mortal. The passion is no longer inverted or irregular; and, while it has ceased to consume itself in an explosive way, it continues to fire the narrative, and prevents

it from languishing or growing tame. Nor does his fertile pictorial faculty run to seed as it used to run; the tendency to verbal conceits and remote prettiness is subdued; and when an analogy is introduced—for the dawn, and the sea, and the stars, are still visible—it is true, simple, and effective, and aids, instead of embarrassing, the progress of the story. In short, we every where detect the evidence of honest and thorough work, and the result is exactly what we might look for. Mr. Smith has written a poem, which is marked by the strength, sustained sweetness, and compact texture of real life.

No doubt, the old cuckoo cry of plagiarism will be again heard. It will be said that *Edwin of Deira* is a mere echo of *The Idylls of the King*. We do not dwell upon the fact that Mr. Smith had planned and well-nigh executed his poem before the appearance of the Laureate's master-piece, (though we have the best reason to know that such is the case,) but we say that those who can not see that, however alike in certain subordinate respects the two works may be, Mr. Smith's is yet substantially original, must be quite unable to discriminate between the nicer moods of poetic feeling. We have no doubt that, were we to descend into the obscure arena, we could point out half a dozen passages—not more—in which there is a marked verbal resemblance between *Edwin* and the *Idylls*. But what of that? Can such coincidences—lying upon the surface, and not affecting the internal structure and general bearing of the work—detract from the reputation of a poet who, in the conception and execution of his subject, shows vital force and essential originality?

Some critics, indeed, who desire to deal fairly and honestly with Mr. Smith, may say that his indebtedness does not end here. And in one sense they are right. Mr. Smith is undoubtedly indebted to the Laureate for the *form* of his verse. The *Morte d'Arthur* is, if not the first, at least the most perfect specimen, in our language, of a peculiar poetic construction. It is rather difficult to define precisely wherein its peculiarity consists. We may compare it, perhaps, with the paintings of some of the early artists—Cimabue or Giotto—or with the abstract representations of natural forms in architecture. It is plain, angular, unelastic; but in its lofty simpleness there is

none of the familiarity of the love-song or the pastoral. This simple stateliness is preserved with unbroken and marvelous effect throughout the *Morte d'Arthur*. It is perceptible, in a more modified form, in *The Idylls of the King*, and Mr. Smith has employed it in *Edwin of Deira*, but with certain essential variations. With simplicity of construction, he has tried to inweave richness of imagery and subtlety of feeling. It may be doubted how far such a union is practicable. We are rather disposed to fancy that the style to which we allude is best suited to represent the marked and naked features of nature, and well-defined and not very intricate feelings. It is thus that it is used in the *Morte d'Arthur*—the scenery massively lined rather than described:

“A dark strait of barren land,
On one side lay the ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full,”

and the feelings clearly articulated, and not confused by moral or intellectual dilemmas. Mr. Smith, however, has almost succeeded in his venture; and, though we experience a jolt occasionally, it is seldom sufficient seriously to interrupt our enjoyment. We do not think it needful to add a word on his right to use this form. If he is not entitled to use it because it has been used by another, then Pope was not entitled to employ in *The Dunciad* the measure which had been employed by Dryden in *MacFlecknoe*—a proposition which we bequeath to the provincial and metropolitan Cockneys who pass their time in picking the dry bones of the poets.

It is a story from the early annals of England that Mr. Smith has selected. He has caught the hurry and movement of a martial age. The poem is rich with color; there is every where a glow as of a king's crown or a knight's armor. The princes and warriors are noble gentlemen. The chivalrous demeanor, the stately kingliness of speech, are well suited to the environment. But it is the scenes of stiller life, when the strife of heroes, and the bay of the hunters' dogs, and the clatter of the wine-cup, and the trumpet-call sounding shrilly through the crash of battle, are momentarily silenced, that we like best. Donegild, smitten but unsubdued by suffering:

“More queenly — wearing sorrow's dreary crown,

And robed in bitter wrongs—that when she moved
In youthful beauty, and the diadem
Paled in more golden hair,”

is a fine picture, firmly handled; and Bertha is as sweet a girl as ever entered into a poet's dream. We are almost afraid to own how much we admire her. There is an exquisite rhythm in the verse whenever this maiden enters, as if her own fingers had touched the strings—a delicious swell of music, as if the very Spirit of Love were breathing through the words. It may be quite true that we never meet in modern literature with the superb and thoroughbred gentlemen, to whom we are introduced in *Coriolanus* or *The Tempest*—gentlemen who seem to have spoken with kings and worn ermine all their days—but Bertha, at least, may claim a niche between Miranda and Hermione.

We have spoken highly of Mr. Smith's new poem; and we are anxious that our readers should judge of the fidelity of our estimate. They will be better able to do so, if, before reading the sketch of the story and the illustrative extracts we purpose to make, they will, in the first place, turn to Bede's *Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation*, (Book ii. cap. 9 to 14 inclusive,) where they will find the history of “Æduin, King of the Northumbrians,” narrated at length. In the mean time, a few sentences from Hume will serve to explain “the situation.”

“Adelfrid, King of Bernicia, having married Acca, the daughter of Ælla, King of Deiri, and expelled her infant brother Edwin, had united all the counties north of Humber into one monarchy, and acquired a great ascendancy in the heptarchy; he also spread the terror of the Saxon arms to the neighboring people; and by his victories over the Scots and Picts, as well as Welsh, extended on all sides the bounds of his dominions. . . . Notwithstanding Adelfrid's success in war, he lived in inquietude on account of young Edwin, whom he had unjustly dispossessed of the crown of Deiri. This prince, now grown to man's estate, wandered from place to place in continual danger from the attempts of Adelfrid, and received at last protection in the court of Redwald, King of the East Angles, where his engaging and gallant deportment procured him general esteem and affection. Redwald, however, was strongly solicited by the King of Northumberland to kill or deliver up his guest; rich presents were promised him if he would comply, and war denounced against him in case of refusal. After rejecting several messages of this kind, his gen-

erosity began to yield to the motives of interest, and he retained the last ambassador, till he should come to a resolution in a case of such importance. Edwin, informed of his friend's perplexity, was yet determined at all hazards to remain in East Anglia, and thought that, if the protection of that court failed him, it were better to die, than prolong a life so much exposed to the persecutions of his powerful rival. This confidence in Redwald's honor and friendship, with his other accomplishments, engaged the queen on his side; and she effectually represented to her husband the infamy of delivering up to certain destruction their royal guest, who had fled to them for protection against his cruel and jealous enemies. Redwald, embracing more generous resolutions, thought it safest to prevent Adelfrid before that prince was aware of his intention, and to attack him while he was yet unprepared for defense. He marched suddenly with an army into the kingdom of Northumberland, and fought a battle with Adelfrid, in which that monarch was defeated and killed, after avenging himself by the death of Regner, son of Redwald: his own sons, Eanfrid, Oswald, and Osway, yet infants, were carried into Scotland; and Edwin obtained possession of the crown of Northumberland. Edwin was the greatest prince of the heptarchy in that age, and distinguished himself both by his influence over the other kingdoms, and by the strict execution of justice in his own dominions. He reclaimed his subjects from the licentious life to which they had been accustomed; and it was a common saying, that during his reign a woman or child might openly carry every where a purse of gold without any danger of violence or robbery."

The poem opens at the close of the great battle with Ethelbert, which drives Edwin, a solitary fugitive, from his kingdom, to seek the hospitality of his father's friend, King Redwald.

"Edwin 'scaped, but 'scaped as one
Wet-fetlocked from the Morecambe tide, that
brings
Sea-silence in an hour to wide-spread sands
Loud with pack-horses, and the crack of whips.
And on the way the steed of steeds beloved
Burst noble heart and fell; and with a pang
Keener than that which oftentimes is felt
By human death-beds, Edwin left the corse
To draw the unseen raven from the sky;
Then fearful lest the villages of men
Might babble of his steps to Ethelbert,
Certain to sweep that way with clouds of horse,
He sought rude wastes and heathy wildernesses
Through which the stagnant streams crept black
and sour."

He wanders on, passing through "the

land of reed and fen, with many a wing
be-changed," till he comes to a glen near
Redwald's capital:

"To a ravine that broke down from the hill
With many a tumbled crag: a streamlet
leapt
From stony shelf to shelf: the rocks were
touched
By purple fox-gloves, plumed by many a
fern;
And all the soft green bottom of the gorge
Was strewn with hermit stones that sideways
leaned,
Smooth-checked with emerald moss."

Here he meets one of the pages from the court, who enlarges to him on the gossip of the palace, on the king and his seven sons, "the maddest men for hunting," and his daughter Bertha, a maid that comes—

"Like silence after hoof and bugle blare;
Who owns the whitest hand, the sweetest
cheek
Air touches, sunlight sees."

At length they reach the town—

"Discoursing thus
They entered on a broad and public way
Whereon were travelers and lively stir,
And now a maid, and now a knight went past
With light upon his armor; and at length,
The while the press was growing more and
more,
They came upon the palace, vast in shade
Against the sunset. Noisy was the place
With train and retinue, and the cumbrous
pumps
The feasters left without. The steeds were
staked
Upon the sward, and from the gates the folk,
Busy as bees at entrance of a hive,
Swarmed in and out. Men lay upon the grass,
Men leaned with folded arms against the walls,
Men dined with eager hands and covetous
eyes;
Men sat on grass with hauberk, greave and
helmet
And great bright sword, and as they sat they
sang
The prowess of their masters deep in feast—
How foremost in the chase he speared the boar,
How through the terrible battle press he rode,
Death following like a squire."

The travel-stained fugitive is brought
into the great hall, where Redwald and
his nobles are feasting—

"A hundred bearded faces were up-raised
Flaming with mead."

The king recognizes him; the wandering

* History of England, chap. i. p. 32.

face brings back the old time, "ere thou young sir, wert thought of," and he greets him cordially. Placing Edwin beside him, the feast, which is described with great zest, goes on—

"Sheep, steer, and boar,
And stags that on the mountain took the dawn
High o'er the rising splendors of the mists,
Were plenteously there. All fowls that pierce
In wedge or caravan the lonely sky,
At winter's sleety whistle, heaped the feast;
With herons kept for kings, and swans that
float

Like water-lilies on the glassy mere.
Nor these alone. All fish of glorious scale,
The fruits of English woods, and honey pure
Slow oozing from its labyrinthine cells,
And spacious horns of mead—the blessed mead
That can unpack the laden heart of care—
That climbs a heated reveler to the brain,
And sits there singing songs."

Next day, dressed in a manner suited to his rank, he is conducted to the chamber where the princes are preparing for the chase.

"Then he led,
Through a long passage, toward a noise of dogs
That ever nearer grew, and entered straight
A mighty chamber hung with horn and head;
Its floor bestrewn with arrows, as if War,
Grown weary of his trade, had there disrobed
And thrown his quiver down. And in the midst
The brothers stood in hunting gear, and stroked
Great brindled dogs, that leapt about their knees,
And talked of them the while, and called to mind
How this one charged the lowering mountain
bull,

What time he stood affronted in the glade
And the spurned earth flew around him in
his rage;
How the boar's tusk made that one yelp and limp
The day he came upon him in the brake."

Then, while they babble of hawk, and steed, and hound, the princess enters:

"In at the door a moment peeped a girl,
Fair as a rose-tree growing thwart a gap
Of ruin, seen against the blue when one
Is dipped in dungeon gloom; and Redwald
called,
And at the call she through the chamber
came,
And laid a golden head and blushing cheek
Against his breast. He clasped his withered
hands
Fondly upon her head, and bent it back,
As one might bend a downward-looking
flower
To make its perfect beauty visible,
Then kissed her mouth and cheek."

Edwin proceeds to describe to Redwald how he lost his kingdom,

"And how, at a most dismal set of sun,
He saw his files lie on the bloody field,
Like swathes of grass, and knew that all was
lost;"

and urges the cautious and hesitating old man to undertake his cause. Redwald will not commit himself, but his eldest son Regner, touched by the misfortunes and nobleness of the fugitive, becomes his fast friend. A hawking expedition follows. A heron is flushed among the reeds of a gloomy mere, and Edwin first casts his hawk:

"Then Regner, riding near,
Watching his countenance, caught his eye, and
cried:

'When 'gainst the heron Ethelbert thou fliest,
I follow in thy track, come weal, come woe!
And, rising fiercely in his stirrup, flung
His falcon into air. A glorious sight

To see them scale the heaven in lessening rings
Till they as motes became: while here and there
About the strand the eager brethren rode,
With shaded faces upturned to the blue,
Now crying, 'This one has it' and now 'That!
When suddenly, from out the dizzy sky,
Dropped screaming hawks and heron locked
in fight,

Leaving a track of plumes upon the air.
Down came they struggling, wing and beak
and claw,

And splashed beyond the rushes in the mere.
Amid the widening circles to the waist,
A falconer dashed and drew to shore the birds,
All dead save Edwin's falcon, that, with claws
Struck through the heron's neck, yet pecked
and tore,

Unsated in its fierceness."

On their return to the palace, and after the feast is over, Bertha joins them:

"The princess came and sang as was her wont,
And as it chanced that night a tale of love—
Of love new-born and trembling like an Eve
Within a paradise all wide and strange
At the most perilous sweetness of herself
But one short moment known. And while
her voice

Went wandering through a maze of melody,
The hand lay where it fell, and ceased the
breath,

And finer grew the listening face. And when
Like a leaf's wavering course through autumn
air,

The wildered melancholy music ceased,
And silence from a rack of keen delight
Unstretched their spirits to their grosser
moods

And common occupations, she arose
With music lingering in her face, and eyes
That seemed to look through surfaces of things,
And would have thence withdrawn from out
the hall

But Regner caught her 'twixt his mighty
knees,
Proud of her innocence and gentle ways,
Impatient half that she was not a glede
Fire-eyed to peck his fingers."

Edwin is already deeply smitten, and he has soon an opportunity to avow his love. A great stag-hunt takes place, at which the Princess is present. They leave the palace in the early morning, ride to the forest where the antlered monarch has been seen, and the chase begins.

"And when afar
At instance of a strong-lunged forester,
The sudden bugle on the rosy cliff
Was splintered into echoes, from the marsh
The heron screaming rose; within his wood
The mountain bull stood listening to the sound,
Silent as lowering thunder, when the winds
Are choked, and leaves hang dead; and from
his lair
Rose, with dew-dappled flanks, the stag, and
snuffed
Their coming in the wind—a moment stood,
His speed in all his limbs—but when the pack
Dragged with them down the echoes of the
vale
And opened out, he fled, with antlers laid
Along his back like ears."

As the impetuous chase goes on, Edwin and Bertha are left alone together, and the story is told.

"Around a crag
That with its gloomy pines o'er-hung the vale,
Swept hunt and hunter out of sight and sound.
They were alone, and in the sudden calm,
When round them came the murmur of the
woods

Upon a sweeping sigh of summer wind—
O moment dying ere a cymbal's clash!
O memory enough to sweeten death!—
The unexpected solitude surprised
His heart to utterance, and the princess sat
Blinded and crimson as the opening rose
That feels yet sees not day. Then while the
wind

To his quick heart grew still, and every leaf
Was watchful ear and eye, he pressed his lips
Upon the fairest hand in all the world
Once."

The stag is killed by Regner, and the hunters turn home—

"The princess rode with dewy drooping eyes
And lightened color. Voice and clang of
hoof,

And all the clatter as they sounded on,
Became a noisy nothing in her ear,

A world removed. The woman's heart that
woke

Within the girlish bosom—ah! too soon!—
Filled her with fear and strangeness; for the
path,

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Familiar to her childhood, and to still
And maiden thoughts, upon a sudden dipped
To an unknown sweet land of delicate light
Divinely aired, but where each rose and leaf
Was trembling, as if haunted by a dread
Of coming thunder. Changed in one quick
hour

From bud to rose, from child to woman, love
Silenced her spirit, as the swelling brine
From out the far Atlantic makes a hush
Within the channels of the careless stream,
That erst ran chattering with the pebble
stones."

But, ere he reaches the palace, Edwin's friend, the page, meets him, and warns him not to enter, as an agent of Ethelbert is with the King, who meditates treachery. He remains without the walls during the night—a prey to bitter reflection.

"Ah! miserable me! My soldiers bleach
Beneath the moon, and she who bore me,
sleeps
On flint beside the waterfall, begirt
By widows, and by children, and by all
The congregated sorrow of a realm
Most sorrowful. And I, who can alone
Bring to my people roof-tree, fire and law,
And build for them again an ordered state,
Sit here an outcast, and the door is shut."

As he waits through the long night, sorrowful and desperate, an apparition appears to him, and undertakes to restore him to his kingdom and to unite him with Bertha. Edwin promises obedience to his ghostly visitor; and in the morning the page returns to inform him that Ethelbert's emissary has been dismissed, that war has been declared, and that the council in the King's chamber wait for him. He enters, and Redwald tells him somewhat hotly that, moved by Bertha's tears, he has espoused his cause.

"And while the king
Went on thus chafing, Edwin's sleepless heart
Grew silent as an eagle's famished brood
Huddled upon a ledge of rosy dawn,
When sudden in the blinding radiance hangs
Their mighty dam, a kid within her grip,
Borne off from valleys filled with twilight cold
That know not yet the morn."

Edwin gratefully accepts the proffered aid, and concludes by avowing his love for the Princess.

"At the king's feet
She sat, and, hearing, over neck and brow
Broke morning; and as love is faced like fear,
Or wears fear's mask, she hid her own and
shrank;
And, shrinking, like a sudden burst of light,

The unimprisoned splendor of her hair
In coil on coil of heavy ringlets fell,
And veiled the face that burned through hands
close pressed,
And clothed her to the knee."

Redwald gives his consent, in a passage
of great beauty, and the two are betroth-
ed:

"So, sweet, arise,
And give the man thy heart hath chosen out,
From all his fellows a pure hand in pledge
Of faithfulness—the one assured thing
He ever will possess upon the earth."

And then Bertha rises up and puts her
hand in his—

"She heard, and, all untouched by virgin
shame,
False and unworthy then, erect she stood
Before her father and her brethren seven,
Pale as her robe, and in her cloudless eyes
Love, to which death and time are vapory
vails
That hide not other worlds, and stretched a
hand,
Which Edwin held, and kissed before them
all
In passionate reverence; smitten dumb by
thanks
And noble shame of his unworthiness,
And sense of happiness o'erdue. And while
The prince's lip still lingered on the hand
That never more could pluck a simple flower
But he was somehow mixed up in the act,
She faltered like a lark beneath the sun
Poised on the summit of its airy flight,
And, sinking to a lower beauteous range
Of tears and maiden blushes, sought the arms
That sheltered her from childhood, and hid
there,
Shaken by happy sobs."

The preparations for the war are quickly
completed. With his army Edwin cross-
es the hills, "through a world of mist,
and crag, and dashing waterfall," and
swoops upon Ethelbert like a falcon. The
usurper is driven to bay—

"So when the sun
Broke through the clouds at setting, on a mound
Stood Ethelbert, surrounded by his lords,
Known by his white steed and his diadem,
And by his golden armor blurred with blood,"
and falls under Edwin's ax, after a kingly
conflict, in which Regner is slain.

Restored to his kingdom and married
to Bertha, the great drama is played out.
The passionate excitement of war and
love is over. A graver strain succeeds.
Edwin has now to discharge the duties
of the kingly office; and the poem is hence-
forth occupied with domestic life, religion,

and his efforts to reconstruct the shatter-
ed state. A son is born to him—named
Regner—after Bertha's noble-hearted
brother—and the little fellow is very ex-
quisitely described—

"So the boy throve into his second year,
And babbled like a brook, and fluttered o'er
The rushes, like a thing all wings, to meet
His father's coming, and be breathless caught
From the great foot up to the stormy beard
And smothered there in kisses. And whene'er
Edwin and Bertha sat in grave discourse
Of threatened frontier and the kingdom's need,
If the blue eyes looked upward from their knees,
Their voices in a baby language broke
Down to his level, and the acceptor slipped
Unheeded from the hands that loved his curls
Far more to play with. Every day these twain—
Two misers with their gold in one fair chest
Inclosed—hung o'er him in his noon-day sleep
Upon the wolf skin—blessed the tumbled hair,
Cheek pillow-dinted, little mouth half-open
With the serenest passage of pure breath,
Red as a rose-bud pouting to a rose;
Eyelids that gave the slumber-misted blue;
One round arm doubled, while the other lay,
With dainty elbow dimpled like a cheek,
Beside a fallen plaything. Slumbering there,
The fondest dew of praises on him fell,
And the low cry with which he woke was stilled
By a proud mother's mouth."

The poem concludes with the arrival
of the Christian missionaries, and the
adoption by the King—warned by the ap-
parition who again appears to him—of the
faith which they have been sent to teach.
This last scene is very fine and animated.
A ship has arrived in the offing, and the
King rides down to the beach to greet
the wayfarers—

"In the bright
Fringe of the living sea that came and went
Tapping its planks, a great ship sideways lay,
And o'er the sands a grave procession paced
Melodious with many a haunting voice.
Nor spear nor buckler had these foreign men,
Each wore a snowy robe that downward flowed,
Fair in their front a silver cross they bore,
A painted Saviour floated in the wind,
The haunting voices, as they rose and fell,
Hallowed the rude sea-air."

The people assembled on a great plain
outside the city, and Paulinus addresses
them:

"Fair island people, blue-eyed, golden-haired
That dwell within a green delicious land
With noble cities as with jewels set—
A land all shadowed by full-acorned woods
Refreshed and and beautified by stately
streams—"

and tells them of the message with which
he has been intrusted—

"The Lord Christ bleeding bowed his head and died;
And by that dying did he wash earth white
From murders, battles, lies, ill deeds, and took
Remorse away that feeds upon the heart
Like slow fire on a brand. From grave he burst,
Death could not hold him, and ere many days
Before the eyes of those that did him love
He passed up through yon ocean of blue air
Unto the heaven of heavens, whence he came.
And there he sits this moment man and God;
Strong as a God, flesh-hearted as a man,
And all the uncreated light confronts
With eyelids that have known the touch of tears."

King and people accept the new religion; and, as the idol-temples are fired, the white-robed priests unite in a solemn chaunt—

"Down falls the wicked idol on his face,
So let all wicked gods and idols fall!
Come forth, O light! from out the breaking east,
And with thy splendor pierce the heathen dark,
And morning make on continent and isle
That thou may'st reap the harvest of thy tears,
O holy One that hung upon the tree!"

Once more Paulinus addresses the King, and, in prophetic strain, discloses to him the great future which is now in store for his land—

"From out the twilight of unnoted time
The history of this land hath downward come
Like an uncited stream that draws its course
Through empty wildernesses, and but hears
The wind sigh in the reed, the passing crane;
But Christ this day hath been upon it launched
Like a golden barge with burnished oars,
Whose progress makes the lonely waters blush,
And floods the marshes with melodious noise.

And as that river widens to the sea
The barge I speak of will dilate and tower,
And put forth bank on bank of burnished oars,
And on the waters like a sunset burn,
And roll a lordlier music far and wide,
And ever on the dais a king shall sit,
And ever round the king shall nobles stand."

So Edwin grows and flourishes, and becomes a mighty idol-breaker, until, in a good old age, he is laid in the church which he has built:

"The fanes he burned
At Goodmanham, at Yeverin, and York,
And Cateret where the Swale runs shallowing by.
To Redwald and his sons he bore the faith,
And sent Paulinus to the neighboring kings.
Near his own city, where the temple stood,
He raised to Christ a simple church of stone,
And ruled his people faithfully, until
Long-haired and hoary, as a crag that looks
Seaward, with matted lichens bleached by time,
He sat in hall beholding, with dim eyes
And memory full of graves, the world's third bloom;
Grandchildren of the men he knew in youth;
And dying, pillow-propped within his chair,
The watchers saw a gleam upon his face
As from an opened heaven. And so they laid
Within the church of stone, with many a tear,
The body of the earliest Christian king
That England knew; there 'neath the floor he sleeps,
With lord and priest around, till through the air
The angel of the resurrection flies."

Such is Mr. Smith's new poem. We have quoted from it at length, because we are anxious that our readers should share with us the pleasure of again listening to a fine piece of old history—one of the storied tales belonging to "the milky youth of this great English land"—and because, having spoken so highly of its many beauties, we are bound in a manner, as the lawyers say, "to instruct our averments."

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN IRELAND.—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will honor Belfast and the north of Ireland with a visit during an early period of the month of August. We have reason to believe that the Prince, during his stay in the north, will, with Lord Carlisle, be the guest of Lord Lurgan, at whose beautiful residence extensive preparations are being made for the reception of the distinguished visitors. We understand that his Royal Highness will also visit the shore of Lough Neagh, and that the ancient halls of Massereene Castle and the beau-

tiful seat of the Pakenham family at Longford Lodge will be graced by the presence of the Prince and that of her Majesty's chief representative in Ireland. —*Northern Whig*.

MISS FREDRIKA BREMER, whom we announced lately as the editor of a novel written by one of her friends, is now in Greece writing a book on the Modern Greeks. It will be translated, when complete, by Mary Howitt, who seems to have the monopoly of Miss Bremer's works.

From the Westminster Review.

EQUATORIAL AFRICA, AND ITS INHABITANTS.*

OF the numerous and vast territories of Africa which, still untrodden by the white man, invite his exploration, none surpass, either in extent or interest, that broad central region stretching through thirty degrees of longitude, from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, and several degrees of latitude on either side of the equator. Starting from Zanzibar, on the east coast, in latitude 6° south, Captain Speke and Major Burton have been rewarded by the discovery of the great lake or inland sea, Tanganyika which is believed to be at least two hundred and fifty miles long, and from thirty to thirty-five miles broad. This lake is nearly six hundred miles in a direct line from the coast. Proceeding from it in a north-easterly direction, Captain Speke, after a sixteen days' journey, had the happiness of being the first white man whose eyes rested on a second great fresh-water sea—Lake Nyanza, or, as the loyal Captain has named it, the Victoria Nyanza. Its area is not yet known: one of the sable sultanas dwelling near its southern shore declared that she had never heard of there being any end to it, and did not dream of the possibility that any one could go round it. In fact, its northern extremity is supposed by the natives to reach to the end of the world. Meanwhile Mr. Petherick, who, as a merchant, has passed fifteen years in the territories of the Upper Nile, advanced in a south-western direction along the Nile, and reaching a vast lake-like expansion of the river—the Bahr-el-Gazal, or

Sea of the Gazelles—landed himself and men, and proceeded due south in quest of ivory. During the last of several expeditions, he reached the most southern point of his explorations—a village called Mundo, inhabited by a cannibal tribe named Neam Nam. Mr. Petherick had no instruments by which he could determine the latitude of Mundo, but he believes it to be quite close to the equator. There can be no doubt that Captain Speke and Mr. Petherick, starting from opposite points, have each approached very nearly the same spot; indeed, Captain Speke is disposed to believe that Lake Nyanza and the Bahr-el-Gazal are connected with each other. To settle this interesting question, to explore Lake Nyanza from south to north, and then to proceed northward as far as Gondokoro, situate on one of the branches of the White Nile, and said to be in lat. $4^{\circ} 30' N.$, and long. $31^{\circ} 50' E.$, where Mr. Petherick is to meet him in November next, is the adventurous and exceedingly interesting task which Captain Speke has now undertaken. Mr. Petherick proposes to form a dépôt of grain at Gondokoro, under the charge of his own men, in order to insure to the Captain means of subsistence and security from violence whenever he may reach that place; to assist him in passing through the hostile tribes between Lake Nyanza and the Nile; and also to extend his own explorations. The Royal Geographical Society is deserving the utmost praise for the spirited manner in which, depending on private subscriptions, it has determined to send out Mr. Petherick at a cost of two thousand pounds. Certainly, as they justly observe, "he is beyond any other Englishman peculiarly fitted for carrying out the expedition he proposes;" and we sincerely hope that in 1863 or 1864 we may learn of its more than expected success.

Toward the southernmost part of Mr. Petherick's last journey, the country became undulatory, and even mountainous: he speaks of being among granitic moun-

* *Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa; with Accounts of the Manners and Customs of the People, and of the Chase of the Gorilla, Crocodile, Leopard, Elephant, Hippopotamus, and other Animals.* By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU. With Map and Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1861.

Egypt, the Soudan, and Central Africa, with Explorations from Khartoum on the White Nile to the Regions of the Equator, being Sketches from Sixteen Years' Travel. By JOHN PETHERICK, F.R.G.S., her Britannic Majesty's Consul for the Soudan. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1861.

tains and of going through mountain-passes. Possibly these form the eastern extremity of a vast range of mountains which, in the opinion of M. du Chaillu, extends "nearly across the continent without ever leaving the line of the equator more than two degrees." This gentleman tells us, that proceeding from the west coast in an easterly direction, and crossing the mountainous ranges of the Sierra del Crystal, which runs parallel with the coast, he reached the equatorial range just mentioned, and advanced along its southern slopes until between the fourteenth and fifteenth degree of east longitude, or to a point about 330 miles from the coast in a straight line. In confirmation of his opinion as to the extent and direction of this central range, he says:

"Some of the slaves of the Apingi (an inland tribe) are brought from a distance to the eastward, which they counted as twenty days' journey; and they invariably protested that the mountains in sight from their present home continue in an uninterrupted chain far beyond their own country—in fact, as far as they knew."

M. du Chaillu thinks it probable, he says, that "in the northern slope of this great range originate many of the feeders of the Niger, Lake Tchad, and the Nile;" and that its impenetrable forests and its savage inhabitants together put a stop to the southward course of the Mohammedan conquest; which, as he observes, never advanced south of the equator. In a geographical point of view, the discovery of the western part of this mountain range, and the reasonable hypothesis of its relation to the Nile and other African rivers, as well as of its agency in arresting the southward course of Mohammedanism, are in our opinion, if M. du Chaillu's statements may be relied on, the most important and interesting results of his explorations. Certainly, this vast and mysterious *terra incognita*, equatorial Africa, now gives promise of appearing wholly unveiled at no distant date; and we wait with eager curiosity to learn whether the knowledge about to be acquired by Captain Speke and Mr. Petherick in their new expeditions will corroborate M. du Chaillu's assertions and conjectures.

We confess that the evidence adduced in justification of the doubts which have been expressed concerning the accuracy of M. du Chaillu's narrative are painfully perplexing.

Notwithstanding the facts which preclude us from feeling that implicit trust in M. du Chaillu's narrative which otherwise we should place in it, we can not help believing it to be substantially true. It is pervaded by an air of verisimilitude, reality, and good faith, which generate confidence. Moreover, it presents such abundant evidence of the general good sense and enlightened intelligence of the writer, that we feel assured he would be too wise, if he were not too honest, to attempt to deceive the English and American public by a monstrous fabrication, the falsehood of which must speedily be demonstrated and cover him with infamy. Indeed we do not believe the numerous narratives in the volume could have been invented: if they were, all we can say is, they rival in ability and interest the great fiction of De Foe. To us their general truthfulness is a far more credible hypothesis. To this, therefore—in common with Sir Roderick Murchison, Professor Owen, and Professor Huxley—we hold; and proceeding upon it, we shall, without further adverse criticism, make our readers acquainted with the more important results of M. du Chaillu's explorations in the western part of equatorial Africa.

His very interesting narrative of his travels and adventures abounds in original information respecting the rivers, animals, (including the man-like gorilla,) and human inhabitants of the regions which he visited. Interested in, and evidently attaching great value to, the labors of Christian missionaries in Africa, he is wholly free from religious superstition, and impresses us as peculiarly qualified to investigate wisely and impartially the ideas and usages of a savage people, and especially to acquire and communicate a correct knowledge of the rude notions and beliefs of the natives respecting the "spirit-world," and the supposed invisible agencies which preside over and control their lives. An American gentleman of French descent, he was, he says, associated in business with his father during four years, on the African coast, and thus had the immense advantage of obtaining an acquaintance with the languages and customs of the natives around him, and of inuring his constitution to brave the dangers of the climate before he began his explorations, the object of which was not only to acquaint himself with the region lying between latitude

two degrees north and latitude two degrees south, and extending eastward as far as he could penetrate, in the interests of geography and natural history; but also to ascertain if in the interior there might not be found a region fertile and populous, and at the same time healthy, where missionaries, who, on the low coasts, too often fall victims to their pious zeal, could labor with safety and advantage, and where trading stations beneficial alike to whites and natives might be established.

The three large streams which pour themselves into the Atlantic, on the African coast, between the equator and latitude two degrees south, and which are respectively designated on the maps as the rivers Nazareth, Mexias, and Fernand Vas, have been hitherto supposed to be distinct rivers; but the explorations of M. du Chaillu prove them to be only separate mouths in the vast delta of one great river—the Ogobai; the three chief tributaries of which are the N'gouyai, the Okanda, and that part of what has hitherto been called the Fernand Vas which for the last forty miles of its course runs in a north-westerly direction, parallel with and very near to the coast. This branch, which at twenty miles from its mouth is three miles wide, and which in its upper part is called the Ovenga, he appears to have traced to its source in the Ashaukolo Mountains—part of the range nearest to the sea. Ascending one of the chief outlets of the Ogobai—the N'poulounay; and then, after passing some distance up the Ogobai itself, exploring one of its small tributaries—the Anengue—Mr. du Chaillu entered a splendid lake, “at least ten miles wide, and dotted with various beautiful wooded islands.” On one side it is bounded by hills which come close down to the shore. Many of these hills are crowned with native villages. The whole country around is filled with the India-rubber vine. In the month of May the lake was every where deep enough for steamers of moderate draught; in August “it was still a beautiful sheet of water, and good enough for navigation;” but all over it the dry season had brought out, as also in the “noble stream” of the Ogobai, an eruption of black mud islands, on which reposed hosts of crocodiles. “Wherever the eye was turned, these disgusting beasts, with their dull loer, and huge, savage jaws, appeared in pro-

digions numbers. Though in this season the Ogobai had sunk fifteen feet lower than it was in May, it was still deep, and navigable by vessels of good size; and the shallower N'poulounay was “yet quite practicable for a steamer of light draught.” The river N'gouyai, a chief tributary of the Ogobai, runs westward, and is fed by the mountain range already mentioned as traversing the continent in the line of the equator. The scenery along its course M. du Chaillu describes as growing “grander and bolder” as he advanced. “Every mile of downward progress,” he says, “seemed to bring us to a more magnificent country.” Before its junction with the Okanda, its course is broken by splendid falls, called by the natives *Samba Nagoshi*, and named by M. du Chaillu, in honor of the French Empress, the *Eugenie Falls*. But though he thus baptized them he never saw them. Having descended the river to a point about five miles above them, where he halted, and where their “mighty roar” sounded in his ears all night, he was prevented from reaching them by the resolute refusal of his men to accompany him: they alleged that a hostile tribe living in the forest on the way would kill them. “That the fall of Samba Nagoshi is a majestic sight,” says M. du Chaillu, “all the descriptions of the Negroes go to prove. It is the great marvel of which all the tribes have heard, even those who live at a distance, and of which all speak with awe and wonder.” The upper part of this river is called by the natives the *Apingi*; it runs in a northerly direction, and at the highest point of it reached by M. du Chaillu, he found it “three hundred yards wide, and from three to four fathoms deep in the channel.” The Okanda, said to be the largest by far of the tributaries of the Ogobai, and which runs in a south-westerly direction, M. du Chaillu did not explore.

The river next in importance to the Ogobai, which was examined by M. du Chaillu, is the Muni, already known, and whose chief tributaries are the N'tongo, the N'dina, the Noya, and the N'tambounay, which is the principal stream, and into which a smaller river—the Moondah—empties itself. Most of these tributaries of the Muni have their source in the coast range of mountains—the Sierra del Crystal—and are of no great length, the longest being not more than about eighty

miles long. The Muni enters the sea in $1^{\circ} 2'$ north lat., and is, like most of the rivers of the coast, bounded by mangrove swamps; but near the mouth the highlands are visible in the background, and make up a picturesque scene. Ascending the N'tambounay, the river continues wide, being for the first twenty miles at least two hundred yards across all the way. The course of the stream is dotted and interrupted by many small islands, whose shores are bordered with graceful palms, and its banks form a most charming landscape. "The Moondah, which enters the sea about half a degree north of the equator, is," says M. du Chaillu, "a most disagreeable and unhealthy river, one vast swamp, which seems little likely ever to be useful to man. I was forced," he adds, "to take quinine twice a day while going up; and the few natives who live near its banks are a poor set, sickly, and with little energy."

The country traversed by M. du Chaillu presents great variety of aspect: extensive swamps, rich prairies, woods almost impenetrable, hills of considerable height, and the mountain ranges of the Sierra del Crystal, reaching five thousand feet above the sea, as well as the great range running eastward, and called by the natives the *Nkoomoonabouli*; these several features, intersected by the numerous rivers before mentioned, constitute a landscape combining tropical exuberance and Alpine beauty.

The mineral riches of the country remain wholly unexplored: iron is seen, however, to be every where plentiful. Among the more important vegetable products we may mention the ebony tree, the India-rubber vine, and the oil-yielding palm. The ebony tree is found in abundance, and its wood is an article of regular native traffic. In almost every direction M. du Chaillu encountered the India-rubber vine, the juice from which might become an unfailing source of wealth, were it carefully collected for exportation. Not less abundant is the oil-yielding palm. Referring to the country of the Apingi tribe, M. du Chaillu says:

"I never saw such vast quantities of palms, all hanging full of ripe nuts. Thousands of tons of oil might easily be made here, and transported on rafts by water to the seaboard, if only the trade could once be opened. The Apingi eat the nuts, and seem to thrive upon them."

In the same region grows also another exceedingly valuable palm. The fibrous parts of its leaves are woven by the natives into a beautiful texture known as grass cloth, which is generally preferred by the natives to our common cottons. Even the Apingi, who manufacture it, evinced unwillingness to exchange it for the cloths which M. du Chaillu offered.

Among the animals encountered by M. du Chaillu, the most remarkable, always excepting the gorilla and his near relations, is the Bashikouay ant.

"It is the dread of all living animals, from the leopard to the smallest insect. I do not think that they build a nest or home of any kind. At any rate they carry nothing away, but eat all their prey on the spot. It is their habit to march through the forests in a long regular line—a line about two inches broad and often several miles in length. All along this line are larger ants, who act as officers, stand outside the ranks, and keep this singular army in order. If they come to a place where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun, whose heat they can not bear, they immediately build underground tunnels, through which the whole army passes in columns to the forest beyond. These tunnels are four or five feet underground, and are used only in the heat of the day or during a storm.

"When they grow hungry the long file spreads itself through the forest in a front line, and attacks and devours all it overtakes with a fury which is quite irresistible. The elephant and gorilla fly before this attack. The black men run for their lives. Every animal that lives in their line of march is chased. They seem to understand and act upon the tactics of Napoleon, and concentrate with great speed, their heaviest forces on the point of attack. In an incredibly short space of time, the mouse, or dog, or leopard, or deer, is overwhelmed, killed, eaten, and the bare skeleton only remains.

"They seem to travel night and day. Many a time have I been awakened out of a sleep, and obliged to rush from the hut and into the water to save my life, and after all suffered intolerable agony from the bites of the advance-guard, who had got into my clothes. When they enter a house they clear it of all living things. Cockroaches are devoured in an instant. Rats and mice spring around the room in vain. An overwhelming force of ants kills a strong rat in less than a minute, in spite of the most frantic struggles, and in less than another minute its bones are stripped. Every living thing in the house is devoured. They will not touch vegetable matter. Thus they are in reality very useful (as well as dangerous) to the negroes, who have their huts cleared of all the abounding vermin, such as immense cockroaches and centipedes, at least several times a year.

"When on their march, the insect world flies before them, and I have often had the approach of a bashikouay army heralded to me by this means. Wherever they go they make a clean sweep, even ascending to the tops of the highest trees in pursuit of their prey. Their manner of attack is an impetuous leap. Instantly the strong pincers are fastened, and they only let go when the piece gives way. At such times this little animal seems animated by a kind of fury, which causes it to disregard entirely its own safety, and to seek only the conquest of its prey. The bite is very painful.

"The Negroes relate that criminals were in former times exposed in the path of the bashikouay ants, as the most cruel manner of putting them to death. Two very remarkable practices of theirs remain to be related. When on their line of march they require to cross a narrow stream, they throw themselves across and form a tunnel—a living tunnel—connecting two trees or high bushes on opposite sides of the little stream, whenever they can find such to facilitate the operation. This is done with great speed, and is effected by a great number of ants, each of which clings with its fore-claws to its next neighbor's body or hind-claws. Thus they form a high, safe, tubular bridge, through which the whole vast regiment marches in regular order. If disturbed, or if the arch is broken by the violence of some animal, they instantly attack the offender with the greatest animosity. . . . Their numbers are so great that one does not like to enter into calculations; but I have seen one continuous line passing at good speed a particular place for twelve hours."

The lake Anengue, and the several rivers visited by M. du Chaillu, abound, he says, in fish which attract vast numbers of water-fowl to prey upon them. When at the lake, he sent out his net, and in a few minutes his men caught fish enough for supper and breakfast. Sharks are held sacred by the natives inhabiting at least one part of the coast near the equator, and, of course, swarm there in frightful plenitude. The mouth of a stream, appropriately named Shark River, is described as "actually alive with huge sharks."

"The Negroes boast that they can swim the river without danger if only they have nothing red about them;" and in fact, says M. du Chaillu, "all my men swam across without accident, first carefully concealing those parts of their scanty dress which might have the obnoxious color. . . . The natives believe that if they should kill one [of these fish] there would be no safety from their attacks thereafter. It is certainly very singular that they should not attack men in the water, for on any other of the numerous points on the coast where they abound, a man would be instantly killed did he venture among them."

Cape Lopez and the adjoining coasts are famous for turtle, many of which, on some occasions, may be overturned and secured in a few minutes. Unlike the shark, the crocodile is not protected by a halo of sanctity, but is devoured with eagerness by the natives, who have a special fondness for his flesh. But though constantly hunted as a choice article of food, "they do not decrease in numbers, nor, strange enough, do they seem to grow more wary."

Hippopotami are constantly met with in the principal rivers which M. du Chaillu explored. They were abundant in the Fernand Vaz, but still more so in the Ogobai and other of the interior streams.

"They are very combative among themselves and bear marks on their bodies of desperate conflicts. . . . The young males suffer particularly in the encounters, as they are much imposed upon by these grown males, who are jealous of them. . . . It was my good fortune once to be witness to a combat between two hippopotami. It occurred in broad daylight. I was concealed on the bank of the stream, and had been for some time watching the sports of a herd, when suddenly two huge beasts rose to the surface of the water and rushed together. Their vast and hideous mouths were opened to their widest possible extent, their eyes were flaming with rage, and every power was put forth by each to annihilate the other. They seized each other with their jaws; they stabbed and punched with their strong tusks; they advanced and retreated; were now at the top of the water and again sank down to the bottom. Their blood discolored the river, and their groans of rage were hideous to listen to. They showed little powers of strategy, but rather a piggish obstinacy in maintaining their ground, and a frightful savageness of demeanor. The combat lasted an hour. It was evident that their tusks could not give very dangerous wounds to such thickly-protected bodies as theirs. At last one turned about and made off, leaving the other victorious and master of the field.

"My observations lead me to believe that in general the hippopotamus will not wantonly attack a canoe passing on the river. They either do not seem to notice it at all, or else avoid it by diving under water. They are troublesome beasts, however, to the traveler paddling along in a frail canoe, for they are very apt to rise suddenly under a boat and throw it over to their own alarm, as well as to the inconvenience and danger of the passengers. In some instances, the huge beast becomes desperate from fright, thinks himself attacked, and with great rage demolishes the canoe. But even in such cases I have not heard of their ever touching the swimming passengers, who have only to keep away from the canoe to make sure their

escape. . . . The negroes who hunt the hippopotamus are sometimes killed. The animal, if only wounded, turns most savagely upon its assailant."

M. du Chaillu may be right in believing that, as a general rule, the hippopotamus never attacks man unless in self-defense. But Mr. Petherick records a terrible instance to the contrary. As he and his party were passing down the Upper Nile, one of these animals suddenly rose close to the boat, and seizing in its frightful mouth the cook of the expedition, who was sitting on the gunwale, instantly carried him under water. Of course it is possible that in this case the animal had been enraged by the sudden contact of the boat; but Mr. Petherick does not seem to be aware that the boat touched it, and there is no evidence that it did.

The meat of the hippopotamus is said to be not unlike beef, though of a coarser grain, and not fat. It makes a really wholesome and welcome dish, and is very much liked by the natives. It is evidently far superior to the meat of the elephant, which M. du Chaillu, who could never acquire a taste for it, declares to be the toughest and most disagreeable meat he ever tasted. He says we have no flesh that tastes like it, that its flavor is not unpleasant, but that when it has been boiled for two days, twelve hours each day, it is still tough. Nevertheless, the Fan tribe of natives are very fond of it, and hunt the elephant as much for the sake of its flesh as for its tusks, which are mostly sent to the coast for sale to the white man. Indeed, according to Mr. Petherick, the Neam Nam tribe, who dwell in about the same latitude as the Fans, hunt the elephant for the sake of its flesh only, which they devour apparently with almost as much enjoyment as they can be supposed to have when they feast on human victims. On his arrival among them, they were wholly ignorant of the value of ivory, and left the precious tusks lying in the forests where their owners had been captured and slain. We can not help wishing that the negroes generally could have remained as ignorant of the commercial value of ivory as were these poor Neam Nams before they were visited by Mr. Petherick: the vast and continuous destruction of the most magnificent denizen of the forest—the animal which is capable of becoming at

once the most docile and the most powerful of man's servants—bids fair to effect, at no very distant date, its total extinction. As soon as this tribe found that with elephants' tusks they could buy the much-coveted beads which Mr. Petherick exhibited, their eagerness for wholesale slaughter of the noble beast was suddenly and immensely intensified. The first result of the white man's revelation is seen in the following revolting narrative by Mr. Petherick, who, after a fortnight's sojourn at the village of Mundo, was informed that a herd of eighteen elephants was in the vicinity.

"Old men, hags, warriors, women, and children collected with the most sanguine expectations; and anxious to witness the scene, I accompanied the hunters: a finer body of well-grown and active men I never beheld. The slaves, many of them from the Baer, but most of them appertaining to unknown tribes from the west, were all but black, and followed their more noble-looking and olive-colored masters. Two hours' march—the first part through cultivated ground, and the latter through magnificent bush—brought us to the open plain, covered hip-deep with dry grass; and there were the elephants marching leisurely toward us. The negroes, about five hundred, swift as antelopes, formed a vast circle round them, and by their yells brought their huge game to a standstill. As if by magic, the plain was on fire, and the elephants in the midst of the roar, and crackling of the flames, were obscured from our view by the smoke. Where I stood, and along the line as far as I could see, the grass was beaten down to prevent the outside of the circle from being seized in the conflagration; and in a short time—not more than half an hour—the fire having exhausted itself, the cloud of smoke gradually rising again displayed the group of elephants to our view, standing as if petrified. As soon as the burning embers had become sufficiently extinct, the negroes, with a whoop, closed from all sides upon their prey. The fire and smoke had blinded them; and, unable to defend themselves, they successively fell by the lances of their assailants. The sight was grand, and although their tusks proved a rich prize, I was touched at the massacre."

Without further reference to other animals discovered or described by M. du Chaillu, we must pass on to his account of the remarkable anthropoid apes, and especially to that of the lion of the season, the troglodytes gorilla. For several centuries that remarkable ape, the chimpanzee, has been vaguely known as an inhabitant of Western Africa. It was named by Tyson, in 1699, the *Homo silvestris*; Linnæus called it the *Homo trog-*

lodytes, and Blumenbach the *Simia troglodytes*. By this last name it has been generally known to the scientific world. Subsequently an allied species, the orang-outang, the *Simia satyrus*, was discovered in Borneo.

In 1780, the skeleton of what was believed to be another large ape was forwarded to Europe from Batavia, by the Baron Wurmb, the resident governor. He called it the Pongo. This animal Professor Owen has demonstrated to be the adult orang. From the beginning of the seventeenth century to near the middle of the nineteenth, many travelers' stories have obtained currency respecting anthropoid apes, or wild men of the woods in Africa, which obviously could not refer to the already known chimpanzee. Indeed, they do not strictly apply to any single species of ape hitherto known. It is probable that the characteristics of different species, first distinctly described by M. du Chaillu, have been confounded in the vague descriptions which reached Europe, and which were supposed to refer only to one as yet scientifically unknown species. The first positive knowledge of an anthropoid ape inhabiting Africa, and having characters distinct from those of the chimpanzee, was obtained in 1847. By the labors of numerous observers, last but not least important of whom is M. du Chaillu, we are now acquainted with ten different kinds or varieties of tailless apes, namely, the chimpanzee (*Troglodytes niger*), the kooloo-kamba (*Troglodytes kooloo-kamba*), the nshiego-mbouvé (*Troglodytes calvus*), the gorilla, (*Troglodytes gorilla*), two species of the orang-outang, (*Simia satyrus*), and four species of the gibbon, (*Hylobates*), including the Siamang. The four first are found in equatorial Africa. The orangs are natives of Borneo and Sumatra; the gibbons are distributed through Java, Borneo, Sumatra, Malacca, and Siam.

Of the African apes, the chimpanzee, the kooloo-kamba, and the nshiego-mbouvé live almost exclusively in trees. They are so nearly allied in general character, that the two latter are regarded as mere varieties of the chimpanzee. The skin of each is black; each is clothed nearly all over the body with hair black, or nearly black; but the face of the young chimpanzee is yellow, while that of the young nshiego-mbouvé is astonishingly white.

The young kooloo-kamba has not yet been observed. They are all alike strict vegetarians, feeding chiefly on nuts and fruits. It is stated in books that the chimpanzee builds a kind of nest for itself amongst the branches of trees, and lives in small societies. M. du Chaillu, however, declares that though the young consort in companies, the adults are not gregarious, but go in pairs or singly, and that there is no evidence that it builds any kind of nest or shelter for itself. When young it is very tractable, and although when grown up untamable, still not ferocious. It has never been known to attack man. The females of the chimpanzee are said to watch their offspring during two complete years, and, as recorded by M. du Chaillu, the young apes are so strongly attached to their mothers, that if the latter are killed they cling to them, tenaciously evincing pathetic affection exceedingly painful to witness. The young, as of all apes, have a much more human expression of countenance than is presented by the adult, owing to the much greater development of the jaws in the latter. It can walk erect, but its structure implies its peculiar fitness for an arboreal life. The stature of a full developed adult is said to be about four feet. The young which have been brought to this country (and only the young have been seen here, for they die generally of consumption at no distant date after their arrival) have not usually exceeded two feet.

The first and only specimen of the kooloo-kamba which has been seen by a white man, is the one shot and described by M. du Chaillu. Its name, he says, is derived from the native word "kamba," to speak, and the peculiar note which it utters and repeats—*koola-kooloo, koola-kooloo*. This specimen was four feet three inches high. According to M. du Chaillu's account, its head and face are remarkably round, its forehead broad and higher than that of the chimpanzee, the eyes wide apart, the ears large, and very similar to those of man; its cheek-bones are prominent, the cheeks sunken, nose flat, and the jaws are less prominent than in the other apes. It is remarkable also for its whiskers of straight hair, which extend quite round the face and below the chin. Its face is bare and black; its upper extremities reach below the knee; they are partially covered with long hair, and are partly bare. The animal was

sitting in a tree at the time it was shot. M. du Chaillu was particularly impressed with its human appearance, and was at once convinced that of all known apes it approaches nearest to man. Speaking of its head, he says: "This struck me at once as having an expression curiously like to an Esquimaux or Chinaman."

Of the third variety of the chimpanzee, the *nshiego-mbouvé*,* M. du Chaillu captured several specimens: one measured four feet four inches, another three feet eleven inches, and a third—a female—three feet nine inches. The *nshiego-mbouvé* is remarkable for its bald head, and is consequently distinguished as the *troglydites calvus*. It has eyebrows of thin black hair. The ears and mouth are remarkably large, the chin round, and, as well as the sides of the face, is thinly covered with hair. It usually progresses on all-fours, is not gregarious, and solitary old bachelors or widowers are occasionally encountered. Its cry is "Hew! hew! hew!" It is distinguished from all the other African apes by building for itself an umbrella-like shelter around the stem of the tree which it has chosen to inhabit. This shelter consists of a dome of leafy branches, about ten feet in diameter, so constructed as to throw off the rain. The branches are bound together, and to the tree around the stem of which they are placed, by wild vines and creepers, which abound in the African forests. The dome is carefully adjusted to such a distance above the branch which the ape has chosen for his seat, as will enable him when seated, to place his head close to the central and inner portion of the roof; his legs are so drawn up that his feet rest on the branch on which he sits, and he puts one arm round the trunk of the tree for security. The male and female occupy different trees near each other, having each a separate dome. They both labor in collecting the material for their shelters: when it is brought together, the male builds them, the female carrying the branches up to him. They very frequently build new shelters, often, it is said, at an interval of about ten days. The reason assigned for this is, that the leaves becoming dry and withered, cease to be capable of affording protection from the rain, and hence the shelters need to be renewed.

* The word *nshiego* is the native name for the chimpanzee, and *mbouvé* is the native word signifying another tribe.

Probably another reason is that the animal is forced to migrate from place to place in search of its favorite food, the quantity of which needful for its sustenance being speedily exhausted in any limited area. M. du Chaillu gives a very interesting account of a young *nshiego* which he captured. Hearing the baby-like cry of the young animal, he and his men crawled through the bush as silently as possible in the hope of taking it, and at last saw something running along the ground where they were concealed. "It was a female *nshiego-mbouvé* running on all-fours with a young one clinging to her breasts; she was eagerly eating some berries, and with one arm supported her little one." Fired upon, she dropped without a struggle. The poor little one cried, "Hew! hew! hew!" and clung to the dead body, sucking the breasts, burying its head there in its alarm at the report of the gun. Its baby face "was pure white—very white indeed—pallid, but as white as a white child's," although the face of its mother was as black as soot. The little one was about a foot in height. Until the return of the hunters to their camp it had been kept separate from its dead mother, but afterward,

"when it was put near her body, a most touching scene ensued: the little fellow ran instantly to her, but touching her on the face and breast, saw evidently that some great change had happened. For a few minutes he caressed her, as though trying to coax her back to life. Then he seemed to lose all hope. His little eyes became very sad, and he broke out in a long plaintive wail—'Oooo! oooo! oooo!' which made my heart ache for him. He looked quite forlorn, and as though he really felt his forsaken lot. The whole camp was touched at his sorrows, and the women especially were moved."

In three days after his capture he became almost tame. In a fortnight he was perfectly so. He no longer required to be tied up, but ran about the camp and found "his way about the adjoining village and into the huts just as though he had been raised there." His education progressed so rapidly that at the end of the third day he would eat biscuits out of M. de Chaillu's hand, appreciated boiled rice and roasted plantain, and drank of the milk of a goat. He evinced great affection, and was very fond of being petted. He became an accomplished thief, and carried on his depredations with surprising skill and cunning. As his initia-

tion into the mysteries of civilized life progressed, he grew quite an epicurean: he learnt to eat flesh with unmistakable relish, to regard fish as an especial delicacy, to appreciate good coffee—refusing it unless properly sugared, and even rivalled his human companions in the delight which he derived from “the bottle!”

“He showed an extraordinary fondness for strong drink. Whenever a Negro had palm-wine, Tommy was sure to know of it. He had a decided taste for Scotch ale, . . . and even begged for brandy. Indeed, his last exploit was with a brandy-bottle, which, on going out,” says M. du Chaillu, “I had carelessly left on my chest. When I returned, I found my precious bottle broken in pieces, and Master Tommy coiled up on the floor by the side of the fragments in a state of maudlin drunkenness. . . . He looked disgustingly, and yet comically human. . . . I gave him a severe thrashing, but nothing could cure him of his love of liquor.”

He dined regularly with M. du Chaillu, seated by his side. If he received what he did not want, he threw it down on the ground with a little shriek of anger and a stamp of his foot. If he were pleased quickly, he thanked his host by a kind of gentle murmur, like “Hoo-hoo,” and would hold out his hand for a kindly shake. Poor little fellow! he soon died, having survived his capture only five months.

In 1846, an American missionary residing near the Gaboon discovered, first a skull, and afterward another skull and part of a skeleton, which he presented to Dr. Savage, of Boston; these, together with a third skull subsequently received, en-

abled Dr. Savage and Professor Jeffries Wyman to demonstrate the existence of a man-like animal before unknown to the scientific world.

Hanno, the Carthaginian, who is supposed to have made his voyage along the African coast in the sixth century before Christ, was sent out by the government of Carthage to circumnavigate the African continent. In the account of his voyage the following passage occurs:

“On third day, having sailed from thence, passing the streams of fire, we came to the bay called the Horn of the South. In the recess was an island like the first, having a lake, and in this there was another island full of wild men. But much the greater part of them were women with hairy bodies, whom the interpreters called gorillas. . . . But, pursuing them, we were not able to take the men; they all escaped from us by their great agility, being *eremnobates*, (that is to say, climbing precipitous rocks and trees,) and defending themselves by throwing stones at us. We took three women, who bit and tore those who caught them, and were unwilling to follow. We were obliged, therefore, to kill them, and took their skins off, which skins were brought to Carthage, for we did not navigate further, provisions becoming scarce.”

We give this very interesting passage because, though it is not a true description of any known animal, it suggested to Drs. Savage and Wyman the name which they gave to the animal first scientifically described by them in 1847. M. du Chaillu claims the honor of being the first white man who has hunted the gorilla, and who can speak of its character and habits from personal knowledge.

TRANSPORTATION.—Transportation on any considerable scale has so long ceased that it may surprise many persons to learn that since 1788 we have sent to Australia no less than 131,430 convicts; and even that is, not the entire number, for the returns that have been made do not include convicts sent from Ireland before 1840. It might also not be generally supposed that to Western Australia—to which alone we now transport—we have dispatched 5169 convicts since 1850. The result of that is, that at the end of 1859 there were 3846 men in Western Australia, who either then were convicts or who had arrived as convicts, and only 3266 free male adults, civil and military. But there were 10,991 free people in all; and the labor-market of the colony absorbs the prisoners as they are discharged from the public works.

CHINESE VERSION OF THE LATE WAR.—The Imperial Almanac of China for 1861 appeared as usual at Peking in the beginning of the present month. It consists of twelve thick volumes, and, in addition to the names of all the officials of the Chinese Government, gives a summary of the events which have taken place during the past year. For the first time, foreigners are spoken of in respectful terms, and the text of different treaties concluded with them given. Military events are not passed over in silence, but are explained in a very whimsical manner. It is stated that the foreign ambassadors, being accompanied by a numerous guard of honor, misunderstandings had arisen between the soldiers of that escort and those of the Chinese army, but that all difficulties had been arranged by the devotedness of the chiefs of the Government.—*Hong-kong paper.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MAD DOGS AND THEIR PHENOMENA.

EVERY one knows that dogs are liable to a terrible disease, which can be communicated to other animals and to man: a disease frightful in its symptoms, and fatal in its effects. But very few persons know what are the signs and symptoms of this disease; and since cure is impossible, prevention becomes tenfold more important. We propose, therefore, to treat this subject with the minuteness which its importance warrants.

I—VULGAR ERRORS.

Under this head it will be necessary to include almost every single notion which is popularly held about mad dogs; for it is surprising that on a subject of this fatal interest the current ideas are not simply inaccurate: they are utterly and dangerously wrong. To begin with the one expressed in the name *Hydrophobia*, which means horror at water. This is not simply a misnomer, otherwise we should scarcely mention it, but a misdescription of a very serious kind. The name hydrophobia having been fixed in people's minds, and the idea that rabid dogs dread water having become part and parcel of the general belief, the sight of a dog eagerly lapping water, or willingly plunging into it, would naturally lead ninety-nine out of a hundred to exclaim: "He drinks, therefore there can't be danger." The fact is, that a burning thirst is one of the characteristic symptoms of rabies, in its early stages. True it is, and very curious it is, that in man an indefinable dread of water, or any other liquid, does characterize the later stages of the disease; and for the disease in man the name of hydrophobia is not inappropriate. Of this we shall see examples presently. But in dogs, so far from a dread of water being a reliable symptom, it is a symptom which does not show itself more than once in fifty cases. "Il est désormais acquis à la science," says the latest authority on this subject, "que c'est précisément un signe de la rage, lorsque

la soif est trop ardente; et que jamais appellation plus fautive, plus absurde, et en même temps plus dangeureuse, ne fut appliquée à aucune maladie que celle de hydrophobie à la rage du chien."*

Another popular error attributes the madness of dogs to the heat of the "dog-days." In July and August all kinds of precautions are taken which no one thinks of for a moment in November and December. On the Continent, a paternal police is minutely solicitous in summer about the enforcement of its regulations. But the simple fact is, that the "dog-days" have no more to do with the rabies than the moon has to do with lunacy. Dogs are liable to attacks in every month of the year; but it so happens that July and August are precisely the months in which the fewest cases occur. Against the loose estimate of popular opinion, we can place the exact records of the veterinary schools of Alfort, Toulouse, and Lyons, and these show that it is not in the hottest months, but in the coldest months, that the great majority of cases are seen. In April, November, and December, the recorded cases are double and triple those in June, July, and August.

That "heat of the weather" is not the cause of rabies, is strikingly proved by the fact that in hot countries the disease is rare, and in some even unknown. M. Du Chaillu notices that although "most of the West-African villages are crowded with dogs, the natives do not know, even by report, of such a disease as hydrophobia." Dr. Watson remarks that rabies is unknown in the Isle of Cyprus and in Egypt. "I fancy that South-America is, or was, a stranger to it. It appears to have been imported into Jamaica, after that island had enjoyed an immunity for at least fifty years; and Dr. Heineker states that curs of the most wretched description abound in the island of Madeira;

* Sanson: *Le Meilleur Préservatif contre la Rage: Etude de la Physiognomie des Chiens et des Chats Enragés*. 1860.

that they are afflicted with almost every disease, tormented by flies, and heat, and thirst, and famine, yet no rabid dog was ever seen there. On the contrary, sixteen hundred and sixty-six deaths from hydrophobia in the human subject are stated to have occurred in Prussia in the space of ten years.*

Having attributed the disease to the "heat of the dog-days," men easily came to the conclusion that it was owing to intense thirst that the disease occurred. Inasmuch as this error has forced them to be more careful in attending to the wants of dogs, and secured access to water, it has been a beneficial error. But, viewing the matter scientifically, we are forced to say that thirst, however intense, is incapable of producing rabies. Dogs have been subjected to the cruel experiment of complete abstinence from water, when chained to a wall under a burning sun. They died from thirst, but showed no symptoms of rabies. Thirst will produce delirium in man; but delirium is not rabies, nor in any way related to it.

Another popular error is to suppose that mad dogs foam at the mouth, and run about snapping wildly at man and beast, or at any rate manifest their madness by furious ferocity. But while healthy dogs often "foam at the mouth," it is only at one stage of the disease that the rabid dog shows any foam. And as to ferocity, most mad dogs are gentle and caressing to their masters and favorites, though they snap at other dogs. It is only the ferocious dog that shows great ferocity when rabid.

It is very generally believed that if a healthy dog should bite a man and at any subsequent period become rabid, the man will also become rabid—no matter how many months or years may have elapsed. The consequence of this absurd prejudice is, that healthy dogs are frequently killed in order to prevent their becoming rabid. There was an example of this only a few weeks ago in London; and unhappily the bitten man died a victim to the terrors of hydrophobia. It was quite clear, from the symptoms, that he was not affected by hydrophobia; and the magistrate very properly expressed disapprobation at the folly of destroying the dog before it was evident whether or not it was rabid. The rule in such a case is perfectly simple. If

the dog is suspected of being rabid, it should be kept chained up, out of the way of injury, until the disease declares itself. By this plan it may very soon be shown whether the suspicion was ill founded, and whether the dog was or was not rabid. Such a proof would often greatly relieve the minds of the bitten man and his family, and remove that terrible anxiety which, in spite of every surgical aid, must for some weeks assail them.

Finally, we may remark that it is by no means true, as popularly supposed, that a man or animal bitten by a mad dog will certainly take the disease. The chances are very great against such an event even if no precautions be taken. Of course, no sane man would run the risk. But it is comforting to know, after surgical aid has been employed, that even without such aid the chances are against the disease being communicated.

The errors we have just noticed are pernicious in varying degrees, but mainly because they mask the real symptoms, which might otherwise call attention to the danger. And how great that danger is may be expressed in a single sentence—*there is no remedy*. The physician that cures is Death—*ἰατρος λῆται θάνατος*. Man or beast, once infected by the poison, is doomed to a certain and horrible end. This infection may be prevented, even after the bite has been given, either by surgical aid, or by a natural indisposition of the organism to be affected by the poison; but the infection once established, no remedy avails. The records of medical experience contain numerous cases of harmless bites from rabid animals, but no single case of declared rabies having ever been arrested.

II.—HYDROPHOBIA IN MAN.

We have already intimated that in man the disease is characterized by a singular dread of water; and that this is an inviolable symptom. Happily the cases are rare; and as even experienced physicians seldom have the opportunity of witnessing one, we shall briefly state what are the observed symptoms. Dr. Watson, in his *Principles of Physic*, and Romberg, in his *Diseases of the Nervous System*, will furnish examples:

A coachman was brought to St. Bartholomew's Hospital on Tuesday. It was stated that, some ten weeks before, the

* Watson; *Principles and Practice of Physic*, vol. ii. p. 619.

back of his right hand had been struck by the teeth of a terrier, but no wound had been made, no blood drawn, nor was the skin broken—there was merely a mark of the animal's teeth. On the Thursday preceding his appearance at the hospital, his hand had become painful, and swelled a little. On Friday the pain extended into the arm, and became more severe. His wife stated that he had been in the habit of sponging his head and body every morning with cold water, but on this morning he refrained from doing so on account of some feeling of spasm about the throat. His own remark on this was, that he "couldn't think how he could be so silly." On Saturday, the extent and severity of the pain had increased. He got no sleep. He felt ill and drowsy on Sunday, but drove the carriage to Kensington Gardens; he was obliged, however, to hold both whip and reins in his left hand. The pain extended to his shoulder. He was then bled. This relieved the pain. But the next day he complained of feeling very ill all over; and he told his medical attendant that he could not take his draughts because of the spasm in his throat. That gentleman, suspecting the true nature of the disease, pretended that it was the nasty taste of the physic which gave the spasm, and told him to drink some water. But there was the same difficulty with the water. The next day he came to the hospital. When there, water was placed before him in a basin, for the alleged purpose of allowing him to wash his hands. It did not seem to disturb him, nor to excite any particular attention. Water was then offered to him to drink, which he took and carried to his mouth, but drew his head from it with a convulsive shudder. After this, on the same morning, he was much questioned by several persons about the supposed cause of his illness; and water was again brought to him, which agitated him, and he became exceedingly distressed and unquiet, complaining of the air which blew upon him. Dr. Watson saw him soon after this, and describes him as "to all outward appearance well, lying on his back without spasm, without anxiety—his face somewhat flushed. He said he had a little headache, but no pain in the arm. His pulse was one hundred and thirty-two, full and strong; his tongue moist and slightly furred. He appeared to be a very quiet, good-temper-

ed man; and smiled generally when he was spoken to."

In the evening Dr. Watson found him tranquil. Gruel was mentioned, and then he sighed deeply two or three times, but sat up, and after a moment's look of serious terror, took half a spoonful of the gruel in a hurried gasping manner, and said he would not take more at a time, lest the *sensation* should come on. He was desired to take the last portion of the gruel from the basin. He accordingly seized it with hurry, carried it to his mouth with an air of determination, and then a violent choking spasm of the muscles about the throat ensued. Most of the gruel was spilled over his chin; and he observed that he should have managed it had he not been in too great a hurry. He was quiet, rational, and calm, except when endeavoring to take liquids. On Wednesday, at noon, he was much in the same state, but said he was better. Some morsels of ice had been given him during the night; he swallowed two or three with considerable effort; the third or fourth caused so great a spasm that he was forced to throw it out of his mouth: by a strong resolution, however, he seized it again, and finally succeeded in swallowing it. He now complained that his mouth was clammy, and he champed much. He requested that a straitwaistcoat might be put on, that he might injure no one. He assisted in putting it on, and was perfectly calm.

Whenever he attempted to swallow liquid in the smallest quantities, it was always with sobbings and hurried inspirations, precisely resembling those we make when first wading in cold water. While taking the basin of gruel in his hand, he drew back his head to a distance apparently involuntarily. The next day he was composed, yet more easily irritated, and had lost the power of moving his left arm. His pulse was one hundred and forty, and much weaker than before. His mental powers were failing. During the last hours of his life, he moaned and tossed from side to side. He sank gradually, and died in the evening.

Dr. Watson, in the course of his very extensive practice, both in private and in the hospitals, has only seen four cases of hydrophobia, which proves that the disease must be rare. One of these was owing to the bite of a cat, on the first of

January, 1855, (not by any means one of the "dog-days.") A lady, aged thirty-two, hearing from her brother that a white cat belonging to the stables had been quarreling with a terrier the day before, and afterward fighting with another cat, supposed it might be ill, and desired it to be brought to her. She placed it on her lap. It there bit her finger. Had the lady been aware of the suspicious nature of such an act, she would at once have sent for the surgeon. But few people remember that cats are as liable to madness as dogs; otherwise we should not have the many absurd police regulations respecting dogs in the summer months, and complete disregard of cats all the year round. Still fewer are impressed with the necessity of ascertaining what has been the behavior of an animal that has bitten them. The cat now in question was destroyed, but not before it had scratched the gardener's child, flown furiously at a man, and bitten a whip with which it had been attacked. From the first of January to the fourteenth of March no alarming symptoms disclosed themselves, but on the fourteenth the lady began to feel generally unwell. On the sixteenth, pain ran from the bitten finger along the arm and across the chest. This pain did not last long, nor did it recur. On the seventeenth she found a difficulty in swallowing. Dr. Todd visited her in the evening with Dr. Garrett; and on the eighteenth Dr. Watson met those physicians in consultation. He found the lady in bed, "with a wildish expression about her eyes." Her tongue was dry and furred; her pulse eighty, soft, with occasional accelerations for a few beats only. She was extremely weak. A morsel of ice was given her. She hastily put it into her mouth, then drew back her head, and stretched out her arm with a repelling gesture, and sighed many times; but she failed to swallow the ice. Afterward she succeeded better with some tea, which she took in spoonfuls, yet with a strange hurry, and with sighing gasps, and a rolling upward of the eyes. It seemed to Dr. Watson that she suspected what was the matter with her, for she said that to drink some tea would be a *test*. She then, without much difficulty, ate a boiled egg; and under encouragement, and our expressions of hopefulness, she swallowed with seeming ease, a glass of wine in suc-

cessive tea-spoonfuls, until the last spoonful, from which she recoiled with a look of terror, exclaiming despondently: "It is no better." She died the next morning, her mind having continued perfectly clear to the end.

It is worthy of remark, that not only are hydrophobic patients uniformly terrified at water, (unlike rabid dogs,) and this terror increases with the attempt to swallow water, but also the mere *sound* of liquid falling in a vessel, sometimes the mere *sight* of it, and in a few cases even the *mention* of it, causes terrified gasps. A draught of cold air will also produce similar effects; and even the sight of a mirror. Dr. Beddoes relates a case of a patient who sobbed convulsively when a mirror was presented to him. "I gave him money to induce him to look at it a second time, and endeavored to gain his attention by desiring him to point out in the mirror the sores which had given him most uneasiness; but before he had looked a minute, the same effect was produced as before." In the case quoted from Dr. Watson just now, there was nothing of this observed; indeed, the sounds of liquids had no appreciable influence on the patient; nor was she disturbed by sudden access of light, nor by currents of air: she could even bear to be fanned.

There is a not unwarrantable supposition that many of the effects of hydrophobia in human beings are due to imagination, and are suggested by what the patient has heard of the disease. Nor would it be possible very accurately to draw the line between the effects directly produced by the disease, and those indirectly produced by the patient's imagination. Yet that the very remarkable phenomena of terror at water, or at the sight and sound of water, are direct consequences of the disease, and are not due to any opinions the patient may hold, is satisfactorily proved by the fact that quite young children exhibit them no less manifestly than adults. We will give in illustration the case observed by Romberg, (the only case which ever came under his eye.) A boy, aged six, was bitten by a dog on the finger. In accordance with a popular superstition, ("a hair of the dog that bit you,") a few of the dog's hairs were cut off and placed upon the wound, which was completely healed in a week. The boy continued perfectly

well and in good spirits till the thirtieth of August—that is, twenty-eight days after the accident—when he complained of pain in the bitten finger. The day after, the pain extended to the whole hand. The boy's father observed that his breathing was labored. He passed a restless night. In the morning, instead of his usual coffee, he asked for water, but on seeing it, shuddered, and pushed it forcibly away. He was unable to swallow any liquid or solid food; the mere sight of it was repulsive to him. During the following night he was extremely restless, complained constantly of thirst, and yet was unable to swallow any liquid. On the second of September the pains extended to the arm and ear; a current of air produced by the mere elevation of the bed-clothes, or the sprinkling of a few drops of liquid on his skin, excited the same paroxysms as the attempts at drinking. His consciousness was unimpaired; his eyes were brilliant, his face red, and his features expressed distressing anxiety. "I offered him," says Romberg, "a cup full of beer, and challenged him to drink; the mere aspect of the cup startled him, and as soon as I approached it to his lips, sobbing respiration and a convulsive movement of the entire body ensued; he turned his head in the opposite direction, and rolled his eyes wildly. Three times the experiment was repeated, and each time the same phenomena occurred. When he caught sight of a glass of water, the restlessness was greater, and the shudder more violent." It is quite clear that this child of six had never read any books about hydrophobia, nor is it likely that he had ever heard of the behavior of patients; yet his manifestations were precisely similar to those observed in other cases. When urged to drink, and told that unless he drank he would die, he seized the cup with a trembling hand, and carried it to his mouth, shuddered, and wanted to return the cup; but, on being threatened, he once more took courage, and, in spite of the hiccup which intervened, swallowed about half a tea spoonful hastily and with extreme difficulty. "I then dipped the handle of a tea-spoon in water, and for several minutes dropped the water off it upon his tongue. This trifling quantity he swallowed without much trouble or shuddering." He could see water in a basin, and even wash his hands in it, without terror. The sight of a mirror,

or of the polished surface of a watch, produced no effect.

This is in many respects an instructive case. We have cited it mainly to show that the symptoms of hydrophobia are not due to the imagination of the patient; and before quitting this part of our subject, we may observe that the popular notions of hydrophobic patients barking, and trying to go on all-fours like a dog, are simply the wrong interpretations of phenomena which admit of rational explanation. The "barking" is nothing more than the violent efforts of the patient to rid his throat of the sticky mucus which irritates him; and the trying to go on "all-fours" is the inability to stand upright which is sometimes seen when the spinal cord is affected.

III.—ORIGIN OF THE DISEASE.

It is as yet undecided whether rabies *now* occurs spontaneously, or only as the result of direct inoculation. Inasmuch as the disease must have occurred spontaneously at first, there is a natural tendency to suppose it must continue to manifest itself spontaneously. Against this supposition some argue that there are diseases which in our day never occur except through contagion, or transmission of some kind. The small-pox is cited as an instance. Proof of this must necessarily be difficult, if not impossible. When small-pox breaks out in a nursery, it is always attributed to the child having been taken past a certain alley or street; or else, some beggar-woman, with her baby, stopped the nurse to beg. An external cause is always sought, and as the seekers are not critical, they do not verify the truth of their supposition. Be this as it may, Mr. Yonatt—certainly the greatest authority on rabies—thinks that rabies does not now occur spontaneously, and might be thoroughly extirpated if a well-enforced quarantine could be established, and every dog (let us also add, every cat) could be confined separately for eight months.

Those who believe the disease occurs spontaneously, limit its origin to the animals included in the two genera *canis* and *felis*. Of these the dog and cat are the only two sources from which we have much to fear, because they are constantly with us. The fox, indeed, is not rare in England, and may bite dogs and cats;

but the danger from that source is not great. The wolf has long ceased to prowl about our forests. As for lions, tigers, and panthers, it is our fault if we place ourselves in their reach; and although a mad lion would doubtless be a formidable beast, yet, perhaps, the lion in perfect health will be quite as eagerly avoided.

Inasmuch as the disease may be communicated to all animals, there is no practical interest in the question of its origin. No sooner, therefore, is any one bitten by a dog or cat, than immediate recourse should be had to the following simple precautions: First, he should ascertain, if possible, whether the animal manifests, or has manifested, the signs of rabies; and secondly, having satisfied himself of the madness of the animal, he should place himself at once in the hands of a surgeon. If he have no means of ascertaining the condition of the dog, he had better assume the existence of rabies, and have the bitten part cut out, for safety. But when, as mostly happens, there can be an inquiry made respecting the dog's condition, it would be exposing himself to needless suffering to rush at once to the surgeon. To save men from this needless suffering, and from the still greater pain of terrible anxiety, which in itself will sometimes produce insanity, the widest publicity should be given to a knowledge of the *invariable and characteristic signs of rabies*. People must clear their minds of all the common errors which the ignorance of ages has accumulated on this subject. They must learn steadily to discredit those opinions which have hitherto formed their superstitions, and engrave deeply on their memories the certainties of scientific observation and experiment.

It is indeed of great importance that the public at large should know that the characteristic signs of rabies are as certainly recognizable as are the signs of measles or small-pox. There are absolute and invariable tests by which we may prove the existence of the disease; and there are several *premonitory symptoms*, which, once observed, may warn us in time to escape all danger. These we shall now proceed to describe.

IV.—SIGNS OF MADNESS.

One of the earliest signs, and one which should always arouse attention on the part

of those in charge of a dog, is a *sullenness combined with fidgetiness*. It may, of course, be due to some other malady than rabies; but it is a symptom to be watched. When it means rabies, the dog retires to his bed or basket for several hours, and may be seen there curled up, his face buried between his paws and breast. He shows no disposition to bite, and will answer to the call, but he answers slowly and *sullenly*. After a while he becomes restless, seeking out new resting-places, and never satisfied long with one. He then returns to his bed, but *continually* shifts his posture. He rises up and lies down again, settles his body in a variety of positions, disposes his bed with his paws, shaking it in his mouth, bringing it to a heap, on which he carefully lays his chest, and then rises up and bundles it all out of his kennel or basket. If at liberty, he will seem to imagine that something is lost, and he will eagerly search round the room with strange violence and indecision. That dog should be watched. If he begins to gaze strangely about him as he lies in bed, and if his countenance is clouded and suspicious, we may be certain that madness is coming on. Sometimes he comes to those whom he loves, and fixes on them a steadfast gaze, as if, according to Mr. Youatt, he would say: "I feel strangely ill; have you nothing to do with it?"*

The observation of all veterinary surgeons proves that not only is there no great disposition to bite manifested in the early stages of the disease, except by dogs naturally ferocious, but that, on the contrary, there is an increase of affectionateness often shown. Mr. Youatt specially notices this. "In the early stages of rabies," he says, "the attachment of the dog toward his owner seems to be rapidly increased. He is employed almost without ceasing licking the hands, or face, or any part he can get at." Nay, even in the last and most violent stages of the disease, some dogs show no disposition to bite. Mr. Youatt says that the finest Newfoundland dog he ever saw became rabid from the bite of a cur. He became dull, disinclined to play, and refused all food. He was continually watching imaginary objects, but did not snap at them. He offered himself to be caressed, and was not satisfied unless he was shaken by

* Youatt: *The Dog*, pp. 131-33.

the paw. He watched every passing object with peculiar anxiety, and followed with deep attention the motions of his old friend, the horse. "I went to him," adds Mr. Youatt, "and patted and coaxed him, and he told me as plainly as looks and actions and a somewhat deepened whine could express it, how much he was gratified. I saw him on the third day. He was evidently dying. He could not even crawl to the door of his temporary kennel; but he pushed forward his paw a little way, and as I shook it, I felt the tetanic muscular action which accompanies the departure of life." M. Sanson narrates a similar case, and expresses his conviction that if the rabid animal were kept sequestered from all exciting provocations, it would gradually die without once manifesting any of the *fury* of madness.

On the other hand, it should be remembered that there are rabid dogs whose ferocity knows no bounds. If they are threatened with a stick, they fly at it, seize and furiously shake it. They are incessantly employed in darting to the end of their chain, and attempting to crush it with their teeth. They tear their kennel to pieces. The sight of another dog especially excites their fury. But although the ferocious animal early manifests this fury, we must guard against the common error of waiting for such a manifestation. The early symptoms of fidgetiness, sullenness, anxiety, or affectionate *importunity*, are equally to be attended to. No animal goes mad suddenly; there are always several *stages* of premonitory symptoms. Among these there is one not always shown, but generally, and quite conclusive: it is *hallucination*.

Many readers who have no hesitation in speaking of the madness of animals, will be startled at hearing that animals are subject to hallucinations, like human beings. Every veterinary surgeon, however, knows this to be the case. Mr. Youatt narrates that he was once consulted by a medical man about a dubious case: a dog had bitten a gentleman, who thought it could not be mad, because it had no fear of water. But from the obvious signs of hallucination exhibited by the dog, Mr. Youatt had no doubt whatever that there was rabies—and so it proved. The same writer says: "I have again and again seen the rabid dog start up after a momentary quietude, with un-

mingled ferocity depicted on his countenance, and plunge with a savage howl to the end of his chain. At other times he would stop and watch the nails in the partition of the stable in which he was confined, and, fancying them to move, he would dart at them, and occasionally sadly bruise and injure himself."

Not only are the animals subject to hallucinations, but these hallucinations appear to be very similar to those which assail hydrophobic patients. Men not unfrequently imagine that a cloud of flies assaults them. "The patient," says Mr. Laurence, "is pursued by a thousand phantoms, that intrude themselves upon his mind; he holds conversation with imaginary persons; he fancies himself surrounded with difficulties, and in the greatest distress. These thoughts seem to pass through his mind with the greatest rapidity, and to keep him in the greatest distress, unless he is quickly spoken to or addressed by his name, and *then in a moment the charm is broken*; every phantom disappears, and at once he begins to talk as calmly and connectedly as if in perfect health." This seems to be exactly the case of the rabid dog. He may be watching imaginary objects, snapping at them, or cowering in terror from imaginary foes, yet in this state a word from his master recalls him in a moment. "Dispersed by the magic of his master's voice," says Mr. Youatt, "every object of terror disappears, and he crawls toward him with the same peculiar expression of attachment that used to characterize him. Then comes a moment's pause—a moment of actual vacuity; the eye slowly closes, the head droops, and he seems as if his fore-feet were giving way, and he would fall: but he springs up again; every object of terror once more surrounds him—he gazes wildly round—he snaps—he barks, and rushes to the extent of his chain, prepared to meet his imaginary foe." Sometimes the hallucination is of a pleasing kind, as may be seen in the brightening countenance and wagging tail; but oftener there is a gloomy or terrified expression, showing that the vision is distressing.

Some authorities deny this tendency to hallucination, nor can it be called a constant symptom, either in man or dog. But it has been too often and too accurately observed for us to doubt it. M. Sanson entirely concurs with Mr. Youatt

on this point; and M. Duluc, the veterinary surgeon of Bordeaux, cites the following case in his own practice: In 1845 he was summoned to see a little dog which was thought to be mad, having bitten an old woman the day before, and that morning attacked several dogs. It had previously shown a very gentle and caressing disposition, which made these attacks suspicious. "When I entered the room," says M. Duluc, "it was lying on a chair; it turned on me a strange indefinable gaze, expressive at once of sadness and fury, and this gaze was fixed on me for at least ten minutes; it then turned away its head, the eyelids closed, and it seemed asleep. Soon afterward the weight of the head seemed to topple it over, and the dog fell on the floor, where it rolled itself up into a ball. The next moment its eyes were open, and it dashed several times against the wall. It was again placed on the chair, and again fell on the floor. In the space of about half an hour it sprang up eight times, and rushed violently at the wall, as if to seize some enemy."

Another early symptom, easily recognizable, is a violent scratching of the ear. But it is necessary to observe two or three details which distinguish this as a symptom of rabies. A dog frequently scratches its ear; and there is one disease called *canker*, which gives it great annoyance. The dog is incessantly scratching, and while doing so cries piteously. How then are we to discriminate this from the same symptom in rabies? Mr. Youatt will tell us. "Is this dreadful itching a thing of yesterday, or has the dog been subject to canker, increasing for a considerable period? Canker, both external and internal, is a disease of slow growth, and must have been long neglected before it will torment the patient in the manner I have described. The question as to the length of time that an animal has thus suffered will usually be a sufficient guide. The mode in which he expresses his torture will serve as another direction. He will often scratch violently enough when he has canker, but he will not roll over and over like a football except he is rabid." This is a very simple and very marked symptom. Another indication equally precise, but not perhaps so easily appreciated, except by an experienced eye, is the condition of the ear itself. If there is a very considerable in-

flammation of the lining membrane of the ear—especially engorgement or ulceration—this is a sign of canker; but if there is only a slight redness of the membrane, or no redness at all, and yet the dog is incessantly and violently scratching himself, there is but too great a probability that rabies is at hand.

Another symptom is depraved appetite. The dog refuses his usual food, frequently with an expression of disgust; or he will seize it with eagerness and then drop it again, sometimes from disgust, sometimes because unable to complete the mastication. This last is an unequivocal sign. It implies a palsy of the organs of mastication, similar to that affection of the throat which prevents hydrophobic patients from being able to swallow. Some dogs vomit once or twice in the early period of the disease. "When this is done, they never return to the natural food of the dog, but are eager for every thing that is filthy and horrible. The natural appetite generally fails entirely, and to it succeeds a strangely depraved one. The dog usually occupies himself with gathering every little bit of thread, and it is curious to observe with what eagerness and method he set to work, and how completely he effects his object."

Here also is a symptom worthy of remembrance. If the well-trained, well-behaved dog misconducts himself in the rooms where, hitherto, he has been perfectly clean, and if he is seen *perseveringly* examining and licking those places, he may at once be pronounced mad. "I never knew a single mistake about this," says Mr. Youatt.

The foaming at the mouth, of which we hear so much, is a symptom only recognizable by the experienced eye, and is always less than is observed in epilepsy or nausea. There is undoubtedly in rabies an inflammation of the salivary glands, but the foam at the corners of the mouth is not abundant, and never lasts many hours. "The stories that are told of mad dogs covered with froth are altogether fabulous. The dog recovering from or attacked by a fit may be seen in this state, but not the rabid dog." Fits, though often mistaken for rabies, have nothing whatever to do with it. The increased secretion of saliva in rabies soon passes away. It lessens in quantity; the saliva becomes thick and glutinous. It clings to the corners of the mouth, and is

probably annoying to the lining membrane of the throat. Hence the animal is seen uneasily pawing at the corners of its mouth.

This pawing at the corners of the mouth is another symptom, and a dangerous one, because it is so often mistaken as a sign that there is a bone sticking in the throat. "The first care of those who are not sufficiently on their guard," says M. Sanson, "is to attempt to extract the imaginary bone, or to call in the aid of a surgeon. One of our unhappy confrères, M. Nicolin, unaware of this fact, perished a victim of his ignorance. He opened the mouth of a little dog to remove the bone, and was bitten." M. Sanson himself, enlightened as to the danger, was called in by the owner of a magnificent Danish dog, who was said to have a bone stuck in his throat. "The poor beast was sad, refused to eat, and tried every moment to rub his throat with his paws. On my guard against such an insidious symptom, I began by requesting the master to muzzle him—which was done without any resistance. I then explored the throat without detecting the slightest indication of a bone. As it was possible that this dog might be mad, or merely suffering from inflammation of the throat, I ordered the dog to be kept chained up and sequestered. In a few days he was perfectly well." Now, here the observer finds himself in a difficulty. The pawing at the mouth may arise, first, from the inflammation with rabies; second, from inflammation without rabies; third, from a bone in the throat. How is he to ascertain the truth? By a very simple observation. If there is a bone in the throat, the *mouth will be permanently open*. If there is no bone, the mouth will be open, and closed when the efforts to get rid of the irritation cease. Our first care, therefore, should be to ascertain whether the mouth is permanently open or sometimes open and sometimes closed. If the latter, we may be certain that the irritation does not proceed from a bone; and we need run no risk in attempting to extract it. And if to this indication be added the significant fact of the animal's tumbling over, losing his balance in his efforts, we may be certain there is rabies.

It is noticeable that the rabid dog is almost entirely destitute of the ordinary sensibility to *pain*. Other forms of sensi-

bility remain, but that specific form of it which is known as *pain* seems completely deadened. Mr. Youatt says he has known the rabid dog set to work and gnaw and tear the flesh completely away from his legs and feet; and M. Sanson relates a story of Prince Demidoff's favorite spaniel, which gnawed its tail off close to the base. These are, however, no proofs of insensibility. Better than these is the observation that the mad dog never cries, no matter how severely he may be beaten; and Ellis, in his *Shepherd's Sure Guide*, says that at Goddesden some of the grooms heated a poker red-hot and held it near the mouth of a rabid hound, who eagerly seized it, and kept hold till his mouth was dreadfully burned. M. Bouley repeated the experiment at Alfort. The dog rushed upon the red-hot iron and seized it with his teeth; but let go at once, and retired into his kennel with an evident expression of pain, although no cry escaped him. This was repeated several times. Now, although there seemed to be some pain felt by this dog, it could scarcely have been appreciable, since he did not cry out, and returned to the charge several times after having been burned. M. Sanson relates another case, in which the dog seized the red-hot iron, and would not let it go.

We shall conclude this enumeration of symptoms with a reference to the change of voice which M. Sanson and Mr. Youatt consider as a decisive indication. M. Sanson has given a musical notation of the rabid howl; but, as may be imagined, there is not much value in such indications to those who have never heard the peculiar sounds. Mr. Youatt attempts a description of the sounds, although he confesses that there are no other sounds resembling them. "The animal is generally standing, or occasionally sitting, when the singular sound is heard. The muzzle is always elevated. The commencement is that of a perfect bark, ending abruptly, and very singularly, in a howl, a fifth, sixth, or eighth higher." As dogs often howl, the inexperienced ear may easily be mistaken. But there is one memorable detail. The healthy dog gives a perfect bark, and a perfect growl rapidly succeeding it. But in the rabid dog every sound is more or less *changed*. The huntsman, who knows the voice of

every dog in the pack, is at once on the alert when he hears a *strange* voice; and he puts the dog under confinement.

All who are in charge of a dog may by a little attention discover the early symptoms of rabies, and prevent any mischief by sequestering the animal in time. Is he fidgety and sullen? Does he, when ill, manifest importunate affection? Is he affected with hallucination? Does he exhibit ardent thirst? Does he scratch his ear violently? Does he paw the corners of the mouth, and *not* keep the mouth permanently open while doing so? Does he misconduct himself in the room, and pertinaciously lick at the corners where he has done so? Does he refuse his natural food, and exhibit a depraved appetite? Is he insensible to pain? Is his voice strangely altered? Any one of these symptoms should awaken suspicion, and a close observation will then quickly discover the true state of the case. We advise all our readers to commit all these symptoms to memory—to learn them as a lesson is learnt which in after-life may be of paramount importance; and to help them to fix these in the memory, we will add a few illustrative cases.

V.—STORIES OF RABID DOGS AND CATS.

On the twenty-first of October, 1813, a dog was brought to Mr. Youatt for examination. He had vomited a quantity of coagulated blood—which is no symptom of rabies; and as the surgeon was extremely busy just then, he simply ordered an astringent sedative medicine, and said he would see him again in the afternoon. On the second examination, it appeared that the vomiting had ceased; but the mouth was swollen, and some of the incisor teeth of both upper and lower jaw had been torn out. This somewhat alarmed Mr. Youatt, who was told that it was thought thieves had been attempting to break into the house in the night, for the dog had *torn away the side of his kennel in attempting to get at them*. This looked suspicious, and the suspicion became alarming when Mr. Youatt saw, or thought he saw, “but in a very slight degree, that the animal was tracing the fancied path of some imaginary object. I was then truly alarmed, and more especially since I had discovered that, in giving the physic in the morning, the man’s hand had been scratched; a youth had suffered the dog

to lick his sore finger, and the animal had also been observed to lick the sore ear of an infant. He was a remarkably affectionate dog, and was accustomed to this abominable and inexcusable nonsense.”

We interrupt the narrative here to explain what was in the celebrated surgeon’s mind when he wrote the strong expressions of the concluding sentence. To him, with his knowledge, the common practice of allowing a dog to lick a sore, might well seem “inexcusable nonsense”—and thinking of its terrible danger, he might call it even “abominable.” But to the world in general, ignorant of the danger with which he is but too familiar, the practice seems very excusable, and even sensible. A dog licks its own sores, and thereby hastens their healing. What can be more natural than the supposition that this would also heal any other sore? But no sooner is it known that the poison of rabies is contained in the saliva of the animal, and nowhere else, as we shall presently see, and that this saliva only produces its effects when entering the blood either through an opening in the skin, or through the mucous membrane of the lips, than the extreme danger of suffering a dog to lick the face or hands becomes obvious at once. Let the reader, therefore, bear this fact in mind.

To return to the narrative. Mr. Youatt insisted on detaining the dog. The servant, the youth and the child submitted to proper surgical precautions against infection. “I watched this dog day after day. He would not eat, *but he drank a great deal more water than I liked*. The surgeon (who had operated on the servant and children) was evidently beginning to doubt whether I was not wrong, but he could not dispute the occasional wandering of the eye and the frequent spume upon the water. On the twenty-sixth of October, however, the sixth day after his arrival, we both of us heard the rabid howl burst from him. He did not die until the thirtieth.” The disease was thus ten days running its course, and how many days previous to the twenty-first of October he may have exhibited symptoms which would have been premonitory to an intelligent eye, can not be guessed. It will be observed here that the indications which fixed suspicions were the gnawing of the kennel, the wandering of the eye, and the ardent thirst.

M. Pierquin, in his work, *La Folie des*

Animaux, relates the case of a lady who had a grayhound nine years old, which was accustomed to lie upon her bed at night, and cover himself with the bed-clothes. She remarked one morning that he had *torn the covering* of the bed, and although he ate but little, *drank oftener and in larger quantity than usual*. She led him to a veterinary surgeon, and the ignorant fellow assured her that there was nothing serious the matter. On the following day, while she fed him, he bit her forefinger near the nail. Again she led him to this veterinary surgeon, and again this dangerously ignorant man assured her she need not be under the least alarm, and as for the little wound on her finger, it was of no consequence. On the following day the dog died. He had not ceased to drink abundantly to the very last. This was on the twenty-seventh of December. On the fourth of February, as the lady was at dinner, she found some difficulty in swallowing. She tried to take some wine, but was quite unable to swallow it. On the fifth she consulted a surgeon. He wished her to swallow a little soup in his presence. She attempted, but could not accomplish it after many efforts. She then fell into a violent agitation, with constriction of the throat and the discharge of a viscid fluid from the mouth. On the seventh she died. To an instructed eye this dog would certainly have exhibited many other symptoms; but here, at any rate, were three which were unmistakable—the tearing of the bed-covering, the ardent thirst, and the biting of its mistress.

M. Sanson has borrowed the following from the veterinary surgeon of Bordeaux, M. Duluc. A bitch, fortunately muzzled, came home covered with mud, tired out and submissive, after having been running about all day, during which she had attacked all the dogs she met with. *She obeyed her master with perfect docility*. No sooner did she hear his voice than she fixed her eyes upon him, but her tail remained motionless between her legs—never once wagging, like that of the healthy dog, when addressed by its master. She had a pup of two months, and M. Duluc presented it to her, which she permitted at first, but no sooner had it got the teat in its mouth than she pushed it away with her paws—not, however, attempting to bite; she only gave a sort of growl. Several times the pup returned, and was

repulsed, but without being bitten. For several days previously she had eaten little, but drank as usual. On the morrow she came up to her master, who removed her muzzle, and gave her water. *She drank a long time, and with eagerness*. Reassured by this sign, her master loosened her chain, and let her run into the garden. She darted in, uttering a bark and howl, *quite different in tone and modulation from her ordinary voice*. Her master, uneasy at this, recalled her; she obeyed, but with a certain hesitation. He chained her up, but at this moment a duck happening to pass by within reach, she threw herself on it, and bit it on the leg. She also bit a mare which the servant incautiously brought close to her during the day. M. Duluc then ordered her execution. The mare, in spite of her wound having been cauterized, went mad on the twenty-fifth day.

In these examples we see plainly enough that dogs are generally by no means hydrophobic, but that, on the contrary, ardent thirst is a most alarming symptom. Nevertheless it is true that in an extremely small proportion of cases—less than one in fifty, according to Mr. Youatt—dogs have a reluctance or difficulty in swallowing liquids similar to what is noticeable in men. "In May, 1820," says Mr. Youatt, "I attended on a bitch at Pimlico. She had snapped at the owner, bitten the manservant and several dogs, was eagerly watching imaginary objects, and had the peculiar rabid howl. I offered her water. She started back with a strange expression of horror, and fell into violent convulsions, which lasted about a minute. This was repeated a little while afterward, and with the same result."

Sullenness is always suspicious. No matter how ill a dog may be, and how he may slink away into his bed for quiet, he always seems to respond to the attentions of his master. One morning a docile affectionate dog was missing, and returned in the evening almost covered with dirt. *He slunk to his basket, and would pay no attention to any one*. His owners thought it rather strange, and next morning sent for Mr. Youatt, who found him lying on the lap of his mistress, but *frequently shifting his posture*, and every now and then he *started as if he heard some strange sound*. There could be no doubt what was the matter, and he was placed in a room by himself. On learning that the dog had

been licking the hands of both master and mistress, Mr. Youatt was compelled to say what the real case was, and advise them to send at once for a surgeon. "They were perfectly angry at my nonsense, as they called it, and I took my leave, but went immediately to their medical man, and told him what was the real state of the case. The surgeon did his duty, and they escaped."

M. Sanson relates that, when he was a student at Alfort, a lady called one morning for a consultation, holding in her arms a little pet dog. She stated that she had remarked something extraordinary in his ways, without, however, attaching much importance to them—as was proved by the incautious manner in which she had brought him to Alfort. Among the unusual things she had noted was that, while playing with "a person" in her house that morning, he had bitten that person's foot. Professor Bouley, after a rapid examination of the animal's physiognomy, assured the lady that she held in her arms a rabid dog; and his sagacity was strikingly proved in this case, for three days afterward the dog expired with all the signs of madness. On hearing the Professor's opinion, the lady begged to know what should be done to prevent the evil consequences of the bite she had mentioned. She was told that immediate cauterization was the only remedy. "Witness of this scene," says M. Sanson, "I well remember the painful feeling with which we all saw this lady take off her boot and stocking with great *sang froid*, and declare that *she* was the person alluded to. She submitted with great firmness to the cauterization by red-hot iron of the little spot where the tooth of the dog had penetrated."

It is worthy of remark that dogs undeniably rabid have perfectly "lucid intervals;" and these may mislead the unwary into a disregard of observed symptoms. A spaniel, seemingly at play, snapped at the feet of several persons one morning. In the evening he bit his master, his master's friend, and another dog. The old habits of obedience and affection then returned. His master did not suspect the truth, but, fearing something was the matter, took him to Mr. Youatt, who found the animal perfectly docile, and *eager to be caressed*. On the following morning the disease declared itself. Here is another and a better example. A ter-

rier, ten years old, had been ill, and *refused all food* for three days. On the fourth he bit a cat, of which he had been unusually fond; he likewise bit three other dogs. Mr. Youatt was sent for, and found the dog loose in the kitchen, which made him hesitate about going in; but after observing for a minute or two, he thought he might venture. The animal had a peculiarly *wild and eager look*, and turned sharply round at the least noise; after watching the flight of some imaginary object, he *pursued with the utmost fury every fly he saw*. "He *searchingly sniffed* about the room, and examined my legs with an eagerness that made me absolutely tremble. His quarrel with the cat had been made up, and when he was not otherwise employed, he was eagerly licking her and her kittens. In the excess of derangement of his fondness, he fairly rolled them from one end of the kitchen to the other. With difficulty I induced his master to destroy him."

There is a caution it would be well to impress on thoughtless and brutal men, who seem incapable of passing a sleeping dog without throwing a stone at it, or in some way disturbing its slumbers. This wanton exercise of the love of power is not unfrequently punished by the dog's violently attacking the offender; and should the sleeping dog be rabid, the consequences may be fatal. Often after a course of some hours, the exhausted mad dog retires into a corner or a ditch, and will sleep for many hours. How can the passer-by tell that the sleeping animal is not rabid?

Little is known respecting the behavior of the rabid cat. "Fortunately for us," says Mr. Youatt, "the disease does not often occur; for a mad cat is a truly ferocious animal. I have seen two cases, one of them to my cost." We can not, therefore, give the many minute indications of the disease, which have been given of the dog. The first stage seems to be one of sullenness, and this would probably last till death, unless the animal were provoked. "It would not, except in the paroxysm of rage, attack any one; but during that paroxysm it knows no fear, nor has its ferocity any bounds." When a cat is sullen and retires into a corner, from which it can not be coaxed by words or food, it should be destroyed. Mr. Youatt once went to see a cat in this condition. "It was nearly dark when I

went. I saw the horrible glare of her eyes, but I could not see as much of her as I wished, and I said I would call again in the morning. I found the patient on the following day precisely in the same situation, and the same attitude, crouched up in a corner, and ready to spring. I was very much interested in the case; and as I wanted to study the countenance of this demon—for she looked like one—I was foolishly and inexcusably imprudent. I went on my hands and knees, and brought my face nearly on a level with hers, and gazed on those glaring eyes, and that horrible countenance, until I seemed to feel the deathly influence of a spell stealing over me. I was not afraid, but every mental and bodily power was in a manner suspended. My countenance, perhaps, alarmed her, for she sprang on me, fastening herself on my face, and bit through both my lips. She then darted down-stairs, and was never seen again. I have always nitrate of silver (caustic) in my pocket. I washed myself and applied the caustic with some severity to the wound. My object was attained, although at somewhat too much cost, for the expression of that brute's countenance will never be forgotten."

VI.—THE POISON AND ITS HISTORY.

It is quite unnecessary to detail here the mass of evidence which supports the conclusion that the *saliva* of the rabid animal occasions the poison of rabies, and this only. Unlike the poison of small-pox, rabies is not communicable by contagion, but only by inoculation. Unless it enter the system it is powerless; once there, it works its deadly way. Remember, therefore, that it is the saliva, not the bite, which is dangerous, and you will understand that it is as bad to be licked by a rabid animal as to be bitten, if the part licked be a wound, or an open surface, or even a mucous membrane. A woman once died from hydrophobia after having suffered a dog to lick a pimple on her chin. Horses are said to have died mad after eating hay upon which rabid pigs had died. Mr. Gilman, in his pamphlet on Hydrophobia, quotes the case of a man whose face was licked, while asleep, by a rabid dog; and he died, although the strictest search failed to discover the smallest scratch upon the skin. On the other hand, Mr. Youatt declares, and the expe-

rience of every veterinary surgeon will confirm it, that no amount of saliva on the *unbroken skin* has the slightest effect. His own hands have been repeatedly covered with the foam of rabid dogs. It is true that in the first of the cases we have quoted from Dr. Watson, the skin of the hand is said not to have been broken, yet unequivocal hydrophobia ensued. There is, however, great doubt permissible here. It is also possible that, when the teeth of the terrier had struck the coachman's hand, the pain may have caused him, by a common and almost automatic action, to raise his hand to his mouth. This much is certain, that while nothing is easier than to inoculate an animal by introducing the saliva of a rabid dog into the wound, no one has been able to effect this by merely placing the saliva on the bare skin.

It is not, therefore, the mere bite we have to regard. Many a man, and many an animal, has been bitten by a rabid dog without harm. The woollen clothes, or the thick coat of the animal, had wiped the tooth clean before it penetrated the flesh. The same is true of the serpent's bite; fatal on the naked flesh, it is generally harmless through the boot or clothes. We must remember, however, that not only may the bite be rendered innocuous because the tooth may be wiped clean, but also because the organism of the bitten man or animal may be such as to resist the poison. We know that there are human beings quite insusceptible of certain diseases, who pass unscathed through the severest trials. They take no contagion. They resist inoculation. And this seems to be true of the poison of rabies. John Hunter says that he knew an instance in which, of twenty-one bitten persons, only one had hydrophobia. Nay, even the dog, which seems so peculiarly liable to this disease, is not always susceptible; many escape after having been bitten. At Charenton there was a dog which seemed to have this immunity; it was contrived that he should be bitten by thirty different rabid dogs, yet he showed no symptom of having been affected. It is this frequent immunity which tends to keep up the reputation of charlatans who pretend to have a remedy for the disease. They can always cite examples where the remedy has been taken, and the patient escaped. If the patient dies, it is because the remedy was

not taken in time, or not properly managed. Now we can not too loudly protest against this notion of specific remedies, because, unhappily, the *only* possible preventive being one which is very painful, and still more alarming to the ignorant—namely, cutting or burning out the bitten part—there is a natural tendency to shrink from this, and to take refuge in the pleasanter specific. But now that chloroform beneficently shields us from the pain of operations, it would be madness to trust to any thing short of the surgeon's aid.

The poison, then, being thus clearly ascertained, we must now follow its course. It is deposited on or near the surface, and there it remains for an indeterminate period. The wound heals, just as the wound from a perfectly healthy dog would heal. Days, weeks, and sometimes months, pass on without any indication of danger. The first sign is an itching about the scar. This is called the commencement of the recrudescence. It is generally followed by inflammation round the scar, with pain, swelling, or numbness, spreading toward the trunk. Soon after this the paroxysms begin. It is held by some eminent surgeons, that supposing the bitten part had not originally been cut out, life might be saved if the excision were performed immediately the period of recrudescence began. No precaution of the kind should be avoided, and yet it is right to add that the symptoms of recrudescence may easily be mistaken; for Mr. Youatt says: "I have been bitten much oftener than I liked by rabid dogs, but proper means being taken, I have escaped; and yet often, when I have been over-fatigued or a little out of temper, some of the old sores have itched and throbbled, and actually become red and swollen."

The period that may elapse between the bite and the outbreak of disease is, as we have said, indeterminate: the age, condition, and nature of the animal accelerate or retard it. The usual time is from three weeks to seven months. In the dog, Mr. Youatt has never seen a case of plain and palpable rabies which occurred in less than fourteen days after the bite. In three months he would consider the animal tolerably safe. In his own experience, he only knew two cases when the period exceeded three months: in one it was five, and in the other seven

months. How greatly the period may vary, is evident from the following: On the night of the eighth of June, 1791, the man in charge of Lord Fitzwilliam's kennel was much disturbed by fighting among the hounds, and got up several times to quiet them. On each occasion he found the same dog quarreling; at last, therefore, he shut that dog up by himself, and there was no further disturbance. On the third day afterward the quarrelsome hound was unequivocally mad; and he died on the fifth. Hereupon the whole pack was separated, and watched. Six of the dogs became rabid; but at the following different intervals from the eighth of June—twenty-three days, fifty-six, sixty-seven, eighty-eight, one hundred and fifty-five, and one hundred and eighty-three days. The *Comité Consultatif d'Hygiène Publique*, in its report on this subject, thus divides one hundred and forty-seven cases: In twenty-six cases one month elapsed; in ninety-three the period ranged between one and three months; in nineteen between three and six months, and in nine cases between six and twelve. Romberg says that of sixty cases, the shortest period was fifteen days, and the longest from seven to nine months; the average being from four to seven weeks.

What becomes of the poison all this time? Is it slowly propagating itself in the blood, or is it imprisoned in the wound or scar, remaining there till the period of recrudescence, when it is absorbed into the system? This is a question of high scientific interest, and one also having a practical interest of great importance. For it is obvious that if the poison lies imprisoned and inoperative in the wound, it may be removed by excision any time between the bite and the period of recrudescence; if not, every hour that elapses after the bite renders the remedy of excision less secure. The scientific question is one which we venture to think could be solved at any veterinary college by a competent experimenter, who might rigorously determine first, whether the poison were contained in the saliva, as it is in the venomous liquid of the viper—a poison therefore solely dependent on the chemical composition of the saliva itself; or, second, whether—as we are strongly disposed to believe—the poison is *developed* in the tissue itself by some chemical combina-

tion with the saliva. Let the saliva of a rabid dog be injected into a venous trunk. If *in itself* it is a poison, it will act like every other poison: that is to say, it will lodge itself in some particular organ, and forthwith begin to trouble the functions of that organ; or it will be rapidly cast out of the system altogether. No poison remains in the blood. Those poisons which remain in the *system* have specific and constant results after definite periods. Here then we have a means of ascertaining whether the saliva *itself* is the poison. If this be proved not to be the case, we shall be driven to the conclusion, that the saliva of rabid animals, when imprisoned in the living tissues, undergoes some chemical change—probably from assimilating certain elements of the tissues—which develops the poisonous qualities.

And this, indeed, is the opinion which best accords with the phenomena, and which, until decisive experiment be brought to bear on the point, we must hold to be the only physiological explanation. In those organisms which resist the influence of rabies, we must suppose the chemical conditions necessary for the development of the poison are absent. In those cases where the period of *incubation* has been unusually short or unusually long, we must suppose some acceleration or retardation of these chemical conditions, dependent on the general state of the organism.

In the absence of direct experiment, however, it is of little avail to speculate as to the origin of the poisonous qualities. Let us, therefore, pass on to a question of some interest, inasmuch as it relates to the anxiety inevitably hovering over every dubious case. We mean, what chance has the bitten man, or animal, of escaping the disease, quite independent of surgical aid? This is worth knowing, because minds of an apprehensive disposition may find some relief from their vague fears that perhaps the surgical precautions have been insufficient, if they remember that, even without such precautions, the chance of infection is but slight. There are two sources of immunity: first, the organism may be insusceptible; second, the saliva may have been wiped off the tooth of the dog before the flesh was pierced. From one or the other of these causes Dr. Hamilton estimates the chance of infection at one in twenty-five; John Hunter specifies his, one case in twenty-one; Mr. Youatt af-

firms that in dogs *three* out of *four*, but in human beings not more than *one* in *four*, would be affected. But the researches of M. Renault at Alfort are the most extensive. He says that between the years 1827–37, no less than two hundred and forty-four dogs entered the hospital, having been bitten by dogs, either rabid or reputed so; all these dogs were kept over two months without any treatment whatever, and closely watched. Of this number only about a third (seventy-four) became mad; the rest showed no symptoms. Of course we must deduct from this a large number of cases where the rabies was purely hypothetical to begin with; the popular notions of what constitutes “mad-dog” being far from accurate. The same must be said of Hertwig’s tables, drawn from the Berlin veterinary school. He makes the proportion one in eight of dogs which have become rabid after having been brought to him under suspicion. In France, out of ninety-nine persons bitten by rabid animals, only forty-one were subsequently affected; but, as M. Renault observes, these figures are of little value. How many human beings have been bitten, and have escaped without surgical aid? There is no reliable evidence to guide us to an answer. All we can say is, that M. Renault’s conclusion, from an immense induction is, that only *one third* of the bitten animals ever manifest rabies; and we are warranted in drawing some such conclusion with respect to man. But because, on a calculation of chances, it is two to one that a man will suffer nothing from the bite of a rabid animal, this knowledge should only be employed to allay anxiety, never to warrant the risk. *The surgeon at once*—that is the plain command in every suspicious case. We have only mentioned what is the calculation of chances, because it is desirable in every way to calm the natural terrors of the patient: these terrors are sometimes as dangerous as the actual infection. To show how they may affect even the mind most familiar with all the symptoms of the disease, and the certainty of surgical cure, we may mention that the late M. Vatel, Professor at the Veterinary College of Alfort, having once been bitten by a dog, and having had the wound carefully cauterized, although no symptom of rabies declared itself in the dog, and although M. Vatel himself remained perfectly well, so horrible had been the shock

of his first terror, that he never fairly overcame it. From that moment it was impossible for him to see a dog unchained within his reach, without a painful uneasiness, which no effort of his mind could subdue. Another veterinary surgeon, "solidement trempé au physique et au moral," M. Barthélemy, was one day bitten by a mad dog under his care. In spite of immediate cautery, he could never afterward endure the sight of a rabid dog—nay, more, he suffered inexpressible uneasiness if the very name of the disease were mentioned in his hearing. One day, in 1847, relates M. Renault, he was passing along the Boulevard Saint

Martin, when he perceived a crowd; on inquiry, he learned that a child had just been bitten by a mad dog. Forgetting—or conquering his terrors, he jumped from his carriage, pushed aside the crowd, took up the child in his arms, (which the crowd had left sobbing on the ground, without venturing to its assistance,) and carrying it to the nearest chemist's shop, he there thoroughly cauterized the many wounds. After this, he conducted the child to its parents, prescribed what was to be done, and disappeared without giving his name. "All this time," said his servant, "master was as pale as death."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE. BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

VII.

OF THE ROYAL BANQUET IN WESTMINSTER HALL. HOW THE KING'S CHAMPION MADE HIS CHALLENGE THEREAT; AND HOW HE FOUGHT WITH A WILD MAN.

WITHIN the mighty hall built by William Rufus, and renovated and enlarged by Richard II., by whom the marvelous and unequaled Gothic roof was added, preparations had been made on the grandest scale for a banquet to be given by the King to his nobles immediately after the coronation.

This vast chamber—supposed to be the largest in the world unsupported by pillars, and the size of which may be estimated from the fact that six thousand persons have been entertained within at one time—was magnificently decorated for the occasion. The walls were hung with arras to about half their height. Banners depended from the huge chestnut beams of the roof, and the sculptured angels supporting the rafters were furnished with escutcheons of the King's arms.

Three long tables, each capable of ac-

commodating three hundred guests, were laid within the body of the hall. Upon the dais, at the upper end, was set a table intended for the King and the chief nobles, covered with the fairest napery, and literally blazing with vessels of gold and silver of the rarest workmanship and device. Over the royal chair was a canopy of cloth of gold, embroidered with the King's arms, and at either end of the table stood an open cupboard, nine stages high, filled with glittering salvers, costly ornaments of gold and silver, goblets, and other drinking-vessels.

About half-way down the hall, on the left, a platform was erected for the minstrels, and on the opposite side was a similar stage for the carvers.

No sooner was the solemnity within the abbey at an end, than all who had invitations to the banquet—and they were upward of a thousand persons—proceeded to Westminster Hall, and were promptly conducted by the marshals and ushers to their places. Not a seat at either of the three long tables was soon left vacant;

and what with gentlemen waiters, and yeomen waiters, marshals, ushers, grooms, and serving-men, the body of the hall was quite full.

Loud flourishes of trumpets from the upper end of the spacious chamber then proclaimed the King's approach. First of all the nobles entered, and were ushered to their places by the vice-chamberlain, Sir Anthony Wingfield; then the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Lord Protector, and lastly the King. Cranmer sat on the right of the royal chair, and the Lord Protector on the left.

Grace having been solemnly said, the trumpets were again sounded, and as the first course was brought in by a vast train of attendants, the Earl of Warwick, lord great chamberlain, and the Earl of Arundel, lord chamberlain of the household, magnificently arrayed, and mounted on horses trapped in cloth of gold and velvet, entered the hall by the great door, and rode between the long tables to the dais to superintend the service.

It would be superfluous to describe the dishes either at the King's table or at those assigned to the less important guests. It will be enough to say that the banquet was ordered in right regal fashion, with many subtleties and strange devices; that the meats were of the daintiest, and the wines of the best and rarest. "What should I speak or write of the sumptuous, fine, and delicate meats prepared for this high and honorable coronation," quoth an old chronicler, "or of the honorable order of the services, the clean-handling and breaking of meats, the ordering of the dishes, with the plentiful abundance, so that no worshipful person went away unfeasted?"

When the second course was served, which was yet more sumptuous than the first, the great door of the hall was again thrown wide open to admit the King's champion, Sir John Dymoke. Armed, cap-à-pied, in burnished steel, having a plume of white ostrich feathers in his helm, and mounted on a charger, trapped in gold tissue, embroidered with the arms of England and France, the champion rode slowly up the center of the hall, preceded by a herald. The champion might well be splendidly equipped and proudly mounted, since, by his office, he was allowed the King's best suit of armor, "save one," and the best charger from

the royal stables, "save one," with trappings to boot.

As Sir John Dymoke approached the dais, he was encountered by Garter King at Arms, who called out to him in a loud voice: "Whence come you, Sir Knight, and what is your pretense?"

"That you shall hear anon," replied the champion courteously. And addressing his own herald, he commanded him to make proclamation, who, after thrice exclaiming "Oyes!" thus proceeded: "If there be any person here, of whatsoever state or degree, who shall declare that King Edward the Sixth is not the rightful inheritor of this realm, I, Sir John Dymoke, the King's champion, offer him my glove, and will do battle with him to the utterance."

As the herald concluded, Sir John took off his gauntlet and hurled it on the ground. This challenge was afterward repeated in different parts of the hall. As the defiance, however, was not accepted, the champion rode toward the dais, and demanded a cup of wine. A large parcel gilt goblet, filled with malmsey, was then handed him by the chief cup-bearer, and having drunk from it, he claimed the cover, which being given him, he retired.

The banquet then proceeded. The trumpets sounded for the third course, and when it had been brought in, a side-door on the right of the wall was opened, and gave admittance to a device of a very unusual character. Three colossal figures, clad in Anglo-Saxon armor of the period of the Conquest, such as may be seen in ancient tapestry, and consisting of mingled leather and steel, and wearing conical helmets, with fantastic nasal projections, shaped like the beak of a bird, entered, carrying over their heads an enormous shield, the circumference of which was almost as large as King Arthur's famous Round Table, as it had need to be, since it formed a stage for the display of a fully-equipped knight mounted on a charger, barded and trapped. These huge Anglo-Saxon warriors, it is scarcely necessary to say, were the gigantic warders of the Tower, while the knight they bore upon the shield, it is equally needless to add, was the King's dwarf. Mounted on his pony, which, as we have said, was trapped like a war-horse, Xit carried a tilting-lance in his hand, and a battle-ax at his saddle-bow. As he was borne along the

hall in his exalted position, he looked round with a smile of triumph. After the giants came another fantastic personage, partially clad in the skins of wild animals, with a grotesque mask on his face, sandals on his feet, and a massive-looking club on his shoulder. This wild-looking man was Pacolet.

As the knightly dwarf was brought within a short distance of the royal table, which, from his eminent position, he quite overlooked, he was met by Garter, who demanded his title and pretense.

"I am called Sir Pumilio," replied Xit, in a shrill voice, "and the occasion of my coming hither is to do battle with a wild man in the King's presence, if I be so permitted."

"His majesty greets thee well, Sir Pumilio," rejoined Garter, with difficulty preserving his countenance. "Do thy devoir as becomes a valiant knight."

"I will essay to do so," cried Xit. "Where lurks the fierce savage?" he added.

"Behold him!" cried Pacolet.

While Xit was talking to Garter, the agile mountebank had climbed the shoulders of a tall yeoman of the guard, who was standing near, and he now sprang upon the shield. Xit immediately charged him, and strove to drive him off the stage, but Pacolet adroitly avoided the thrust, and the dwarf had well-nigh gone over himself. The combatants had not a very large arena for the display of their prowess, but they made the best of it, and Pacolet's tricks were so diverting, that they excited general merriment. After the combat had endured a few minutes, Pacolet, apparently sore pressed, struck the shield with his club, and instantly afterward leapt to the ground. Scarcely was he gone than the rim of the shield rose as if by magic, developing a series of thin iron bars, which inclosed the dwarf like a rat in a trap. Great was Xit's surprise and rage at this occurrence, for which he was wholly unprepared. He struck the bars of his cage with his lance, but they were strong enough to resist his efforts; he commanded the giants to liberate him, but in vain. At last he was set free by Pacolet, and carried off amid inextinguishable laughter.

Preceded by trumpeters, making a loud bruit with their clarions, and attended by Norroy and Clarincieux, Garter next made proclamation of the King's titles in differ-

ent parts of the hall. At each proclamation the heralds called out, "Largesse! largesse!" whereupon, many costly ornaments were bestowed upon them by the nobles, knights, and esquires.

Toward the close of the feast, the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Henry Hubblethorne, who, it will be remembered, was the first knight dubbed by the King on his arrival at the Tower, arose from his seat at the upper table, and kneeling before the young monarch, offered him a silver cup, incrustated with gems, and filled with hippocrass. Edward received him very graciously, and having drunk to the prosperity of the good city of London, returned him the cup, bidding him keep it in remembrance of the occasion.

So ended this grand and memorable banquet.

The King then repaired to the palace, where the jousts and tilting-matches were held in the courts, at which Lord Seymour, to his royal nephew's great contentment, bore away the chief prize.

VIII.

HOW THE LORD CHANCELLOR WAS DISGRACED.

THOUGH the crown had been placed on the youthful Edward's brows, supreme authority rested with the Lord Protector. His only formidable opponent was Southampton, and the removal of the latter, as already intimated, had been resolved upon. A plan for effectually getting rid of him was hit upon by Paget, and, unfortunately for the Lord Chancellor, his own imprudence furnished a pretext for his overthrow and disgrace.

Wholly unconscious, however, of the critical position in which he stood, and unaware of the projects of his enemies, Southampton attended the first council held within the palace, and commenced by fiercely attacking Somerset for his usurpation of power, and disregard of the King's will. He had not proceeded far when he was interrupted by Paget, who called: "Hold, my lord; before accusing his highness the Lord Protector, you must answer certain grave charges which I have to prefer against yourself."

"What charges be they?" demanded the Lord Chancellor haughtily.

"My lord, I accuse you of gross neglect of duty," rejoined Paget, "in putting the seal in commission, and deputing

to certain masters in chancery the power to hear causes and pronounce decisions; duties which ought by right to be discharged by yourself alone. This you have done without license or authority from the King's majesty, the Lord Protector, or the lords of the council."

"No warrant was needed for what I have done," replied Southampton, in a proud and defiant tone. "My attention can not be given at one and the same time to affairs of state and to the business of the Court of Chancery, and I have therefore chosen to devote myself chiefly to the former. But all decisions of the masters will be ratified by myself before enrollment."

"You have outstripped your authority, my lord, in what you have done," observed Somerset sternly. "The judges have been consulted upon the matter, and their well-considered answer is, that you, my Lord Chancellor, ought not, without warrant from the council, to have set the seal to such a commission. They regard it as a precedent of very high and ill consequence, and as an indication that a change in the laws of England is intended by you."

"Tut! tut! their fears are groundless," remarked Southampton contemptuously.

"Hear me out, I pray you, my lord," pursued Somerset. "The judges unanimously declare that by the unwarrantable and illegal act committed by you, you have forfeited your place to the King, and rendered yourself liable to fine and imprisonment at his majesty's pleasure."

"What say you to this, my lord?" cried Paget, in a taunting tone.

"I say the judges are in error, or have been basely tampered with, to deliver such an opinion," rejoined Southampton furiously. "But the scheme is too transparent not to be seen through at a glance. 'Tis a weak device of the Lord Protector to get rid of me. But I tell him to his face that I hold my office by a better authority than he holds his own."

"How by a better authority, my lord?" cried Somerset.

"Because it was conferred upon me by my late royal master," returned Southampton, "who not only made me what I am, Lord Chancellor, but one of the governors of the realm during his son's minority, of which office your highness seeks to deprive me. But you can not do it, for the King's will must be observ-

ed, and by that will, as you well know, none of you have power over the others, or can cause their dismissal. Declare the commission void, if you will. I am content. But think not to deprive me of my office for no fault, or to remove me from the government, for you can not do it."

"The arguments you have used, my lord are of little weight," observed Lord Rich. "Each executor under the late King's will is subject to his colleagues, and can not do any act on his own responsibility. Thus, if one of our number should be guilty of high treason or rebellion, he would be clearly punishable, and could not shelter himself under the plea that he was a member of the council, and therefore absolved from his act. If you can show that you have any warrant for what you have done, you will be held excused, but not otherwise."

"Ay, produce your warrant, my lord, if you have it?" demanded Paget sarcastically.

The Lord Chancellor made no reply. He saw that he was caught in the toils of his enemies.

"Can you advance aught in your justification, my lord?" said the King, who had not hitherto spoken. "If so, we are willing to hear you."

"I should speak to little purpose, sire," replied Southampton, with dignity, "for my enemies are too strong for me. But I take Heaven to witness that I acted for the best."

"You had best make your submission, my lord," observed Lord Seymour. "This haughty tone will only make matters worse."

"Is it you who counsel submission, my Lord Admiral?" cried Southampton, almost fiercely. "I have declared that I had no ill design in what I did. I believed, and still believe, that I had power to act as I have acted; but you all declare otherwise. I therefore submit myself humbly to the King's mercy. If I am to be deprived of mine office, I pray that, in consideration of past services, I may be dealt with leniently."

"Strict justice shall be done you, doubt it not, my lord," said Edward. "Withdraw, we pray you, while we deliberate upon the matter."

Upon this intimation, the Lord Chancellor quitted the council-chamber.

After the council had deliberated for some time, Lord Rich thus addressed the

King: "Considering the prejudice that might ensue if the seals were allowed in the hands of so arrogant a person as Lord Southampton, we are of opinion that he should be deprived of his office, and fined, and remain a prisoner in his own house at your majesty's pleasure."

"Is that the opinion of the whole council?" demanded Edward.

"It is, my liege," replied Somerset. "You can not pardon him," he added, in a low tone.

"On whom shall the seals be bestowed?" inquired the King.

"None were more fitting for the office than the Lord St. John," replied Somerset.

"Be it as you suggest," rejoined the King. "Let Lord Southampton be recalled."

As the Lord Chancellor reëntered the council-chamber, he saw from the looks of all around him that the decision was against him. He therefore attempted no defense, but, with his arms folded upon his breast, listened calmly while his sentence was pronounced. A deep flush, however, suffused his swarthy features when he heard that the great seal was to be delivered to Lord St. John.

"His majesty will not gain much by the exchange," he muttered; "but the Lord Protector will. He will find the new Lord Chancellor sufficiently subservient. I pray your majesty to let me be removed at once."

His request was acceded to; and he was conducted by a guard to his own residence, Ely House, where he was detained a close prisoner.

IX.

IN WHAT MANNER THE LORD HIGH ADMIRAL DISCHARGED THE DUTIES OF HIS OFFICE.

FREED from his most dangerous foe, Somerset felt perfectly secure. So slavishly subservient to his will were the council, that he did not always deem it necessary to consult them. In many important matters he acted without other authority than his own. Both civil and military appointments were made by him. He signed warrants for arrest and imprisonment, and issued mandates under his own seal. He held private conferences with foreign ambassadors, and did not always disclose the nature of the negotiations concluded with them. Maintaining a perfectly regal

state, he assumed a haughtiness of deportment, and an arrogance of tone, especially disagreeable to the old nobility, whose hatred of him was increased by his undisguised efforts to ingratiate himself with the Commons.

Called upon to fulfill his lavish promises to his adherents, Somerset found it no easy matter to satisfy their importunities. But he had a resource which in these days could readily be made available. The Church had been largely stripped of its possessions by the late King, but a good deal yet remained of which it might be deprived. A bill was hastily passed, by which nearly three thousand charities, colleges, free-chapels, and other religious establishments, were suppressed, and their rents and revenues confiscated, and transferred to the Crown. Out of the funds thus obtained, the Lord Protector enriched himself and rewarded his associates.

Calculating upon a long lease of power, Somerset determined to build himself a palace which should surpass that of Whitehall. Accordingly, he selected a site on the banks of the Thames, and recking little that it was occupied by the ancient church of St. Mary-le-Strand and other time-honored monastic structures, he sacrilegiously ordered their demolition. With as little scruple as had actuated him in the choice of a situation for his proposed palace, he set to work to procure building materials. There were plenty of churches to supply him with masonry. Without hesitation he pulled down the large church of Saint John of Jerusalem, with its noble tower, the cloisters on the north side of Saint Paul's, with the charnel-house and chapel, and appropriated the wreck to his own use. These sacrilegious proceedings were generally condemned, and the superstitious believed they would bring him ill-luck. In spite, however, of this disapprobation, Somerset House was commenced, and eventually completed.

While the Lord Protector was thus exercising the power he had so unscrupulously obtained, holding a court, lording it over the council, controlling their decrees, and occasionally sharply reproving them, conferring with foreign ambassadors, signing decrees and warrants, disposing of offices and treasures, making presentations and promotions, ordering arbitrary arrests and imprisonments, after the fashion of the imperious Harry, and in all other respects comporting himself

like a king, his younger and no less ambitious brother had begun to discharge the functions of the important office conferred upon him.

Discontinued of late years, the office of Lord High Admiral was one of great trust, honor, and profit, and was usually conferred upon princes of the blood, or upon the most important of the nobility. Supreme judge of all done upon the main or upon the coasts, the Lord High Admiral had power to commission all naval officers, to impress seamen, to collect penalties and amercements of all transgressions at sea, to seize upon the effects of pirates, to receive all wrecks, a certain share of prizes, with many other privileges. That Lord Seymour entered upon this honorable and very lucrative office with the sole design of using it as a stepping-stone to yet higher honors, we know; but, in the mean time, he was determined that it should yield him all the influence, power, and profit possible. From a variety of sources, the Admiral had suddenly become exceedingly wealthy. Large revenues had been bestowed upon him by his royal nephew, together with a grant of the rich manor of Sudley, in Gloucestershire. Moreover, Queen Catherine's dowry was at his disposal. Thus abundantly furnished with means of display, he affected a degree of magnificence only second to that of the Lord Protector. At Seymour House, for so was his residence styled, he maintained a princely retinue of servants, grooms, pages, ushers, henchmen, and others, all sumptuously appareled, and surrounded himself by a body of young gentlemen who served him as esquires. His ostentatious mode of living was highly displeasing to the Lord Protector, who remonstrated with him upon it, but ineffectually.

About a month after his installment, the Lord High Admiral was seated one day in a large chamber looking upon the Thames, in which he usually transacted his affairs. This chamber did not belong to his private residence, but appertained to a suite of apartments assigned him at Whitehall for the conduct of his office. The walls were covered with large maps and plans of the principal English, Irish, Scottish, and French seaports, while the tapestry represented ancient and modern naval engagements. Spacious as was the chamber, it was so encumbered by models of ships, implements of naval warfare, and great chests, that it was no easy matter

to move about it. At the moment of our visit to him, the Admiral was alone, and occupied in writing letters, but shortly afterward another person entered the room, and respectfully approached him. This was Ugo Harrington, who now officiated as his chief secretary. As Ugo drew near, the Admiral looked up and inquired what he wanted.

"Is it your highness's pleasure to see those merchantmen, who are about to sail for the Mediterranean?" inquired Ugo, bowing.

"Hast thou given them to understand that they may not trade with any port in the Mediterranean without my permission?" rejoined the Admiral.

"I have, your highness, and I have also intimated to them that they must pay—pay well—for such license."

"And what reply do they make?"

"They one and all protest against the claim, and declare such a demand was never before made."

"That is no reason why it should not be made now," rejoined the Admiral, laughing. "I will have the tribute, or they shall not sail. Tell them so."

Ugo bowed, and withdrew. Seymour resumed his correspondence, but had not been long so occupied, when his esquire returned.

"Well, are the merchantmen gone?" inquired the Admiral, looking at him.

"Ay, your highness," replied Ugo. "They have each paid fifty marks, which I have deposited in your coffers. They grumbled a good deal at the extortion, as they termed it, but I would not let them have the licenses till they complied."

"Henceforth no vessel shall carry merchandise out of these dominions without payment of an impost proportionate to the value of the cargo. Be it thy duty to see this regulation strictly enforced."

"Your highness's commands shall be obeyed to the letter. What is to be done with all those goods and rich stuffs taken from the pirates who plundered the Portuguese merchant at the mouth of the channel? Application has been made for them by the owner. Are they to be restored to him?"

"I marvel that a man of thy shrewdness and discernment should ask so simple a question, Ugo. Restore the goods! No, by Saint Paul! not any part of them. Help thyself to what thou wilt, and distribute the rest among thy fellows."

The taste of spoil will quicken their faculties, and make them eager for more. Send away this Portuguese merchant, and recommend him to be content with his loss. If he complains, threaten him with the Fleet. These pirates are most serviceable to us, and though we may ease them of their booty, we must not put a stop to their trade."

"That reminds me that one of the most daring pirates that ever infested these northern seas, Captain Nicholas Hornbeak, has lately been captured. What will your highness have done with him?"

"Hum! I must consider," replied the Admiral, musing. "Hornbeak is a bold fellow. 'Twould be a pity to hang him. I must talk with him. Is he in safe custody?"

"He is lodged in the Gatehouse-prison, your highness.

"Let him be brought before me to-morrow."

"I see that Captain Hornbeak has a good chance of commanding another crew of desperadoes," observed Ugo.

"All will depend upon himself," rejoined the Admiral. "I have work to do, which men of Hornbeak's stamp can accomplish better than any other. Ere long, I shall be lord of the Sicily Islands, Ugo. They are strong enough by nature, but I mean to make them impregnable. To those islands I design to convey stores and treasure, so that, if driven to extremities, I can retire thither with safety. These pirate vessels will then defend me from attack, and if a rebellion should break out in the land they would materially aid it—if properly directed."

"I begin to comprehend your highness's design," observed Ugo. "'Tis a terrible conspiracy you are hatching."

"Thou wilt say so, when thou art made acquainted with all its ramifications. I have a strong castle in Denbighshire, Holt, which I design to fortify, and make it another depository of arms and stores. In two months I shall have a dozen counties in my favor. Am I wrong in making provision by the readiest means in my power for the outbreak?"

"Assuredly not, my lord; you are quite right to use any implements that will serve your purpose."

At this juncture an usher entered, and with a respectful obeisance, stated that the Marquis of Dorset was without, and

craved a moment's private audience of the Lord Admiral.

"Admit his lordship instantly," said Seymour to the usher. "Retire, Ugo," he added to his esquire, "but wait within the ante-chamber. I may have need of thee. I can partly guess what brings Dorset hither."

And as his esquire withdrew, the Admiral arose.

"Welcome back to court, my lord," he cried to Dorset; "you have been too long absent from us."

"Not more than a month, my good lord," replied the Marquis; "but I am flattered to find that I have been missed. Has his majesty deigned to speak of me during my absence?"

"Very often, my lord; and he has never failed to inquire whether you intended to bring your daughter, the Lady Jane Grey, with you on your return. I trust you have done so."

"My daughter and the Marchioness return from Bradgate to-morrow. You delight me by what you tell me respecting his majesty's continued interest in my daughter. I feared he had ceased to think of her."

"As yet, the impression she has made upon his youthful mind is strong as ever," rejoined Seymour; "but if she had remained away much longer, it might have been effaced. I am rejoiced, therefore, to hear of her speedy return. But pray be seated, Marquis. We can talk more at our ease, and I have much to say to you. The time has come for carrying out our arrangement in reference to the guardianship of your daughter. You have not changed your mind upon that score, I presume, but are still willing to resign her to my custody?"

"I am quite willing to fulfill my agreement with you, my Lord Admiral, but are you in a condition to receive her? Your secret marriage with her highness the Queen-dowager is not yet acknowledged. Unforeseen difficulties may arise with the council, with the Lord Protector, or even with the King, and till that matter is settled you must excuse some hesitation on my part."

"My marriage with the Queen will be formally announced to my royal nephew and the Lord Protector to-morrow, and you shall have an opportunity, if you desire it, of seeing how the announcement

is received. You will then be able to decide as to the policy of committing the Lady Jane to my care."

"Your highness has no fears, then, of the King's displeasure, or of the Lord Protector's anger?"

"I have no fear whatever, Marquis. That Somerset will be in a furious passion when he learns the truth, I do not in the least doubt. But what matters that? I am accustomed to his explosions of rage, and treat them with contempt. The matter is past prevention, and must, therefore, be endured."

"You have not yet disclosed the secret to the King, I suppose?" inquired Dorset.

"I have not acquainted him with the marriage, but I have obtained his consent to it, and that amounts to the same thing. His majesty has even been gracious enough to write to the Queen-dowager, praying her to listen to my proposals."

"Then there is no fear of displeasure on his part," observed Dorset, laughing. "But are you equally certain of the council?"

"What can the council do?" rejoined Seymour, shrugging his shoulders. "The matter is past repair, as I have just said. They must reconcile themselves to it, as they can. However, I have reason to think that the majority of them are favorable to me. I have sounded Warwick and Russell, and one or two others, and find them well enough disposed."

"What says her majesty's brother, the Earl of Northampton? Have you hinted the matter to him?"

"I have not judged it prudent to do so. But for his sister's sake he will be friendly. Her highness has great influence with him, and will not fail to exercise it at the right moment. Thus you see, Marquis, I am perfectly secure."

"I rejoice to find you so confident, Admiral, and trust nothing untoward may occur. But in regard to my daughter, methinks the aspect of affairs is not quite so promising. The Lord Protector, as I hear, is determined upon enforcing the treaty of marriage proposed by his late majesty between our youthful sovereign and the young Queen of Scotland, and since compliance with his demands has been refused, is about to declare war upon that country."

"Your lordship has been rightly inform-

ed. The Duke of Somerset is now actively preparing for an expedition into Scotland, and only awaits the return of Sir Francis Brian, who has been sent to France to secure, if possible, the neutrality of that country. Most assuredly, the expedition will be undertaken, and it is almost equally certain that the Scots will be worsted, and yet the treaty will come to naught."

"How so?" demanded Dorset. "It seems to me, if the treaty be once executed, that it has a good chance of being fulfilled."

"It will not be fulfilled, because the party principally concerned is averse to it. He will choose a consort for himself, and not be bound by any treaty. Now do you understand, Marquis?"

"But he may be overruled, or yield to considerations of state policy."

"Granted; but if I have any influence with him, he will do neither one nor the other."

"Well, my Lord Admiral, you have removed my misgivings. I am with you. Let but your marriage be acknowledged in the King's presence, and my daughter shall be committed to Queen Catherine's care, and her hand left to your disposal."

"The acknowledgment will take place at Seymour House to-morrow, Marquis, and you yourself shall witness it, if you list. The King honors me with his presence at a banquet, and the Lord Protector, with the council and many of the nobles, are invited to meet him. I shall make it the occasion of introducing my royal consort to them."

"'Tis a plan worthy of you," replied Dorset. "I can imagine the scene—the Lord Protector's surprise and indignation, and the embarrassment of the council; but since you have the King with you, all must end satisfactorily. I am much beholden to your lordship for allowing me to be present on so interesting an occasion, and will not fail to attend upon you."

Upon this he arose as if about to take his leave, but, after a little hesitation, added: "I was about to put your friendship to a further test, but will delay doing so to a more convenient opportunity."

"No time can be more convenient than the present, Marquis," said the Admiral, who guessed what was coming. "How can I serve you? Only point out the way."

"You have already lent me five hundred pounds. I like not to trespass further on your good nature."

"Nay, you confer a favor on me by enabling me to prove the sincerity of my regard for you, Marquis. How much do you need?"

"If I might venture to ask for other five hundred pounds?"

"How, venture? Have I not said that I shall be the person obliged? Are you quite sure that five hundred pounds will suffice?"

"Quite sure. They will amply suffice—for the present," he added to himself.

"Ugo Harrington shall cause the sum to be conveyed to Dorset House," said the Admiral. "I count upon your support to-morrow."

"Not merely to-morrow, but at all other times, my dear lord," rejoined Dorset, bowing and departing.

When he was left alone, Seymour thus gave utterance to his sentiments: "He estimates the disposal of his daughter's hand at a thousand pounds. He knows not its value. 'Tis worth all Somerset's titles and revenues, and shall make me ruler in his stead."

X.

HOW QUEEN CATHERINE PARR PASSED HER TIME AT CHELSEA MANOR-HOUSE.

ABSENTING herself entirely from court so long as her marriage with the Lord Admiral continued unawowed, the Queen-dowager dwelt in perfect retirement at her manor-house at Chelsea—a delightful residence, forming part of the rich jointure settled upon her by her late royal husband.

Built by Henry VIII. on the site of an ancient edifice bestowed upon him by Lord Sandys, Chelsea Manor-House was originally designed by the monarch as a nursery for his younger children, and to that end he provided the place with extensive and beautiful gardens abounding with smooth green lawns, trim gravel walks and terraces, knots, parterres, alleys, fountains, mounts, labyrinths, and summer-houses. These fair gardens were surrounded by high walls except on the side facing the river, where a broad terrace protected by a marble balustrade, offered a delightful promenade, and commanded a wide reach of the Thames, with a distant view of Westminster Abbey,

Whitehall, the Gothic cathedral of Saint Paul's, with its lofty spire, Baynard's Castle,—old London Bridge, and the Tower. The grounds were well-timbered, and park-like in appearance, and the house was large and commodious, and possessed many noble apartments. Quadrangular in shape, it possessed a spacious court, and, with the outbuildings, covered a vast area. Such was Chelsea Manor-House when inhabited by Queen Catherine Parr.

A few years later this delightful mansion fell into the hands of the all-grasping Duke of Northumberland, who had coveted it even while it was in Catherine's possession, but he did not enjoy it long. His widow, however, died here. Its next important occupant was the famous Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admiral in Elizabeth's time, by whom the redoubtable Spanish Armada was dispersed and destroyed. Here Nottingham was often visited by his royal mistress, who loved the place from old, and perhaps tender recollections, for in its bowers and shady walks she had listened to much amorous converse (as we shall learn presently) from the impassioned and irresistible Seymour.

After the lapse of nearly a century and a half, during which the old manor-house underwent many changes, it came into the occupation of Sir Hans Sloane, who formed within it that noble library and large collection of objects connected with natural history which led to the foundation of the British Museum. On Sir Hans Sloane's death, in 1753, and the removal of his library and museum to Montague House, the ancient structure with pulled down, and a row of houses, now forming part of Cheyne Walk, erected in its stead.

The neighborhood is still pleasant, and seems to wear a bright sunshiny aspect, but it had a brighter and sunnier look in days long gone by, when the picturesque old edifice, with its pointed roofs, carved gables, large bay-windows, and great porch, could be seen from some gilded barge, propelled by oarsmen in rich liveries through the then pellucid waters of the Thames; when august personages and high-born dames could be seen pacing its terraces, or issuing from its quaintly-clipped alleys, while royal children disported upon its lawns. It may be mentioned, that in the vicinity of Chelsea

Manor-House stood the residence of one of Henry's noblest victims—the wise and good Sir Thomas More.

To Catherine, the quietude she enjoyed in this charming retreat was inconceivably delightful. Never from the hour when she had become the suspicious and inexorable Henry's bride until death released her from his tyranny, had she been free from dread. Now she could once more call her life her own, and could pursue her own inclinations without trembling for the consequences.

The sole drawback to her complete felicity was that she was necessarily deprived of so much of her husband's society. The utmost caution had to be observed in their intercourse during this period. Only two faithful servants were intrusted with the important secret. Seymour's visits were paid at night, long after the household had retired to rest. The river offered a secure approach to the garden. Screened by an overhanging willow, his light, swift bark, manned by trusty boatmen, awaited his return. A postern, of which he alone possessed the key, and a secret staircase, admitted him to the Queen's apartments.

With what rapture was he welcomed by Catherine! How anxiously she expected his coming! how she counted the moments if he was late! How she sprang to meet him when his footstep was heard! How she strained him to her bosom when he appeared! With what pride, with what admiration, did she regard him! His noble lineaments seemed to grow in beauty, his stately figure to acquire fresh grace, the oftener she gazed upon him!

Deeply, devotedly did Catherine love her husband. And was her tenderness returned? Let us not ask the question. Perhaps Seymour deemed he loved her then. At all events, Catherine was deluded into that belief. Alas! poor Queen! It was well she could not see into the future.

A month had flown by, when Catherine was seated alone one night in her chamber, anxiously expecting her husband. It was long past the hour at which he usually came. What could have detained him? She arose, and went to the large bay-window looking upon the garden, but the night was dark, and she could make out nothing but the somber masses of the trees, and the darkling river beyond.

Returning, she took up a volume that was lying on the table, and applied herself to its perusal. But her thoughts wandered away from the subject, and finding it vain to attempt to fix them upon the book, she resolved to essay the soothing effect of music, and sat down to the virginals.

The apartment in which we have thus found her was situated in the west wing of the house, and its windows, as we have intimated, looked upon the terrace and on the expansive reach of the river. It was spacious, with a beautifully molded ceiling, and wainscots of black polished oak. Several paintings adorned the walls, noticeable among which were portraits of Henry VIII.'s three children—Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth—as well as of the Duke of Richmond.

Catherine was still seated at the instrument, playing a half-melancholy tune, which harmonized with her feelings, when the hangings that covered the doorway were suddenly drawn aside, and her husband stood before her. While he divested himself of the long dark cloak in which he was enveloped, and threw it, with his crimson velvet cap, on a chair, she flew toward him with an exclamation of delight, and flung her arms about his neck.

"So you are come at last, Seymour," she cried. "I feared some mischance had befallen you."

"I have had much to do to night, sweetheart," he replied. "But I bring you good news. Come and sit by me," he added, flinging himself into a couch, "and you shall hear it."

Catherine delightedly complied. "Has his majesty bestowed some new honor upon you?" she inquired.

"I am to have the Garter in a few days, with Dorset and the Earl of Derby," he said; "but it is not to that I refer."

"What is it, then?" cried Catherine. "Nay, let me guess. I have it! You are to be made governor of the King's person! The Protector will retire in your favor!"

"Alas! no," rejoined the Admiral. "That is a piece of good fortune not likely to occur to me. But the matter in question concerns you quite as much as myself, Kate."

"All that concerns you must needs concern me," she answered. "But since

what you have to tell relates partly to myself, I suppose you must allude to the acknowledgment of our marriage."

"Now you have hit it, sweetheart. If it meets your approval, the avowal shall be made to-morrow."

"You are the best judge, my lord, whether the step be prudent, and whether you are in a position to brave your brother's anger, for I suppose nothing has occurred to cause a change in his sentiments. To me it must naturally be agreeable to have an end put to mystery and concealment foreign to my character and feelings; but I am content to continue as I am for some time longer, rather than you should incur the slightest risk from the Lord Protector and the council. Satisfied that I am bound to you by sacred ties, which can never be sundered save by death, I am in no hurry for the disclosure."

"Delay will not improve matters—peradventure, it may make them worse," he rejoined. "The present juncture seems favorable for the avowal."

"Be it as you will—you have but to command. Yet I again beg you to put me entirely out of the question, and adopt only such a course as will be most beneficial to yourself."

"It is due to your fair fame, Kate, which may suffer, it is due to myself, and it is due also to the King, that our marriage should no longer be concealed. My plan is this, sweetheart. To-morrow, as you know, I give a *fête* at Seymour House, and I propose to make it the occasion of introducing you as my consort to the King."

"But will Edward like to be thus taken by surprise? Would it not be better to prepare him?"

"I do not think so. By making a confidant of my royal nephew I should still further incense my brother. Besides, nothing would be gained, for it is certain Edward will not disapprove of the marriage."

"Well, perhaps you are right. I will do as you direct, though, were I to consult my own feelings, I would continue this life of retirement, and shun court gayeties and revels, which have become distasteful to me."

"Hereafter you may withdraw into privacy, if you list, Kate, but for the present you must aid me in the important part I have to play."

"Would you were less ambitious, Seymour! My chance of happiness, I feel, would be greater."

"Pshaw! if I succeed, and raise myself to the point at which I aim, you will have every thing to make you happy, Kate. If I am all but king, you will be prouder, happier than you were as the spouse of Henry VIII."

"Tis to be hoped so, Seymour," she sighed; "for I was any thing but happy then. In good truth, I almost dread to enter the great world again. But your will is law with me."

"You are a good and dutiful wife, Kate," he cried, pressing his lips to her brow. "As I have said, you can do much for me at this moment. Dorset has been with me to-day. He has just returned from Bradgate. I had some talk with him about his daughter, and he has agreed to consign her to your care as soon as our marriage is avowed."

"Nothing could please me better," replied Catharine. "The Lady Jane Grey, as you know, is an especial favorite of mine."

"And with good reason, sweetheart, for she is a paragon of perfection—marvelously beautiful, and marvelously wise. In due time, we must provide a suitable husband for her."

"Have you not one already in your eye, Seymour?"

"I will not deny it," he replied. "Jane's merits are so transcendent that I only know one person worthy of her—my royal nephew; and though there are many obstacles in the way, yet I am certain the match may be brought about. Edward has conceived a kind of boyish passion for her; and were he to search the world, he could find no better wife than Jane Grey would make him."

"That I firmly believe," replied Catharine. "Jane is wiser than women usually are—virtuous and pious—and would be the brightest jewel in Edward's crown. It will delight me to promote this scheme, because I am sure that by so doing I shall further Edward's happiness."

"You can do him no greater service than to aid in procuring him such a wife—nor better serve your country than in giving it such a queen," rejoined Seymour. "But I must be gone, sweetheart. A cup of wine, and then adieu!"

"So soon!" she exclaimed reproachfully.

"It is late, and I must perforce tear myself away. But it is a consolation to think that it is the last time we shall need to separate thus. To-morrow you will come to Seymour House as a guest, but you will remain as its mistress. Adieu, sweetheart!"

Tenderly embracing her, he then resumed his cap and cloak, and departed.

Descending the secret staircase, he shortly afterward issued from the postern, and set off toward the spot where his boat awaited him. The night was profoundly dark, but notwithstanding the obscurity, Seymour fancied he perceived a figure standing directly in his path. On this he halted, but after a moment's hesitation went on.

Meanwhile, the dark figure remained stationary. As the Admiral advanced, he saw that the personage, whoever he might be, was not alone, but that behind him were two other persons, who, as far as could be discerned in the obscurity, were armed. Though he would willingly have shunned an encounter at such a moment, Seymour was not the man to turn back. He therefore called out to them, and drew his sword.

"'Tis he!—'tis the Admiral!" exclaimed the foremost personage. "I am satisfied. We may retire."

"Not till you have explained your business," cried Seymour, springing upon him and seizing him by the throat.

"Take your hands from me, my lord," cried the person he had seized, in a stern voice, which was quite familiar to Seymour.

"How is this?—my Lord of Warwick here!" he exclaimed. "Has your lordship condescended to play the spy?"

"I came here to satisfy myself concerning a report that has reached me," rejoined Warwick. "I have seen enough to satisfy me that what I heard was correct."

"Think not to depart thus, my lord," cried Seymour. "You have chosen to pry into my affairs, and must pay the penalty of a detected meddler. Either pledge your word to silence, or I will put it out of your power to prate of what concerns you not. Look to yourself, I say."

"I will not balk you, my lord," rejoined Warwick, drawing his sword; "so come on! Stand off, gentlemen," he added to the others, who advanced toward

him; "I can give the Admiral his *quietus* without your aid."

In another instant his blade was crossed with that of Seymour. Both were expert swordsmen, and if there had been light enough the conflict might have been of some duration, but the Admiral pressed his antagonist with so much vigor, that the latter stumbled while retreating, and the next moment the point of his opponent's weapon was at his throat. The Admiral, however, forebore to strike.

"Take your life, my lord," said Seymour, stepping back. "Your sense of honor will now keep your lips closed, and I trust to you to impose silence upon your followers."

"Fear nothing either from them or me, my Lord Admiral," replied Warwick. "I own I did wrong in coming here at all; and having said so, you will not refuse me your hand."

"Enough, my lord," rejoined the Admiral, grasping the hand extended to him. "I shall hope to see you at Seymour House to-morrow night, when all this mystery shall be satisfactorily cleared. Till then, I count upon your discretion."

"Doubt me not, my lord," replied Warwick. "I will not attempt to read your riddle, though I think I could guess it. Good night. My horses are at the garden-gate."

"And my boat is yonder—beneath the trees. Good night, my lord."

With this they separated, the Admiral speeding toward the river, and Warwick, with his attendants, shaping his course in the opposite direction.

As he went on, Seymour muttered to himself: "I had enough to do to stay my hand just now, when Warwick lay at my mercy, for I suspect him of treachery. Yet I did right to spare him. To have slain him here would have led to ill consequences. If he crosses me again, I will find other and safer means of dealing with him."

Warwick's reflections were not widely different.

"But for the cursed chance that caused my foot to slip, I should have slain him," he thought. "And now I owe my life to him. But I would not have him count too much upon my gratitude. My hatred of him is not a whit diminished by his fancied generosity—rather increased. After all, it is well the encounter ended as

it did. Better he should perish by the headsman's hand than mine."

XI.

OF THE FETE GIVEN AT SEYMOUR HOUSE BY THE LORD ADMIRAL.

SEYMOUR HOUSE, the Admiral's private residence, as we have already intimated, was magnificently furnished. Besides being gorgeously decorated with rich arras and embroidered stuffs, the spacious apartments and galleries were crowded with paintings, statues, and works of art. It was a marvel that the Admiral should have been able to collect together so many rarities in so short a space of time; but then, as we have seen, he had more opportunities of doing so than other people.

In those days of display it was the aim of every wealthy nobleman to distinguish himself by the number of his retainers, all of whom were clothed and maintained at his expense. But the Lord Admiral went far beyond his compeers. His household was almost regal, and vied with that of the Lord Protector. He had a high chamberlain and a vice-chamberlain, both attired in rich gowns, and provided with white staves, a dozen gentleman ushers likewise richly arrayed, six gentlemen waiters, three marshals, a chaplain, an almoner, a cofferer, a clerk of the kitchen and clerk of the spicery, a master-cook and his assistants, besides a multitude of yeomen ushers, grooms, cup-bearers, carvers, and sewers. In addition to these, he had a large body of young gentlemen of good families, who served him as pages and esquires, and who all wore his livery. Furthermore, he had a band of tall yeomen, armed and attired like the yeomen of the King's body-guard. Altogether, his household did not number less than three hundred persons. Tables were laid daily for his officers, who sat down with almost as much ceremony as was observed at Whitehall. The cost of such an establishment, in all respects so sumptuously conducted, may be readily surmised. But the Lord Admiral had an object in all this display. He wished to be regarded as the chief noble at his royal nephew's court, so that no position he might hereafter obtain should seem too exalted for him.

With a house thus splendidly ordered and appointed, and with such magnificent ideas as we are aware he entertained, it

will not seem surprising that the fête prepared for the King and the Court by the Admiral should be on a scale of extraordinary splendor.

All the principal apartments were brilliantly illuminated with wax tapers. Attired in doublets of crimson velvet, with chains of gold round their necks, and bearing white staves in their hands, the chamberlain, vice-chamberlain, steward, treasurer, and gentlemen ushers were drawn up in the entrance-hall, ready to receive the various important guests on their arrival. Besides these, there was a crowd of esquires, pages, marshals, and grooms, all in rich liveries, intermingled with yeomen bearing gilt pole-axes. But wherever the guests wandered—up the grand staircase, with its elaborately sculptured posts, adown the long corridor, through the spacious chambers—there were other officers of the household to be met with—marshals, esquires, pages, and grooms, as at Whitehall.

Nothing was wanting that could minister to the gratification of the company. In an orchestra in the largest room musicians were placed, and here brawls, galliards, lavoltues, passameasures, pavans, sauteuses, cushion-dances, and kissing-dances were performed by the company.

At a much earlier hour than would be consistent with modern arrangements, the Admiral's guests, comprehending all the principal personages of the court, of both sexes, had begun to arrive, and they had succeeded each other so rapidly, that ere long the rooms, vast as they were, looked full. But more came, and it seemed as if the arrivals would never cease.

All the guests were ceremoniously received in the great entrance-hall by the various officers of the household, and were then ushered on by troops of marshals and pages to a presence-chamber, where the Lord Admiral, sumptuously arrayed in habiliments of white satin, adorned with pearls, very graciously received them. Many of the ladies wore small visors of black velvet, while some of them were habited in fanciful attire.

The Admiral's manner to his guests was extraordinarily affable and engaging. He had an eye for every one, and distributed his attentions so generally, that all were pleased. We have already said that he was infinitely more popular with the old nobility than the Protector, and many representatives of the proudest fa-

milies were present on this occasion, who would not have honored Somerset with their company. Moreover, there was a complete gathering of the Popish party, and this circumstance tended to confirm the opinion entertained by some that Seymour meant to league himself with the Romanists in opposition to his brother.

Never had the Admiral presented a more superb appearance. The rich habiliments in which he was clad set off his symmetrical person to the utmost advantage. Those who contrasted him on this occasion with his brother, the Duke of Somerset, were forced to admit that, so far as personal appearance and grace and captivity of manner were concerned, the younger Seymour had decidedly the advantage over the elder.

Amongst the earliest comers were the Marquis of Dorset, with the Marchioness and the Lady Jane Grey, but the rooms were quite full, and the revel had fairly commenced before the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Somerset. The Lord Protector was arrayed in cloth of gold of bawdikin, the placard and sleeves of his doublet being wrought with flat gold, and the Duchess was equally splendidly attired. Her head gear and stomacher flamed with diamonds and precious stones. Somerset was attended by the Earls of Warwick and Arundel, both of whom were splendidly habited. The Duke had a gloomy look, and by no means cordially returned the greeting given him by the Admiral, but passed on with the Duchess and the lords in attendance upon him.

Whatever annoyance the Admiral might have felt at his brother's deportment toward him, it was speedily dispelled by the arrival of the King, whose manner was as gracious as the Lord Protector's had been cold and unpleasant. Edward wore a doublet of cloth of silver, culponed with cloth of gold of damask, and his surcoat was of purple velvet, richly set with pearls and precious stones. When the Lord Admiral had expressed his gratitude to his royal nephew for the high honor he had conferred upon him by the visit, Edward graciously answered: "We thank you heartily for your welcome, gentle uncle. But you will have more guests than you counted on, for we have brought with us two fair ladies, who wished to be present at your assembly. Have we taken too great a freedom with you?"

"O sire!" exclaimed the Admiral. "My

house, and all within it, are at your majesty's disposal."

"Here they are," cried the King, pointing to two ladies close behind him, both of whom were wrapped in loose cloaks of black satin, and wore black velvet visors on their faces. "Can you guess who they are?"

"I will essay, sire," cried the Admiral, advancing toward them. "By my halidom!" he continued, "I am highly honored. This fair lady, or I am much mistaken, must be her highness the Princess Elizabeth; and this, if I err not, is Mistress Ashley."

"You are right, gentle uncle," cried the King, laughing. "Nay, there is no need for further concealment. The Admiral has found you both out, so you may e'en take off your masks."

"We did not intend to discover ourselves for the present to your lordship," said Mistress Ashley, removing her visor, "but his majesty has spoiled our plan."

"I knew my uncle would be right glad to see you both, and therefore I would not delay his gratification," rejoined Edward.

"Your majesty has judged well," said the Admiral. "Will not your highness unmask?" he added to Elizabeth.

"Since his majesty commands it, I must needs obey," she replied, removing her visor, and revealing a countenance covered with blushes.

Elizabeth looked very beautiful. She was exquisitely attired in a dress of white damask embroidered with pearls, and her golden tresses and dazzlingly fair complexion produced all their former effect upon the Admiral.

"I knew not you had returned to court, Princess," he said, "or I should have craved the honor of your company at my poor supper."

"I am here by the King's commands," replied Elizabeth. "I am but newly returned from Hatfield. His majesty was resolved, it seems, that I should be present at your fête."

"I am greatly beholden to him," replied Seymour. "I did not deem my revel would be so richly graced. Will it please you to walk on, and see the rooms?"

"Right willingly," the King replied. "You term your revel a 'poor supper,' gentle uncle. To my mind, 'tis a very goodly entertainment. We could scarce

match it. What think you of the assembly, Elizabeth?"

"'Tis very splendid," she replied. "You have princely notions, my Lord Admiral."

"I once had," he rejoined, in a low tone, "but they are gone."

While Edward was gracefully acknowledging the obeisances of those who respectfully drew back to allow him passage, his eye suddenly alighted on the Marchioness of Dorset and her daughter, and the color mounted to his cheeks.

"That should be the Lady Jane Grey!" he exclaimed. "I did not expect to meet her."

"I will not pretend that I meditated a surprise for your majesty," replied the Admiral, smiling; "but I am right glad that my lord of Dorset's return from Bradgate has enabled me to include his daughter among my guests."

"By our lady! I am right glad, too," rejoined the King.

At a sign from the Admiral, the Marquis of Dorset here advanced, and, with a profound obeisance, presented the Marchioness and his youthful daughter to the King. As the latter made a lowly reverence to him, Edward raised her, and detaining her hand as he spoke, said:

"We looked to pass a pleasant evening with your uncle, but it will be pleasanter far than we expected, since it is graced by your presence, fair cousin."

"Your majesty is too good," she replied, blushing deeply.

"Nay, you must stay with us," cried Edward, detaining her. "We can not part with you so soon. But it may be you desire to dance?"

"I never dance, my liege," replied Jane. "It is a pastime in which I care not to indulge."

"Perchance you object to it?" said Edward, looking inquiringly at her.

"Not exactly," she rejoined; "but I hold it to be somewhat vain and frivolous."

"I do not think I will dance again," said Edward.

"A very praiseworthy resolution, sire!" cried the Admiral; "but I hope you will not interdict such of your less seriously inclined subjects as may see no harm in it from indulging in the recreation. May I venture to claim your highness's hand for the couranto which is just about to commence?" he added to Elizabeth.

"I will dance the couranto with you with pleasure, my lord," replied the princess. "I have a passion for it."

And she accorded her hand to the Admiral, who led her toward the middle of the room, while the hautboys struck up, and they were soon engaged in the animated dance. Elizabeth danced with remarkable grace, as did the Admiral, and their performances excited universal admiration. At its close, Seymour, unable to resist the witchery still exercised over him by the princess, led her toward a side-chamber, where they could converse without interruption.

"Have you quite forgiven me, Princess?" he said.

"Oh! yes," she replied, with a forced laugh. "I have forgotten what passed between us."

"Would I could forget it!" cried Seymour. "But I have been properly punished. I did not deserve the happiness which might have been mine."

"Do not renew the subject, my lord," said Elizabeth. "You never loved me!"

"Never loved you!" he exclaimed, passionately. And then suddenly checking himself, he added: "You do me an injustice, Princess. I loved you only too well."

"If I could believe this, I might forgive you," she said. "But your subsequent conduct has been inexplicable. You have attempted no explanation—have sent me no letter."

"I thought explanation would be unavailing—that you had cast me off forever," rejoined Seymour in a troubled tone.

"But at least the attempt might have been made," she said, in a tone of pique. "You could not tell what might happen till you tried."

"Do you, then, give me a hope?" he cried, rapturously. "But I forget myself," he added moodily.

"You think me still angry with you," said the Princess. "But you are mistaken. I have reasoned myself out of my jealousy. How is it that the Queen-dowager is not here to-night?"

"She will be here anon," replied Seymour gloomily.

"Oh! she is expected then?" cried Elizabeth. "Do you still nourish the ambitious projects you once entertained, my Lord Admiral?"

"I am as ambitious as ever, Princess,"

he rejoined vehemently, and almost sternly; "but I have lost that which would have been the chief reward of my struggle."

"How know you that?" she rejoined. "If you make no effort to regain what you have lost, the fault rests with yourself."

"Princess!" exclaimed Seymour, in a voice trembling with emotion, "you drive me to despair. You revive all my passion. Yet it must be crushed."

"But I do not bid you despair," said Elizabeth. "I am half-nelined to forgive your perfidy, provided you swear never to deceive me in future."

"No more, I pray you, Princess," cried Seymour. "You tear my very heart asunder. I love you better than life. For you I would give up all my ambitious projects, for you I would sacrifice every earthly object. And yet —"

"What remains?" exclaimed Elizabeth. "But I will trifle with you no longer. your manner convinces me that you really

love me, and I will therefore own that you still remain master of my heart."

Seymour could not control the impulse that prompted him to seize Elizabeth's hand, and press it fervently to his lips; but he repented as soon as he had done so, and let it drop.

"This torture is beyond endurance," he exclaimed. "I can bear it no longer."

"What is the matter?" she exclaimed.

"I can not speak," he replied. "You will know all anon. Pity me! pity me!"

"In Heaven's name calm yourself, my lord, or you will attract attention to us," said Elizabeth. "What means this extraordinary agitation? What has happened?"

"Question me not, Princess. I can not answer you," replied Seymour. "Think the best you can of me—think that I ever have loved you—that I ever shall love you."

With this, he respectfully took her hand, and led her into the crowded chamber.

From Fraser's Magazine.

LITERATURE AND PHILOSOPHY OF THE EARLY CHRISTIAN ASCETICS.*

EVERY fact or circumstance connected with the early history of the Christian dispensation is of interest to all who profess their belief in its divine origin. Some incidents in its first struggles with the world command more of our regard than others; but there is nothing that stands prominently outward in its early development but what is worthy of our curiosity, and fitted in some measure to impart both interest and instruction.

All ecclesiastical historians have asserted, what is now universally believed to be a fact, that at a certain period closely verging on apostolic times there were certain men so deeply affected with the

truths of revelation as to give themselves entirely up to their exclusive contemplation, and to betake themselves to the wild and sequestered places of the earth, that they might the more uninterruptedly indulge in that mode of life which they considered, whether right or wrong, to be in unison with the spirit and doctrines of the Bible. These men have been called Christian hermits, anchorites, solitaries of the desert, and such like; but that they existed as a distinct class altogether from the purely monkish orders of the early Church, is a fact that can not be controverted. What kind of persons they probably were, what are the historical sources from which we have any accounts of them, how the Catholic Church has dealt with their characters, and what literary testimonies we have of their gen-

* *The Literature and Philosophy of the Early Christian Ascetics, or Hermits of the Desert.*

Les Vies des S.S. Pères des Déserts. Two Volumes. Bruxelles. 1851.

eral and religious knowledge, are the topics on which we purpose throwing together a few scattered observations. We beg to premise, that of the ancient solitaries here noticed, none comes further down the stream of history than the eighth or ninth century; with what goes under the denomination of ascetics of later date, we purpose not to meddle.

The current notions among ecclesiastical writers as to the kind of persons who betook themselves to an ascetic mode of life have been, that they were a very low and fanatic class, that they were ignorant and selfish, and were led astray by erroneous ideas of the general scope of the Gospel, with whose precepts and doctrines they mixed up a goodly portion of speculative dross from Eastern systems of philosophy relative to the virtue of bodily mortifications. These, or something like these, have been the common opinions on the subject, especially since the days of Luther and Calvin. We are not disposed to question the validity of these assertions, taken in their general import; but we think, at the same time, they will not bear an absolute interpretation. We have no doubt but there were many able and intelligent men who adopted this solitary mode of life, not exclusively from religious motives, but from the then position of the world at large. It is often asserted in the early records of the ascetics—and the same thing is frequently affirmed in graver histories—that many of them fled to the deserts from persecution, as well as to be in some degree removed from the vile contamination which manifested itself in every phase and grade of society. Salvian, who wrote his *Government of God* at the beginning of the fifth century, gives us a frightful picture of society in his own day, and affirms that it had been much the same from apostolic times, and that this general corruption had compelled many of the most pious Christians to seek shelter in the caves and rocks of the wilderness from its horrid pollution. In fact, there has been in modern times a good deal of loose thinking and talking on this subject. We have confounded things which ought not to have been mixed up together, and shown in our judgments no small lack of discrimination. The solitary have been classed with the monkish orders, and have come in for a considerable share of the opprobrium which has justly enough been attached

to conventual establishments of all kinds. But a hermit's life is comparatively innocent; a monk's can hardly be so. Wherever men are congregated into masses, no matter under what pretence, and especially if they enjoy any corporate privileges, there corruption springs up with tropical rankness. The mere withdrawing from the world, and leading a life of contemplative solitude, partakes more of eccentricity than moral defilement. Besides, it must be borne in mind that retiring to a cave or hut in Egypt, Nubia, or Mesopotamia, is a very different sort of thing from dwelling in a cave or hut on the hills of Westmoreland, or in the gorges of the Highlands. A cave in hot countries is a most delicious retreat—a place coveted and sought after—

“From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.”

And when we hear of the anchorites living on the simple herbs of the wilderness, we must remember that these consist of the delicious grape, the orange, the pomegranate, the fig, and other equally pleasant and nourishing productions, not the wild haws and blackberries which, even in nature's most prodigal humor, would be all that would fall to the lot of any poor fellow who should take a fancy in European regions for a life of seclusion from society. Then, again, the physical man does not need in these warm regions the diet of a London alderman; nay, it becomes revolting to the stomach, and destructive of life itself. It is often mentioned in the lives of the Eastern hermits that they had little gardens about their habitations; and we have no doubt but if we could lift up the veil of past times, and could arrive at the real facts of the case, we should find that the majority of these devotees to asceticism really lived very comfortable and cozy lives in these dry and delicious climates. The bodily mortification we associate with their names is little more than ideal, being founded on things having little or no positive relation to each other.

As to the question, how far a solitary life, for the avowed purpose of religious contemplation, is allowable, according to the spirit and letter of Christian doctrine, much might be said; and the question naturally gives rise to many nice points, which can not be satisfactorily disposed of in a short paper like this. We shall there-

fore leave them, and merely make an observation or two on the general bearings of the main questions connected with Christian asceticism.

It must be conceded on all hands that religion must be either one of the most important things in this life, or it must be nothing at all. There is no middle course to steer. To those, therefore, who are fully convinced of the first part of the position, it will not appear so extravagant should their feelings be so roused, and their hopes and fears excited, as to induce them to give undivided attention to such a vital question, to devote the entire intellectual man to its sublime truths, and to consider no earthly sacrifice too great to endeavor to raise human nature up to its elevated scale of morality and devotion. This course of proceeding would seem to be countenanced by many obvious analogies in nature. When important ends in the constituted order of things are to be effected, we always recognize a sufficiently powerful and well-arranged apparatus for their accomplishment. And it certainly would appear a thing out of all character were the serious and awful considerations of a future life of endless happiness or misery to fall upon the human ear with all the transitory coldness and indifference attached to temporal affairs. There seems, then, to be some degree of fitness in religion engrossing the individual attention of a part of mankind at least, in order that they may prove instruments in preserving its vital principles, and in imparting a share of their enthusiasm, by personal devotion, to the greater and colder masses of human kind.

Christianity is a comprehensive system, in reference to the feelings of mankind. It always did and always must affect men in different modes, and with different degrees of intensity. All the facts connected with its promulgation display this inherent characteristic. One lawgiver and prophet, one apostle and disciple, one ancient father and martyr, differed from another; and various degrees of ardor, devotedness, zeal, judgment, and spiritual devotion animated and directed them in every movement and path of life.

The question as to the historical evidence for the literary fragments ascribed to the early solitaries of the desert will necessarily be viewed in various lights. It must be admitted that there can not be the same degree of external evidence for

the authenticity of these productions, as there is for the biographical narratives and remains of all or any of those voluminous writers of the early ages of the Church who took a conspicuous part in the stirring events to which the introduction of Christianity gave rise. Solitary individuals afford little inducement to notoriety and distinction. Whatever flowers of intellect or piety blossom here are certainly doomed "to waste their sweetness on the desert air." But still this natural state of things would not altogether exclude collections of scattered records of these martyrs to seclusion. This would to a certain extent take place; and there is this circumstance connected with statements about them, that they gave little occasion to fabrications as to their conduct, talents, or opinions. They were placed beyond the pale of sectarian animosity and party feeling; therefore, if the narratives respecting them be probable in themselves, they may fairly enough lay claim to a reasonable share of credibility and belief.

And it may be observed in passing, that every one knows, who has paid any attention to the history of Christianity, that the question as to the historical authenticity of many of the most important and esteemed works connected with our religion, is even to this hour, in some measure an open one, and will remain such, in all probability, till the end of the world. This arises from the very nature of things. It is a very easy matter to call in question the genuineness of any literary work of antiquity; but a difficult undertaking to trace step by step those several links of evidence which lead the mind to a rational conviction. There is no writer, even on profane subjects, of five centuries' standing, who could go through such a searching ordeal as that to which theological writings are subjected, even when they can justly date their origin from more remote times. Here authority and tradition become powerful and necessary auxiliaries to truth. Without their assistance the treasures of wisdom, whether religious or secular, could never be accumulated; and our experience of to-day would prove completely inoperative for our guidance and direction to-morrow.

But let us pass on to historical evidences. Ruffinus, who flourished in the middle of the third century, collected mo-

moirs of the solitaries of the desert. He went from Rome to visit those who dwelt in Egypt. He then proceeded to the city of Jerusalem, where he spent twenty years, chiefly in visiting and in obtaining accounts of these pious men. These memoirs were originally published without his name, and the religious world would have remained entirely ignorant of their real authorship, had it not been preserved by means of the Christian father of the Church, Jerome. The number of biographical sketches by Rufinus amounts to thirty-three. They have always maintained a high repute among theological writers, and are alluded to by Saints Benoit, Cassiodorus, Gregory of Tours, Fulbert Bishop of Chartres, and others. Palladius of Galatia was another writer on the ascetics. He was himself one of the hermits who lived on Mount Nitre, and flourished in the year 388, and was subsequently made bishop of a diocese in Bythinia. He visited all the solitaries of the desert of whom he could learn any account; and heard from their own lips matters concerning their mode of life, the country they respectively belonged to, and the progress they had made in Christian knowledge, humility, and self-denial. In the eightieth year of his age, he was requested by the Governor of Cappadocia to write the lives of the most distinguished of the anchorites of Egypt, Lybia, Mesopotamia, Palestine, Syria, and Italy. This compilation was made and dedicated to his patron, the governor. Socrates, the ecclesiastical historian, and St. John of Damascus, speak highly of it.

Sulpicius Severus gives an account of a journey that his patron, St. Martin, had made three years before his death, to see and converse with the solitaries of Egypt; and Theodoret, Bishop of Cyr, furnishes a statement of the recluses of the desert in Syria and the neighboring countries. Theodoret lived in the middle of the fifth century: he declares that his information is correct, and that he describes nothing but what he saw himself or obtained from eye-witnesses of undoubted credit and purity of character.

Pelagius, a deacon of the Roman Church, translated into Latin, in conjunction with John, a sub-deacon, a work on the *Life and Doctrines of the Fathers of the Desert*. The original treatise was in Greek. Paschal, who is supposed to have been a monk in the Abbey of Dume, in Gallacia,

translated from the Greek a work containing questions put to many anchorites in the East, and the answers they made to them. And John Mose, an abbot, gives an account of the most remarkable actions and sayings of these ancient solitaries, in a work entitled *The Spiritual Flower Garden*.*

Now a word or two upon the manner in which the Catholic Church has treated the writings and characters of a portion of these ascetic devotees. It has uniformly, within the last three centuries especially, been anxious to throw a moiety of them into the background; to pass a slight on those whose writings either in letter or spirit seemed to oppose the childish and puerile superstitions with which it feeds the credulity of its followers in every portion of the globe. Books on the Ancient Fathers of the Desert, the Church has in abundance; they swarm in every direction, of all sizes, from that huge monument of folly, the *Acta Sanctorum* of the Bollandists, in fifty-four double-columned folios, to the penny tract. But we never meet a solitary sentence of common-sense, nor rational inquiry in any one of them. All is one uniform mass of such groveling and fanatical twaddle, that we really wonder how any human being who has barely sense sufficient to count his own fingers should ever pay the slightest attention to it. But so it is. The Catholic priesthood find in these ancient hermits of the East a capital field for propagating their delusions, and cultivate it most assiduously; carefully from time to time weeding out of their stock of biographies the most remote allusion to men who have spoken of the Christian system in "the

* We beg to mention the following works and mss. as containing considerable information on the Fathers of the Desert: *Acta Sanctorum* of the Bollandists, in 54 volumes, folio; *Traité de la Lecture des Pères des Déserts*, par Bonaventure d'Argonne, Paris, 1697; *La Solitude Chrétienne*, C. Savreux, Paris, 1667, 3 vols.; *Les Pensées de la Solitude Chrétienne et le Mépris du Monde*, par P. Tous-saint de Saint Luc, Paris, 1682. In addition to these several works, which constitute but a small portion of what really exists on the subject of the ancient Christian ascetics, we beg to mention the numbers of some mss. in the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, at Paris: Nos. 7023, 7024, 382, and 6845. In the public library of St. Omer there are several mss. of the same kind; those we have looked at are Nos. 715, 716, 724, and 762. A distinguished librarian in one of the chief libraries of Paris, told us that there were in Italy, Spain, and France more than three thousand mss. on this subject.

words of soberness and truth." It is true this mode of garbling the ancient records of these persons has not gone on, even in that jealous and slavish hierarchy, without every now and then a grumble from some of the more honest of Catholic writers, as witness the contention there was about three centuries ago about the treatise of Jacques de Varagine. This writer inserted several accounts he had furbished up out of the Vatican library, of several solitaries whose religious sentiments and opinions the Church did not then approve of. A controversy was the consequence, but Papal power ultimately gained the day, and the work was entirely suppressed, or denuded of its obnoxious passages. And this has been the uniform practice of the Catholic body for the last five or six hundred years. It has kept a most vigilant eye over this department of its regular and popular literature for the laity, and hashed and dished it up to suit the palates of the poor deluded people destined to feed upon it. But we must now proceed forward.

One of the earliest of the Christian hermits we shall notice is St. Ephraim. He fixed his abode in a singularly retired and picturesque spot on the banks of a small river in Asia Minor. He flourished about the year 350. Several works are ascribed to his pen, among which there is a small manual of botany. The accounts of him state that, though deeply imbued with a religious spirit, he cultivated an acquaintance with many of the branches of secular knowledge known in his day. He gives a list of the plants in the country he inhabited, which contains upward of one hundred and fifty distinct varieties. He traveled over a considerable district of the East, and gives the following account of the solitaries who inhabited Mount Nitre.

"After having remained (says he) three years in the monasteries about Alexandria, where I had enjoyed religious instruction and edifying conversation on learning generally from the lips of men of high virtue, I went to the mountain of Nitre. We here saw a lake which is at least seventy miles in circumference. I traversed its shores in three days, and arrived at that part of the mountain which faces the south. Here a vast and desolate desert presented itself, which extends to the remotest parts of Ethiopia. In the neighborhood of the hill there were nearly five thousand persons who had withdrawn themselves from the world, and who served God day and night. They generally live single, but

there are instances where two or three persons live in one cell or dwelling. There are seven mills on the mountain, which grind the corn for the whole community."

There is a romantic and interesting account of a brother and sister, called Martha and Christien, connected with the history of Eastern asceticism. It is too long for insertion, but we shall endeavor to give the chief outlines of the case. They were the only children of a rich merchant in Aleppo. The father was smitten with an ardent desire to become the founder of a noble family; and full of this idea, he took the harsh and unjustifiable means of placing his only daughter Martha under the care of some female solitaries, where she was to pass the remainder of her life. He urged his son Christien to enter the army under Constantine the Great, with a view of obtaining honor and renown. By this domestic arrangement all his vast treasures, both in money and landed possessions, were to devolve upon Christien, to sustain with becoming splendor the anticipated glory of the family.

Martha obeyed her father's commands without a murmur; but Christien reasoned the case with him, and among many other things said: "My sister is as one dead, and if I fall in battle, as I am willing to do, your name is extinct forever." The father, however, would not yield his point. The sister and brother had a long interview before he had to set out to join the army. They swore fidelity to each other. Ten long years rolled away, but no intelligence had ever been received from Christien. His father became inconsolable and died, leaving his immense treasures to his daughter, in trust, for Christien, should he ever make his appearance. The cupidity of the religious order to which Martha belonged was now excited to a high pitch; and to induce her to relinquish her command over it, her religious sisters instituted all kinds of petty, persecuting regulations to annoy her, in order that they might gain their selfish ends. The bishop of the diocese likewise joined in this crusade against poor Martha; but she flinched not. She always declared she would again see her beloved brother, and place him in possession of his rightful inheritance. Another long ten years passed away, and yet no news of Christien. A report was industriously circulated that he had been slain in battle,

but Martha paid no attention to it. At length her health gave way, and she was laid upon a bed of sickness and death. All means were now put into requisition to induce her to resign her legal claim to her wealth, but she resolutely held out against all the cruel threats launched against her. One day, when her end appeared at hand, a pilgrim made his appearance at the door of the convent. His beard reached down to his leathern girdle, his dark eyes were sunken in their orbits, and he was supported by an ebony staff, on the head of which, inlaid with silver, were the words "Forget me not," a tender memorial of the affectionate Martha. He demanded to see her: he was refused. "I am Martha's brother," said he, in a stern and commanding tone, "and I must and will see her." He was at length admitted and led to the bed of his dying sister. Tears flowed down her pale cheeks and a short agony seemed to convulse her frame. She wrung her hands in transports of joy, and placing them on her brother's head, bowed down over it, muttering a fervent blessing and a wish that their mortal remains should lie side by side. This done, she gently laid back her head and expired.

We are told that Christien took the body of his beloved sister, and had it interred in a secluded but romantic spot on the banks of a small rivulet which meandered through a part of his own grounds. Here he likewise hewed himself out a cave, and retired from the world, determined to spend the remainder of his days in pious and religious contemplation. Every year, in commemoration of his sister Martha's death, he divided a portion of his wealth among the poor and distressed. He lived to the advanced age of ninety-three.

This narrative is rendered interesting from the circumstance that it has been more than once a subject of controversy in the Catholic Church, the majority of the priesthood being anxious for its entire suppression: and likewise as a striking manifestation at how early a period the avaricious and grasping spirit of the religious communities began to display itself. In the fever of the first French Revolution, this story of Martha and Christien was often alluded to by the orators and journals of the day when the Catholic clergy

were the objects of popular fury and persecution.*

St. Simeon was a native of Aleppo, and of rich and distinguished parents. He studied nine years at Alexandria, and was well skilled in all the learning of his times. There are several poetical fragments ascribed to his pen. The one called *The Persian* is the longest we have seen. It attempts to describe the current religious thoughts of a worshiper of the Sun, and of one, though deeply imbued with piety, devoid of a knowledge of the Christian revelation. We shall transcribe a few lines to give the meaning of the writer and point out the object he has in view.

"It is of God, the Persian thinks, he sees him all around;

He smiles in every sunny beam that gilds the sandy ground;

He whispers through the spicy leaves that wave above the dome,

Where meekly near the Persian kneels, a pilgrim far from home.

Heaven's breath each honeyed blossom yields, borne on the southern gale;

Heaven's bounty scatters dew-made pearls over the glittering vale.

How oft the Persian looks around, and seems to lend an ear,

And sends an abstract spirit forth to friendly spirits near.

In sorrowful devotion wrapt, he wonders and adores;

Vailed are his hopes, unknowing he of rich redemption's stores."

Simeon goes on at considerable length to describe the systems of heathen worship, and their entire inability to give to the human heart and understanding any degree of rational happiness or assurance. There is a poetical effusion *On the Break of Day*, which commences thus:

"At the first dawn of morn I arose,
My heart was oppress;
Where the Eastern sky ruddily glows,
There turned I my breast.
All nature was silent and still,
And without was not a breeze;
The spring buds beginning to fill
Seemed carved on the trees."

After this follow two other pieces, the one *On the Sabbath Morning*, and the other on *The Cave on the Banks of the Jordan*, both of which contain elevated

* See *Les Vies des S.S. Pères des Déserts*, folio, Paris, 1602; and the *Journal du Peuple*, Paris, 1792, vol. i. 362.

and refined sentiments. *The Cave in the Rock*, and the *Hermit's Tomb*, close his list of poetical remains, as far as we know. The latter piece contains thirteen verses, two or three of which we shall attempt to give the sense of:

"Here rests the mystery of heart and brain,
So sensitive, so active, and so wise;
Here the most subtle framework shall remain
Till the loud trumpet call it to arise.

"From every blade of grass methinks I hear
A holy whisper and a pensive sigh;
As if the spirit-hermits hovered near
The silent valley where he cared to die.

"The date and fig bend o'er his lowly bed,
No longer cultured by his patient hand;
The simple food on which he daily fed,
While dwelling in this wild but beautiful
land.

"No bitter herb, no sullen thorn shall flourish
From the new soil where such a relic lies;
His flesh the purest, brightest plants shall
nourish,
And yield to fairest noon their loveliest
dyes."*

There was another St. Simeon, called *the learned*, a native of Antioch, and who flourished in the early part of the seventh century. He received his education at an academical institution at the city of Bagdad, and for many years traveled through Asia Minor, and gave lectures at the chief cities on rhetoric, logic, and the elements of theology. He was considered a very learned man in his day. When about thirty-five years of age, he suddenly quit-
ted this profession, went into the army, where he spent ten years of his life in the boisterous revelry and dissipations of the camp. Another sudden turn came over him. He became enamoured of solitude. He sailed five hundred miles up the Nile in search of a suitable spot for a recluse dwelling. At length he fixed upon a place on a high and bluff rock, at some little distance from the banks of the river. Here he hewed out a cell, clothed himself in the most humble attire, and living upon a little corn and wild herbs, and prac-

* We beg to say that we owe this account of St. Simeon to the kindness of the late Count Chateaubriand, who was well read in the literature of the ancient ascetics, and who had made translations of these poetical effusions from the early Spanish language into the French. We have been told, but can not vouch for the fact, that this fascinating French author left some interesting mss. at his decease on topics connected with the Christian solitaries in Egypt and Nubia.

ticing all the severe bodily austerities then in vogue.

He lived in this solitary place for nearly forty-five years, with the exception of three or four visits he made at different intervals to see his aged father, and to attend some important meetings of divines at Constantinople. He died at the age of eighty-four, and preserved his mental vigor till within a few hours of his death. There is a work attributed to him, called *Sketches of the Fathers of the Church*. He mentions St. Cyprian, Origen, St. Babylas, Tertullian, St. Appolinaris, St. Gregory of Nazianzen, St. Cyril of Jerusalem, Arius, Elementus, and Princillus, office-bearers of the Church; Arnobius, Julius of Rome, Ephraim the Syrian, Eutychus the Impostor, St. Damascius, and Thomas the Sorcerer. These pencillings of character are very curious, and display a considerable knowledge of mankind. It is very probable, we think, that they formed a part of his public lectures, when he followed the profession of a traveling rhetorician. We shall give extracts from two or three by way of sample:

"SAINT CYPRIAN.—Genius consists of three elements—quickness of perception, great industry, and a power to generalize facts and observations. It is said that Aristotle remarked that he had gained his extensive acquirements more from having a command over his mind, to keep it steadily to a given object and end, than from possessing any natural superiority of intellect. And certain it is, that steady and concentrated application is essential to the accomplishment of all great undertakings. No man ever produced an immortal work by hasty and vacillating attention. And this remark may be applied to minds of the highest order, and with still more force to feeble and dull apprehensions. Here industry and attention are every thing. We see men of mean parts gradually gain upon the fleetest understandings, solely by a steady, fagging, and indomitable purpose. These observations apply to St. Cyprian. He was late in life in his adoption of the Christian faith, and it required he should apply his time to the best use. He was indefatigable in his studies, and his friends often remarked that he conquered every difficulty by sternness and inflexibility of purpose. Though passionately fond of oratorical display, his speaking was often interrupted by unseemly and uncalled-for praises. His friend Cæcilius often lamented this imperfection. When advantages were attempted to be taken of St. Cyprian, in public discussions, on account of these defects in his oratory, he never noticed them, but kept the object he had in view steadily before him.

"ORIGEN.—Origen was one of the most won-

derful men of his day, but he had one fault which greatly marred his worth—an unsteadiness of mind, or a too great versatility of purpose. And we often find that a single speck will considerably tarnish and deform the most valuable and brilliant objects. The lustre of the diamond is diminished by a minute spot, and the transcendent beauty of the female form neutralized by the hidden cancerous issue; and the same thing holds good in the Christian life and character. The ardor and impetuosity of great genius need the balancing power of humble qualities to render them useful, and preserve them from committing injury where good only is intended. He was warmly and conscientiously attached to the Gospel, but his unconquerable desire of knowing all things often led him into troubles and speculative errors. He wanted the sedative of steady contemplation to render his talents and efforts fruitful to their full extent. Yet in spite of all these drawbacks, he must always be considered one of the greatest teachers of Christian truth, and one of the noblest ornaments of its heart-stirring doctrines and promises.

"TERTULLIAN.—There is no quality among men, and especially men moving publicly in religious matters, so important as truth and earnestness of purpose. Let all your movements be the genuine offspring of sincerity, and you obtain an easy access to every heart. The same principle holds good in all the works of nature and art; there must be life thrown into every thing, otherwise our affections are not moved. The want of it paralyzes every faculty, deadens the feelings, and destroys every energetic movement. Tertullian was a striking example of this. He threw into every thing his whole heart and soul. Sincerity and truth were portrayed in every movement, and hence all his public displays made a deep impression upon his audience. There was not the most distant appearance of vanity, calculation, or ostentation, every thing seemed the natural result of the most perfect simplicity and singleness of purpose. But this admirable quality had its accompanying evils. It gave currency to his errors of judgment. This it was that made the learned, brilliant, bold, quick, and eloquent Tertullian so powerful over the speculative minds of his day. In him delusion appeared without its badge, and error without its deformity.

"ARIUS.—The Church has within its pale the vain and conceited, as well as the humble and diffident; those who are fond of standing at the corners of the streets, seeking the praise of men rather than of God. The love of notoriety has produced incalculable evils among Christian communities. A vain man, when possessed of a portion of talent, is sure to fall a prey to those who soon find it their interest to flatter him. He becomes variable and fickle. He can not labor in harmony with others in any great object, unless he be always the most prominent actor, and considered the mainspring of the movement. He must be coaxed and humored like a child,

or he diverges from his course in a moment. Passion is his guide, not principle. Self is ever uppermost in his imagination, and it is only here he can see real perfection. Now Arius was precisely a man of this sort. He had an average share of learning, a showy eloquence, and no small portion of tact; but then he was forever fishing in the troubled waters of notoriety. It seemed to be the food on which his soul lived. There was an outside display of candor and disinterestedness, but it was only skin deep. When you touched his pride, you saw the crimson flush of offended dignity rush into his cheeks. During the discussions of the Council of Nice, he gave numerous indications of his groveling propensity for popular distinction."

These short quotations (and they might have been greatly extended had space permitted) are sufficient to show that St. Simeon was not altogether unacquainted with literature, nor with the affairs of the world around him. His pen-and-ink sketches of characters would pass current even at the present day, both for the genuine fidelity of the portraits, and the smart and pointed style of his diction.

St. Peter the Anchorite, as he is termed, was born on the shores of the Black Sea, about the year 500. He shut himself up in a cave, and read the Scriptures from morning till night. He came out occasionally from his hiding-place and attended some meetings of the religious men of the day, by whom it would appear he was greatly beloved. There are four letters ascribed to his pen, namely: "On Decorations of Churches;" "On the Fathers of the Church;" "On Religious Authority;" and "On Human Wisdom." A few sentences on the decorations of churches may be interesting to readers of the present day:

"What is a church? Turn the matter in every possible way, it simply comes to this, that it is an assembly or congregation of pious persons, professing a certain creed, for the purpose of worshipping God. This is what I call a church, and what all sensible and plain-thinking men have called it in every age. From the want of well understanding this, Eusebius and many others have fallen into the grossest errors. All their care about a church is centered in her external decorations and embellishments; whereas this custom, whenever it has prevailed to an undue length, has always driven zealous, serious, and really pious men from the church. This is a lamentable fact. Active members of the church have taken great pains to decorate her in variegated marble, never for a moment considering that the building is one thing, and the church another; that the latter is composed

of holy and harmless spirits, while wood and stone are the materials of the other."

The several topics treated of by St. Peter in his three other letters are handled in the same plain and common-sense spirit.*

St. Alonzo de Vega was a Spanish recluse who is well known in the theological annals of his own country. He flourished about the end of the seventh century. He was the son and only child of a military officer of rank. At a very early age St. Alonzo became inspired with a burning zeal for the propagation of the Christian system throughout all the most unenlightened portions of Spain; founding churches, and interesting himself in every possible undertaking for the good of the people. He traversed Navarre, Guipuscon, Biscaya, Alva, Burgos, Old Castile, the Asturias, and Leon. He then set sail for Africa, but a storm overtook them when near the land, and he was shipwrecked, and only himself and a seaman were saved. This disaster produced a great change in his mind; he betook himself to solitude, and died in the eighty-ninth year of his age.

There is a work called *Meditations*, which has been often noticed by Spanish writers. One of the *Meditations* is "On the Nature of Unbelief." The author attempts to show what are its ordinary foundations, and the common characters or attributes it assumes among men of the world. His reflections on the "The Immortality of the Soul," and on "Eternal Punishments," show that he was deeply skilled in the ancient philosophy of Greece and Rome. In the *Meditations* we have several other essays, under the following heads: "De la Prudencia, gran ornato, y madre de las virtudes;" "De la Felicidad que puede aver en este mundo;" "De la Sapiencia, que es el mayor ornato del Anima."

Some years after this we meet with St. Isidorus, but the accounts of him in the Spanish chronicles are conflicting and obscure. We are at a loss to determine whether he is the same person as St. Isidorus Pacensis, who wrote in the year 735. However, this is not a matter of any great moment. It would appear that the Isidorus of whom we are about to speak was born about the end of the

seventh or the commencement of the eighth century. He studied all the branches of learning and philosophy of his age; filled some distinguished public situations with ability and credit; and about his fortieth year was smitten with a love of solitude. He took with him, we are told, into retirement, the Sacred Scriptures, the works of St. Athanasius, St. Augustine, Origen, Tertullian, and the ancient philosophers of Greece and Rome. It is mentioned that his memory was so retentive that he could recite the whole of the books of Scripture without making a single mistake.

After having been a few years a recluse in one of the most wild and sequestered localities of Spain, he determined to travel to the East and visit the Holy Land. This journey occupied him two years. He says: "I have had, during my whole life, an ardent desire to see Judea—the place of our Saviour's birth, life, sufferings, and death. This desire, as I increased in years, became every day more vehement and uncontrollable, until at length I felt it my duty to yield compliance with it." He went by way of Egypt; ascended the Nile for a considerable distance, and visited many of the religious solitaries in that part of the country. His conversations with them, and his descriptions of their state and condition, are given in a journal; but we regret that our space will not allow us to transcribe any part of them.

In another small work, called *On the Improvements of the Soul*, he gives us an account of the Holy Land; and this is extremely interesting in a historical point of view, as furnishing a striking proof of that deep-seated and long-cherished feeling entertained by religious men, on the necessity of obtaining, if not possession, at least an easy access to this sacred portion of the world. Here we see that feeling in a lively state of effervescence full three centuries before the crusades commenced. Isidorus says:

"I shall never forget my first sensations on obtaining a glimpse of the Holy Land. I fell down upon my face; I felt an inward thrill of sublimity run through every part of my body; and conceived I was now certainly in the presence of Jehovah himself. I remained in this torpid state for several minutes, so that my guides were apprehensive I was dead. When I recovered from the tumult of my feelings, I felt a sweet and tranquil joy, that, through the mercies of God, I had been able to see with my own

* *Le Lettre di San-Pietro l'Eremita.* Milan. 1842.

eyes that which my mind had dwelt upon from the earliest days of my childhood. Yes! I had now seen the Holy Land; that blessed spot of God's creation so fruitful of wonders and happiness to the human race. I was now treading upon the very ground where, perhaps, my Saviour, or some of his own chosen disciples, had trodden before, when effecting the sublime work of man's salvation. How engrossing the thought! How interesting the retrospect of such mighty events! As I trod over the ground, every stone, every twig, every tree, in fact every thing which presented itself to my senses, possessed an unusual charm and interest, which I had never before experienced. Even the barren rocks and frightful deserts had their charms, and recalled to my mind many of the leading events in the history of the Jewish people, the chosen of the Almighty. I thought of the garden of Eden, of man's creation, his fall and expulsion from it; of the deluge, of the giving of the Ten Commandments on Mount Sinai; and all the marvelous things which are contained in the Old Testament. My soul was filled with holy awe, and pious resolutions to devote the whole of my life to the contemplation of these mysterious but interesting themes."

After our author has described Jerusalem and its vicinity with considerable minuteness, he makes use of the following remarkable words:

"I speak of my joy in visiting the Holy City; but I speak with a mournful reserve, when I consider who are now the rulers of this country—the enemies of our faith, and our persecutors. But such is the fact. My heart bleeds when I think of those conquests, and the subsequent severities which the savage invaders have inflicted in this scene of the most wonderful events the world ever witnessed. But repining is useless; and I feel assured that future ages will revenge themselves upon these cruel intruders into holy and sanctified ground."

Saint Benoit was a solitary of Phrygia, and in early life pursued his studies at Alexandria, and at several other seats of learning. We have a *Fragment on Predestination and Grace* from his pen. He treats of this great question in a very general and summary way, but is sufficiently explicit to show that he perfectly comprehended where the real difficulties of the subject really lay. After Benoit, we have Saint Clement, born of noble parents, and of large landed possessions, which he sold on going into solitude, and gave the produce to the poor. He has a small work on the *Mysteries of Religion*, which embraces the following heads: The Incarnation, the Birth of our Saviour, His Circumcision, the Adoration of the Magi, the Presentation of our Lord in the Temple, His

Transfiguration, His Entry into Jerusalem, His Passion, His Resurrection, His Ascension, the Feast of Pentecost, the Sacrament, and the Mysteries of the Trinity.

Saint Pelagius was a native of Syria. His parents were rich and influential, and they gave him a learned education. He was employed in the early part of his life in the service of Prince Abderaman, who, in 750, at the revolution of the Caliphate, at Damascus, having fled from the massacre of his family, came into Spain, and fixed his residence at Cordova. Here he founded an independent kingdom, where the arts and sciences were introduced and cultivated with assiduity, during a period when most of the other kingdoms of Europe were involved in darkness and barbarism.

Pelagius, for several years after the establishment of the Prince Abderaman in Spain, labored with uncommon zeal and effect in promoting a knowledge of all kinds of science and a love of general literature. At the age of fifty-three he became, however, tired of public life, and was determined to withdraw into solitude, and devote himself to the perusal of the Holy Scriptures, to the nature of which, his biographers say, he had not till then paid much attention. The pious man sought out one of the most barren and desolate places in the country, where he fixed his dwelling, which was simply a cave hewn out of a solid rock. Here he lived and studied for many years, and prolonged his life to the age of eighty-two.

The works ascribed to him are under the general head of *Fragments*, embracing topics of a speculative and philosophical cast. We have his thoughts on *Knowledge in General, on Reasoning*, and on the *Thinking Principles of Animals*. Pelagius says there are only two faculties of the mind—judgment and memory; that what we call knowledge is not a thing of the senses, but of the reason; and that the errors of man proceed chiefly from the innate weakness of the mental powers of certain classes of persons. On the thinking faculties of brutes, he says but little, contenting himself with giving a short outline of the opinions of some Arabian philosophers on the subject. He adds, however: "It must be allowed on all hands that there is something preëminent about man over all the other classes of the living creation."

Saint Ammon is the last of the solitaires we shall notice. We are told that at the age of forty-eight he retired into a desert spot in Arabia Felix, where he built himself a rude hut, and observed the most austere rules of bodily mortification. He was often visited by groups of Christian pilgrims, who were delighted with the courteousness of his demeanor and learned conversation. His biographers give us a great number of these gossiping literary entertainments, but we must pass them over in order to notice a poem attributed to St. Ammon on the *Burning of the Alexandrian Library*. This work has,

we have been informed, been translated within the last century into both French and Italian; but we have never been so fortunate as to obtain either of those translations. The extracts we give here are from the Spanish copy, which was itself a translation from the Latin about three hundred years ago. We have followed the general sense of the Spanish as closely as we could. After describing the progress of the fire, its fierce ragings from one section of the building to another, the consternation felt at the direful effects, the author says:

"Alas! what mental treasures perished there,
And shone their last in that destroying glare!
Which human wisdom to their grasp must yield.
Here did the martyr Justin yearn in youth,
To drink deep draughts from streams of holiest truth.
Here did the bright-souled Origen assay
His mental weapons for a sterner day.
The bold Tertullian, he of soul sublime,
Fierce as his race, and fiery as his clime,
Here steeped his boyish heart in musings sweet,
And felt the influence of the Paraclete;
Began his bold career of fame and pride,
And bound his spirit to the Crucified.
Here, too, the Faith unfurled its standards high,
Against the banded ranks of heresy.
Here Athanasius did the Church reform,
And stem the torrent wide of Arian storm.

At length 'tis done. The dying embers red
On many a rood of smoking ruin spread;
But choked and dimmed beneath these ruins lie
Old Egypt's learning, wisdom, mystery.
There lie the fragments of her noblest fame—
Beneath yon ashes Philo's laurels lie,
And works immortal deemed forever die.
The surging waves of that remorseless fire
Pile o'er man's noblest toils their funeral pyre.
From hall to hall the insatiate fury flies;
Now climbs the roof, and now the wall defies;
Runs up the battlements of yon tall tower,
And flouts the trophies of Egyptian power;
Darts in fierce triumph on each temple's pride,
And showers with mad delight perdition wide;
Flares in grim rapture o'er the sacred dome,
Where mild-eyed science built her favorite home;
And on those groves its direst vengeance flung,
Where sages mused and long-lost poets sung.

O sacred pile! O philosophic porch!
Where ancient learning burnt her steadiest torch;
Here did the Christian Church her children rear,
And train their spirits for their work of fear;
And wisely taught her sons the sword to wield.
There lie the ashes of her ancient name;
Quenched in that fell volcano's smothering shower,
There lies her wealth—there lies her pride—her power!

O dire fanatic! If thy impious hand
 Hurl'd, amid those fanes, the accursed brand!
 If from thy lips the reckless mandate came
 That wrapt these temples in a sea of flame;
 If from some wild desire the faith to drown
 Of Him, whose hand must strike the crescent down,
 Thou wroughtst this hideous deed, thou art well repaid
 The sacrilegious scheme thy malice laid.
 Behold the Moslem, sunk and trampled now,
 The wealth of conquest torn from off his brow;
 His fame, his wealth, his influence waning fast,
 And all but baffled pride forever past.
 Whilst his high Sultan, famed Byzantium's lord,
 Quails 'neath the frown of some barbarian horde!
 And thou too, Omar, mark thy destiny!
 Yon stern avenger will not let thee die;
 But stamps on Time's broad page thy blighted name,
 And bids thee live embalmed in lasting shame."

From the London Review.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND:

FROM THE FALL OF WOLSEY TO THE DEATH OF ELIZABETH.

ALL history must be false: such, at least, is the conclusion to which a superficial acquaintance with modern investigations would readily lead us. The startling results of the most recent discoveries in physical science find an exact parallel in the fruits which are being daily gathered in the field of history. All our old calculations are being upset; all the old theories are exploded. The helpless confusion wrought in the mind of an ignorant person by the marvels of science is hardly greater than the mingled complication of perplexity and uncertainty with which the well-read student now rises from his researches into the past. "Whoever has attended but a little to the phenomena of human nature has discovered how inadequate is the clearest insight which he can hope to attain into character and disposition." We are separated by impalpable and mysterious barriers from the men

of our own generation, born and educated under the same influences as ourselves. How, then, can we expect to surmount the difficulties that intervene to prevent our understanding those who played their part under other outward circumstances, "with other habits, other beliefs, other modes of thought, and other principles of judgment"? "As the old man forgets his childhood; as the grown man and the youth rarely comprehend each other; as the Englishman and the Frenchman, with the same reasoning faculties, do not reason to the same conclusions; so is the past a perplexity to the present. It lies behind us as an enigma, easy only to the vain and unthinking, and only half-solved after the most earnest efforts of intellectual sympathy alike in those who read and those who write."

The truth here stated in general terms has been abundantly illustrated by particular instances. Our age is especially fruitful in historians of a high order, and their talents have been largely devoted to reversing the decisions which were cur-

* *History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.* By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A. Vols. I-IV. London: J. W. Parker. 1866-1858.

rent amongst ourselves. We have lately been presented with such narratives of both ancient and modern story as no former age could have produced; and the tendency of each has been to contravene the judgment hitherto accepted upon the subjects of which they treat. How many are the characters which have been reproduced under new aspects in the last few years! Carlyle has stepped forward as the advocate of Cromwell; Hepworth Dixon endeavors to prove Bacon, incorruptible; Helps vindicates Spain in her government of her American colonies; Grote would rescue Cleon from the imputation of being a demagogue; Froude stands forward to maintain the good name of bluff King Hal. Each of these writers has given us a contribution which the world would not willingly let die; yet how many of them can be said to have determined the questions which they have handled with so much ability and with such minute inquiry? Froude's favorable estimate of Queen Elizabeth is challenged by anticipation in Motley's *History of the Netherlands*. All the voluminous learning and extraordinary talent of Macaulay have not saved him from the criticism of a "New Examen," which seriously compromises the accuracy of his conclusions. The judicial impartiality of Hallam does not satisfy us that he understood Luther as well as his opponent the late Archdeacon Hare understood him. History may be philosophy teaching by example; philosophy positive it can not yet be termed. After so much thought and sympathy and study, how little can be regarded as settled in this branch of human knowledge!

Yet the value of historical investigations is not to be estimated by the positive conclusions to which they may have led us; nay, paradoxical as the statement may appear, the reverse is probably nearer the truth. Who can be ignorant of the varying motives by which men are swayed in action, of the mingled streams of good and evil which combine to form the broad current of any epoch in a nation's history, of the many inconsistencies and contradictions that make up the life of individual men, and which must constantly interfere to modify the sweeping decisions which it is so easy to reach and so tempting to record? And how much is the difficulty increased when this tangled skein is still further raveled by the

exigencies necessarily involved in a political career, and when the special emergencies of a great kingdom may seem—we say not how correctly, but still may really seem—to demand a line of action which no private interest could warrant, and no judgment, apart from the peculiar issues at stake, could approve! We do not say for a single moment that there are not broad distinctions between right and wrong; but we are sure that a slight knowledge of human nature will enable us to sympathize with the difficulty of right conduct when the welfare of a whole people depends upon the course which a statesman may adopt. This thought should render us charitable in our estimate of character, and should tend to soften the severity of the condemnation which is ready to rise to our lips; but it will be sure to hamper us in the eyes of the unthinking, who can appreciate only strongly-defined judgments, without having the power to enter into the minuter shades of distinction which the thoughtful historian feels called upon to portray.

The task of writing history is still further complicated by the twofold life of its most prominent subjects—their private and individual existence, and their public acts. A tendency was exhibited not long since to narrow all historical questions to a mere inquiry into the personal character of the chief actors in the scene. The personal qualities of one sovereign or his ministers were extolled, whilst the vices of another were prominently set forth and loudly condemned. Mary and Elizabeth, Charles I. and Cromwell, have especially been subjected to this method of treatment; and an endeavor has been made, in behalf of each, to avoid an unfavorable verdict, by calling in witnesses to character. But it was soon felt that this mode of writing history was raising a false issue; and that if we would estimate rightly the influence of any bygone period, it must be upon the acts that emanated from men in their public capacity that our judgment must be based. The tide is now turned, and there is the usual danger of its running into the opposite extreme.

"Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt."

The general tendency of the public acts is being allowed to overrule the distinctions of right and wrong to an extent

against which we feel called upon to protest. A most signal instance of this tendency is to be found in Mr. Hepworth Dixon's *Personal History of Lord Bacon*, in which, neglecting all the experience of the past, and unmindful of the evidence which daily testifies to the strange contrarieties bound up in a single heart, he begins by boldly asserting that the strongest contrasts can not exist in the same individual, and would prove, *à priori*, that Bacon could not have been at once "the greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind." Here, too, in the history under consideration, although taking his stand upon a different position, the judge too frequently descends to be an advocate. It is only by the combination of all the different elements to which we have adverted, and to the right use of each in that combination, that the historian fully performs his undertaking.

With these general considerations in mind, we approach the study of Froude's *History of England*. The principles by which he has been guided in its composition were set forth by himself in an able article that appeared in the *Oxford Essays* for 1855. We make no apology for inserting the following extract, as it enables us to understand the author's point of view, and permits him to express in his own words the advantages he anticipated from the method he employed. After glancing at existing works as means of teaching English history, he writes: Instead of these, "we recommend that there be substituted the study of the old Statute Book, in which, notwithstanding all that is thought and believed of the dependent position of Parliament, the true history of the English nation substantially lies buried—a history, different, indeed, from any thing which has been hitherto offered us as such. Every thing of greatest consequence is to be found there. All great movements, political and religious, are treated of there; and all those questionable personal transactions which have appeared so perplexing are there, though viewed no longer from their personal side, or as connected with personal intrigue, caprice, or feeling, but as rising out of the national will and expressing the national judgment; viewed from their inner side by men apparently of large, calm, massive minds, not as we see them now, but as those saw them then, who bore a part in doing them. Under any

ordinary circumstances, it would be quite certain that accounts of matters to be got at in this way would be both credible and valuable; it is worth while, at all events, to listen to what they have to say, and to hesitate before deciding that, in the times of which we are speaking, the English gentlemen were of such unusual worthlessness, that their thoughts do not deserve to be considered. But this is far from all which the Statute Book will furnish us; not only shall we find an account there of the ordinary subjects of our books, but, after careful study, a whole picture rises out of it of the old English nation—its life, its habits, its character, its occupations, amusements, hopes, and fears. The political economy, the education, the relations between man and man, between landlord and tenant, between employer and employed, all are laid out before us there in unconscious simplicity, with the duties which in all such relations were supposed to be involved, and the degree in which such duties were fulfilled. We do not say that every idle person who amuses away an hour or two with turning over the pages of the folios, and smiling at the uncouth phraseology, will find all this at a glance. Little truth of any kind is to be gained in that way; and the Statutes, viewed as we are viewing them, are, like the book which Bishop Butler desired to see written, consisting only of premises. But the conclusions are there, and one day they will be seen and known to be there. One thing, however, we shall certainly find, of which it is as well at once to warn all persons who are unwilling to face such a conclusion, that the character of the English people, as illustrated in their lives and laws, was to the full as noble and generous as we experience it now to be; that there was the same true blood and the same true heart as are in ourselves; and that, therefore, it is at once impossible to believe them capable of actions of which we could not believe ourselves capable; and that, in all matters concerning human life and action, they possessed minds as fully competent as ours to understand evidence, and hearts as certain to spurn any conscious sanctioning of iniquity."

This passage is a key to the principle on which Mr. Froude's history is composed, and reveals to us at once the source of its strength and of its weakness. Mr. Froude brings to his subject that first essential

quality of an historian, a complete sympathy with the period of which he treats. Possessing a full acquaintance not only with the Statute Book, but with all the other accessible sources of information, it is clear that he has so mastered their contents that they have become entwined in the fiber of his mind, and he is able to enter into the spirit of the epoch, instead of merely considering it from without. Without being so palpably an advocate as Lord Macaulay, there is a similar power of turning to advantage those by-paths of literature which give us glimpses into the home-life of England under the Tudors, and enable us to discern the throbbing of the minuter pulses of the system, as well as to hear the beatings of the great heart of the whole. There is no evidence of such a knowledge as Lord Macaulay possessed of masses of lighter historical matter—indeed, we question whether there be materials on which such an acquaintance could be founded; yet no student will peruse this work without feeling that it is the result of labor honestly, toilfully, and lovingly performed. There is evidently in the writer a deep power of sympathy, which is readily drawn forth by manly conduct, and enables him to appreciate even when he can not approve; and the whole is written in admirable language drawn from a well of English, pure and undefiled, expressed in a style at once so vigorous and idiomatic as to be a constant source of pleasure to the reader.

The time at which Mr. Froude's narrative begins was a period of transition to a new stage of existence. The flower of the English nobility had been destroyed in the wars of the Roses, and with them the power of their order and the feudal system were passing rapidly away. The clergy still retained considerable authority, which they exercised with no lenient hand; oppressive exactions in ecclesiastical courts, coupled with the great profligacy of the priesthood, had rendered their name odious to the people; and although the imputation of heresy was still hateful to the masses, the position of the Church was being slowly and surely undermined. New fields of thought were being opened, and new ideas were rapidly spreading amongst the community. As is usual upon the advent of a new era, the public mind was roused to an intensity of expectation; and, in its eagerness to un-

ravel the strange future, of whose approach it was conscious, it listened greedily to portents and prophecies which professed to lift up the veil behind which that future lay concealed. At such junctures the heart of a nation exhibits strange oscillations, as it inclines to what is novel, or, in its terror, flies for refuge once more to its old and worn-out formulas. This condition of England, at the period of Wolsey's fall, ought to be remembered, if one would rightly estimate their conduct who guided the vessel of the state through its stormy billows; they were passing through the dangerous and narrow straits in which met and contended for the mastery the opposing waters of two mighty seas.

It is always far from easy to trace the minute beginnings from which great revolutions spring. The name of Wycliffe was no longer popular, and the doctrines of the Lollards were held in detestation. There was but little sympathy with speculative questions, and had the lives of the clergy been moderately in accordance with the avowed tenets of Christianity, their tenure of power might have been indefinitely prolonged. There was the same indisposition to any sudden and violent changes that has ever been a characteristic of the English nation; and the theological training in which Henry had been nurtured had prepossessed his mind on the side of Roman Catholic orthodoxy. In the destruction of the nobility and the exhaustion of the Commons, the Church seemed to tower aloft in undiminished prosperity; whilst Morton, Wolsey, and Warham wielded as absolute a power as even Becket could have desired. From the Tweed to the English Channel there was no place of rest for suspected heretics, and, even if they escaped into foreign lands, they were not safe, as such offenders "were outlawed by common consent of the European governments."

Mr. Froude gives us some interesting glimpses at the means by which the knowledge of a purer creed was gradually disseminated. "In 1525, a society was enrolled in London, calling itself, The Association of Christian Brothers. It was composed of poor men, chiefly tradesmen, artisans, a few, a very few of the clergy; but it was carefully organized, it was provided with moderate funds, which were regularly audited; and its paid agents went up and down the

country, carrying Testaments and tracts with them, and enrolling in the order all persons who dared to risk their lives in such a cause." (Vol. ii. p. 26.) The Testaments which they bore were supplied from Tyndale's press, at Antwerp; and as Tyndale himself, and several of his associates, had been educated at the English universities, it was natural that they should turn to them, in hopes of finding amongst the students some able coadjutors.

The story of Anthony Dalaber, one of the Christian Brothers, is a most interesting episode in the history of the time; and, although too long to be transferred to our pages, a brief *résumé* of it may indicate in what spirit the pioneers of the Reformation plied their dangerous task. Dalaber, when an undergraduate at Gloucester (now Worcester) College, became implicated in aiding in the escape of Thomas Garrett, another Christian Brother, who had fallen under suspicion of heresy; and we take up the story at the point where Garrett unexpectedly reappeared in Oxford, and came to Dalaber's rooms.

"As soon as the door was opened, he said he was undone, for he was taken. Thus he spake unadvisedly in the presence of the young man, who at once slipped down the stairs, it was to be feared, on no good errand. Then I said to him, (Dalaber goes on,) 'Alas! Master Garrett, by this your undircumspect coming here and speaking so before the young man, you have disclosed yourself and utterly undone me.' I asked him why he was not in Dorsetshire. He said he had gone a day's journey and a half; but he was so fearful, his heart would none other but that he must needs return again unto Oxford. With deep sighs and plenty of tears, he prayed me to help to convey him away; and so he cast off his hood and gown wherein he came to me, and desired me to give him a coat with sleeves, if I had any; and he told me that he would go into Wales, and thence convey himself, if he might, into Germany. Then I put on him a sleeved coat of mine. He would also have had another manner of cap of me, but I had none but priest-like, such as his own was.

"Then kneeled we both down together upon our knees, and, lifting up our hearts and hands to God our heavenly Father, desired him, with plenty of tears, so to conduct and prosper him on his journey, that he might well escape the danger of all his enemies, to the glory of his holy name, if his good pleasure and will so were. And then we embraced and kissed the one the other, the tears so abundantly flowing out from both our eyes, that we all bewet both

our faces, and scarcely for sorrow could we speak one to another. And so he departed from me, appareled in my coat, being committed unto the tuition of our almighty and merciful Father.

"When he was gone down the stairs from my chamber, I straightway did shut my chamber door and went into my study; and taking the New Testament in my hands, kneeled down on my knees, and with many a deep sigh and salt tear, I did with much deliberation read over the tenth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, praying that God would endue his tender and lately-born little flock in Oxford with heavenly strength by his holy Spirit; that quietly to their own salvation, with all godly patience, they might bear Christ's heavy cross, which I now saw was presently to be laid upon their young and weak backs, unable to bear so huge a burden without the great help of his Holy Spirit."—Vol. ii. pp. 51–53.

We must refer our readers to Mr. Froude's narrative for the sequel of Dalaber's tale, where they will read it in all the beautiful and quaint simplicity of the above quotation. He proceeds to tell how the ill news of Garrett's visit spread apace, so that, at even-song in the cathedral, dean and canons, and heads of houses, "in their gray amices," all looked at the poor scholar with inauspicious glances: how he left the choir about the middle of compline, and told the story to one of his associates, and then went to Corpus Christi College, where he lay that night with Master Fitz James, "but small rest and little sleep took they both there;" how next morn he hastened off to Gloucester College, his shoes and stockings covered with mud, and found the gates closed, and then, "much disquieted, his head full of forecasting cares," he resolved, come what would, he would declare nothing but what he saw was already known. The enemy was already upon his track, his rooms had been entered and searched in his absence, and he was soon after seized and brought before the commissary, threatened with the rack, and fastened in the stocks. We are fain to find place for inserting what follows:

"They put my legs into the stocks, and so locked me fast in them, in which I sate, my feet being almost as high as my head; and so they departed, locking fast the door and leaving me alone. When they were all gone, then came into my remembrance the worthy forewarning and godly declaration of that most constant martyr of God, Master John Clark, who well-nigh two years before that, when I did earnestly desire him to grant me to be his scholar, said

unto me after this sort: 'Dalaber, you desire you wot not what, and that which you are, I fear, unable to take upon you; for though now my preaching be sweet and pleasant to you, because there is no persecution laid on you for it, yet the time will come, and that peradventure shortly, if ye continue to live godly therein, that God will lay on you the cross of persecution, to try you whether you can as pure gold abide the fire. You shall be called and judged a heretic; you shall be abhorred of the world; your own friends and kinsfolk will forsake you and also hate you; you shall be cast into prison, and none shall dare to help you; you shall be accused before bishops to your reproach and shame, to the great sorrow of your friends and kinsfolk. Then will ye wish that ye had never known this doctrine; then will ye curse Clark, and wish that ye had never known him, because he hath brought you to all these troubles.'

"At which words I was so grieved that I fell down on my knees at his feet, and with tears and sighs besought him that for the tender mercy of God he would not refuse me; saying that I trusted verily that He which had begun this in me would not forsake me, but would give me grace to continue therein to the end. When he heard me say so, he came to me, took me in his arms, and kissed me, the tears trickling from his eyes, and said unto me: 'The Lord God Almighty grant you so to do; and from henceforth forever take me for your father, and I will take you for my son in Christ.'—Vol. ii. pp. 59, 60.

Dalaber's narrative breaks off suddenly; but this fragment gives us a vivid picture of the men who were devoting their lives to the task of circulating the Scriptures. True men were they, cast in heroic mold, with a clear conception of the object they had in view, and of the dangers they incurred in attempting it. Nothing could be more faithful than the warning thus given by Master Clark, and his anxiety that the young disciple should not be exposed to peril unwittingly, or in consequence of a fit of temporary enthusiasm. It would need bold, manly spirits, to whom their creed was a matter of hearty conviction, to resist an opposition wielded by such an agency. Although the political element of the Reformation was as yet unheard of, yet the leaven was already working, and its influence could not fail to be presently felt.

It has been well observed by Mr. Froude, that the importance of the Protestant party at this period is not to be estimated "by counting heads," yet the number and frequency of the instances in which they played a prominent part was well calculated to make a deep impression

on the country. The clergy seem to have been fully alive to the importance of the crisis, and endeavored to crush out the growing spirit of heresy by unrelenting persecution. They found a most willing coadjutor in Sir Thomas More, to whose conduct in this matter we shall presently advert; and instead of bearing flags in procession, as in the days of Wolsey, the Protestants had now to feed the flames with their own bodies. But the energy of an Almighty Power was working within their hearts; and many whose courage failed them on their first apprehension, so that they were led to recant, were unable to bear the torture of a disquieted conscience, and boldly stepped forward to voluntary martyrdom. The best known of these was little Bilney, whose mental agony was touchingly described by Latimer in one of his sermons: "I knew that blessed martyr of God, what time he had borne his fagot, and was come again to Cambridge, had such conflicts within himself, beholding this image of death," (that is, his own sinfulness,) "that his friends were afraid to let him be alone; they were fain to be with him day and night, and comforted him as they could, but no comfort would serve. As for the comfortable places of Scripture, to bring them unto him, it was as though a man would run him through the heart with a sword." Poor Bilney significantly told his friends that "he would go up to Jerusalem;" and he did so in the smoke that rose from the fire that consumed him, although his own words had reference to the place of suffering rather than of glory. Stripes, bonds, and executions were plentifully administered, but all proved vain to arrest the progress of the disease.

It may be well now to turn to the other party in this quarrel, that we may see how their practice commended their faith. It is not too much to say that the nation, although as yet firmly adhering to the creed, had long been weary of the exactions and iniquitous lives of their spiritual pastors. The licentiousness, luxury, and idleness of the monasteries were notorious. The consistory courts had become intolerably oppressive, and some flagrant instances of wrong committed in them had aroused a vehement spirit of hostility. Accusations of heresy were brought against any persons who were obnoxious to the clergy; and summonses

to distant courts, and long bills of costs, were ruinous even to those who secured an acquittal. Non-residence at their benefices was almost universal among the beneficed clergy: indeed, the multiplication of pluralties made residence impossible; and "Wolsey himself, the Church reformer, (so little did he really know what a reformation meant,) was at once Archbishop of York, Bishop of Winchester, of Bath, and of Durham, and Abbot of St. Albans. What could be the public estimate of the clergy and their ecclesiastical fathers, when Latimer could venture to ask in a sermon at St. Paul's Cross: "Who is the most diligent bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know who it is; I know him well. I will tell you. It is the devil. Among all the pack of them that have cure, the devil shall go for my money, for he applyeth his business. Therefore, ye unpreaching prelates, learn of the devil to be diligent in your office. If ye will not learn of God, for shame learn of the devil."

A more complete view of the light in which the clergy were generally regarded at the eve of the Reformation is to be obtained from the "Petition of the Commons," containing a summary of the wrongs of which the people complained. This act of accusation is given entire by Mr. Froude, and comprises a long list of grievances, which include exorbitant fees, extortionate probate duty, first-fruits and other charges on induction to benefices, illegal imprisonment, and complaints about the mode of examination for heresy. There was a significant allusion to the conduct of certain ordinaries, "who do, daily confer and give sundry benefices unto certain young folks, calling them *their nephews or kinsfolk*, being in their minority and within age;" and the whole concluded with a prayer that the King would devise some remedy. The Petition was composed of certain specific allegations that had reference to notorious facts; but in reply to it, the bishops could only urge the theory of their position, and insist upon their right to exercise the powers they were wielding without prejudice from the acts of individual members, which should be arraigned and decided on the individual merits of each separate case. Mr. Froude justly remarks, that this reply "is no defense at all when the faults have become the rule, and when

there is no security in the system itself for the selection of worth, and capacity to exercise its functions."

These facts of the condition of the opposing Romish and Protestant parties ought to be borne in mind, if we would rightly estimate the causes which gave birth to the Reformation. We have endeavored to indicate the relative position of each side, and abundant illustration might be afforded from individual cases to strengthen the sketch which we have thus rapidly drawn. Of course the general statement of any great national movement is always largely qualified in the separate instances which go to make up its sum. There were cases, no doubt, in which the zeal of the Reformers was kindled by unworthy motives; there were cases in which the Romish clergy worthily filled the duties to which they were called; there were cases in which the monks in subsequent years showed equal firmness with the bravest of the Protestants, and endured the fires of martyrdom with a constancy that was worthy of a better cause. There can be no doubt that some of the Carthusians suffered as manfully as did Bilney or Barnham. There can be little wonder that the deaths of More and Fisher are still regarded as religious executions, although they were arraigned under a charge of treason. But when every allowance is made for such exceptions, the broad facts still stand out in strong relief, and no amount of special pleading can avoid the conclusion to which they inevitably lead us. This country did not shake off the yoke of Rome, merely because Henry VIII. wished to divorce Catherine of Aragon. No doubt the King's wishes in that matter were an element in the force by which the Reformation was effected; but a truer statement of the facts might be presented as follows. On the one side were *prestige*, wealth, power, the influence of precedent and custom, the vast and organized machinery of the most complete system that had ever been devised; but coupled with superstition, extortion, prodigality, and licentiousness, that had eaten out the heart of all true Christianity. On the other side were much confusion of words and thoughts, every imaginable disadvantage of worldly position or influence; but combined with "a thirst for some fresh and noble enunciation of the everlasting truth, the one

essential thing for all men to know and believe." These were the opposing parties; and aloof from them stood the great mass of the people hating the Romish clergy, but cherishing the Romish creed, until the efforts of the Christian Brothers in circulating the Scriptures, and the public exhibition of a Bible in every parish church, convinced the people that the ecclesiastical faith was little better than its practice, and then both fell together in one common ruin.

We can not pass from this branch of our subject, without entering our protest against Mr. Froude's assertion, "that the early Protestants did not bring forward any new scheme of doctrine;" or, if we could admit its truth in a qualified sense, we should still reject the conclusion which he endeavors to deduce:

"When I look through the writings of Latimer, the apostle of the English Reformation," says Mr. Froude; "when I read the depositions against the martyrs and the lists of their crimes against the established faith, I find no opposite schemes of doctrine, no 'plans of salvation,' no positive scheme of theology which it was held a duty to believe; these things were of later growth, when it became again necessary to clothe the living spirit in a perishable body. I find only an effort to express again the old exhortation of the Wise Man: 'Will ye hear the beginning and the end of the whole matter? Fear God, and keep his commandments; for that is the whole duty of man.'"—Vol. ii. p. 34.

Now if Mr. Froude intends merely to raise his voice against the substitution of an outward creed for a living, vital faith; if he only objects to "schemes of doctrine," when the acceptance of the symbol is deemed to suffice without a firm grasp of the truth signified therein; we should be content to subscribe to what he has written: but if he means more than this, we demur. It should be remembered that the faith of the early Reformers was naturally in a state of transition; that their minds were gradually awakened, point by point, to the falsity of doctrines which they once had firmly believed; and that in the case of many of them it was only after a long struggle that they were enabled to throw off the last remnants of the superstition in which they had been bound. Any complete "scheme of doctrine," therefore, was not to be looked for at so early a stage. But if we turn to the writings of Tyndale and Latimer, we shall not find them replete merely with exhortations to the practice of god-

liness. Mr. Froude mentions Latimer specifically, and we assert that Latimer's sermons abound in distinctive statements of dogmatic truth. Insisting as he does every where upon the necessity of evincing faith by practice, he yet insists no less firmly upon the plain declarations of Scripture; and the boldness with which he rebuked the vices of the age is not more marked than the uncompromising language in which he defines the tenets of the Gospel. We have been particularly struck by the clearness with which he unfolds the value and character of the atonement, a subject upon which his sermons might be studied with advantage by many theologians of our own day.

We deem the most successful part of Mr. Froude's History to be his vindication of Henry the Eighth's conduct to his wives. There are passages in that portion of his life which we are not prepared to defend, especially the divorce of Anne of Cleves; and it must be admitted that the King was exceedingly unfortunate in his matrimonial relations. But the main points of attack have generally been the divorce of Catherine of Aragon and the execution of Anne Boleyn; and it is in these two instances that the defense set up by Mr. Froude is most complete.

The question of Henry's divorce from Catharine of Aragon has usually been discussed of late years on the grounds of the King's private character. It has been assumed that the monarch was of a licentious disposition, that he had conceived an unlawful passion for Anne Boleyn, and that, in his determination to gratify that passion, he broke through every tie of policy and decency. It is not a little startling with such preconceptions to turn to the pages of cotemporary records, and to find that the sixteenth century was as unanimous in approving as the nineteenth has been in condemning the whole proceeding. "Not only did the Parliament profess to desire it, urge it, and further it, but all indifferent and discreet persons judged that it was right and necessary."

The story of the proceedings connected with the divorce is a long and painful one, and it would be difficult to bring out the various points involved in an article specially devoted to the subject; much less can we do it justice in the limited space now at our command. The interest of the whole nation in the question arose

from the uncertainty about the law of succession. The theory of the constitution, "not traceable to statute, but admitted by custom," had been that no stranger born out of the kingdom could inherit. "The descent in the female line, though not formally denied, had never in fact been admitted." If these dicta of Mr. Froude be correct, it will readily be seen that the succession to the throne was a matter of no small perplexity. The first principle would exclude the Scottish claimants; the second would shut out the King's daughter, the only surviving child of Catherine of Aragon. Modern notions on this subject, biased as they necessarily are by the fact that four female sovereigns have since worn the crown of England, are strangely at variance with the principles which prevailed in the sixteenth century. Up to the period when Henry VIII. was King, the country had demanded a capable ruler; and such weak sovereigns as Edward II., Richard II., and Henry VI., had been compelled to make way for more efficient men. With the miseries of civil war still fresh in their memories, with the knowledge that Henry's father had always refused to strengthen his title by advancing the claims of Elizabeth of York, with the consciousness that powerful factions still existed in the state, which might seek to advance their own private interests by supporting some rival claimant to the throne; and, besides all these elements of incertitude, "with the innumerable refinements of the Romish canon law, which affected the legitimacy of children, and furnished in connection with the further ambiguities of clerical dispensations perpetual pretenses for a breach of allegiance," it is no wonder if the nation eagerly desired that the King should have such issue as might lead to the secure establishment of a settled government, and avoid a recurrence of those calamities of which it had so recent and terrible experience.

These fears were not merely chimerical, nor are they pleas set forth by an ingenious advocate in support of a foregone conclusion. The party of the White Rose avowedly looked to the Countess of Salisbury as the rightful heir to the throne; and Giustiniani, the Venetian ambassador, was informed in 1516 that the Dukes of Buckingham, of Suffolk, and of Norfolk, each entertained hopes of the crown. Moreover, questions had been already

raised as to the Princess Mary's legitimacy, at the time when a negotiation was on foot for her marriage to a son of the French King. Were this difficulty removed, Mary's health had been delicate from childhood, and her mother was now too advanced in years to give hopes of any further offspring; one frail life alone then interposed between the country and a return to such perplexities as might involve it in ruin.

But the element of uncertainty in this most complicated matter had been introduced at a much earlier period. Political reasons had induced Henry VII. to desire that Prince Arthur's widow should be transferred to his younger son; but, from the very first, the step seemed hazardous. "The dispensation was reluctantly granted by the Pope, and reluctantly accepted by the English ministry." The objections seemed to gain strength subsequently, and the young prince was compelled formally to disown and renounce the betrothal. This denunciation was, indeed, withdrawn at his father's death; and Henry, yielding to the wishes of his council, renewed the engagement; but it is impossible to ignore these circumstances in any just estimate of the events that followed. And when, after a lapse of years, the disparity of age became more marked, and indifference had been succeeded by dislike, when all the male children of the marriage had perished by untimely deaths, and the anger of Heaven seemed thus to be visiting the error of their union, it is no wonder if the King lent a willing ear to the earnest representations of his ministers, and desired to adopt a course which would combine the national advantage and his own personal wishes.

That Henry was not merely influenced by passion was the opinion of the most unexceptionable witnesses. The legates wrote to the Pope that "it was mere madness to suppose that the King would act as he was doing merely out of dislike to the Queen, or out of inclination for another person; he was not a man whom harsh manners and an unpleasant disposition could so far provoke; nor can any sane man believe him to be so infirm of character that sensual allurements would have led to dissolve a connection in which he has passed the flower of youth without stain or blemish, and in which he has borne himself in his present trial so reverently and honorably." Whilst citing

this authority, we are not prepared to deny that the King's attachment to Anne Boleyn had also its effect upon his conduct. When so many and various motives combine to urge us to a certain line of action, who shall presume to assign to each its exact share of influence in regulating the whole? We question whether the King himself were conscious of the manner in which he was being guided, for nothing is more common than self-deceit when private inclination and public interest become identified. Enough has, however, been said to prove that no arbitrary off-hand judgment in so intricate a matter deserves to be received.

By whatever motives Henry was influenced, it is certain that he acted with much temper and moderation in his efforts to arrange the divorce. Sincerely attached to the Church of Rome, in whose defense he had broken a lance with Luther, there was nothing which he premeditated less than a breach with that Church or its temporal head. In the contest between the Pope and Charles V., he had been induced by Wolsey to support the former; yet both the prejudices of the nation, and its commercial prosperity were on the side of the Emperor; and he would gladly have arrived at some compromise by which he might maintain his friendship with both. Such a scheme at one time seemed feasible. It was suggested that Catherine should retire into a convent, the question of the marriage being left untouched, and that the King should receive a special dispensation, enabling him to marry Anne Boleyn. Year after year he waited patiently whilst the ecclesiastical courts had exhausted every device of chicanery and subterfuge, of evasion and delay; and neither the entreaties of his subjects, nor the advice of the French monarch, could induce him to precipitate matters, whilst any hope, however remote, of a solution yet remained. It was only when the most charitable interpretation could no longer be blind to the fact, that the Pope, who professed to be an independent judge in the suit, had really been gained over by one of the parties to the cause, that Henry at length cut the knot, and followed the course urged on him by his subjects.

Mr. Froude has entered very fully into all the circumstances that attended the negotiation, and leads his readers as pleasantly as is possible through the winding

maze of diplomacy that lackeyed its course. The impression produced by it on our mind has been most unquestionably favorable to Henry, when his conduct is compared with that of two other of the principal actors in the scene. The relationship of Charles V. to Catherine naturally placed him in a very embarrassing position. He was most anxious to retain the friendship of England, as important alike to his designs against the French and to the prosperity of his Flemish subjects; but, much to his honor, he determined to stand by the Queen. If he desired Catherine to sacrifice herself for the welfare of two vast nations, or if, misled by the reports sent to him from her party in this country, he erred in his expectations of stirring up a rebellion in England, he yet seems to have shown more real feeling in this transaction than we might have looked for from one whose general behavior was guided by a cold, calculating policy. But what are we to say to the demeanor of the Pope, or of Henry's ally, the gallant Francis the First? Granted, that the position of Clement was excessively perplexing. He was equally afraid to offend the Emperor, of whose power he had recently had so painful an experience, or the English King, whose support he desired to secure in case of future dangers. The old claim of infallibility still asserted for the Popedom was now brought at a most inconvenient season to be tested by the invincible logic of facts. "If the King's majesty," urged Gardiner, "and the nobility of England, being persuaded of your goodwill to answer, if you can do so, shall be brought to doubt of your ability, they will be forced to a harder conclusion respecting this see—namely, that God has taken from it the key of knowledge; and they will begin to give better ear to that opinion of some persons to which they have as yet refused to listen—that those Papal laws which neither the Pope himself nor his council can interpret, deserve only to be committed to the flames." To such reasoning there could be no satisfactory reply. Indeed, the Pope occupied a position from which it was disgraceful to retreat, and which it was impossible to defend; and so he took refuge in the common resort of weakness: he made promises and delayed their execution, trusting that some happy accident might release him from the difficulties by which he was

surrounded; or when pressed more closely, he would "twist his handkerchief, or weep, or flatter, or wildly wave his arms in angry impotence;" and so he passed through his destined period of occupation of the Papal throne, presenting the horrible spectacle of Christ's (so called) vice-regent upon earth in the guise of a "false, deceitful, and treacherous" ruler, to be succeeded by another infallible Pontiff, who should imitate him in his temporizing policy, denying in public the curses and excommunications which he had muttered in secret consistory, and which were pronounced (be it remembered) in the name of the God of truth, and only daring openly to hurl his anathemas when it was too late, and the bolts fell impotently short of their aim.

Yet even if our stern condemnation of Clement VII. and Paul III. must be qualified by the memory of the untenable post to which they had been called, no such extenuating circumstances can be pleaded in behalf of Francis the First. Smarting under the defeat of Pavia, and desiring at once to retrieve his honor and to wreak his vengeance on his rival, Francis spared no efforts to induce Henry to break with Charles, and promised him all the material and energetic support of a hearty alliance. In every step taken to promote the divorce, we may trace the agents of Francis working in furtherance of the designs of Henry; in every doubtful question his advice was prompt in recommending action, as though he would infuse something of his own audacity into his more prudent brother: and what was the issue when, in compliance with such counsel, the English monarch was irrevocably committed? Unable to resist the tempting promise of the Duchy of Milan for his second son—

"Francis, who had himself advised Henry VIII. to marry Anne Boleyn—Francis, who had declared that Henry's resistance to the Papacy was in the common interest of all Christian princes—Francis, who had promised to make Henry's cause his own, and three years previously had signed a treaty, offensive and defensive, for the protection of France and England against Imperial and Papal usurpations—sank before the temptation. He professed his willingness to join heart and hand with the Emperor in restoring unity to Christendom, and crushing the Reformation. Anticipating and exceeding the requests which had been proposed to him, he volunteered his services to urge in his own person on Henry the necessity of submit-

ting to the universal opinion of Christendom; and to excuse or soften the effrontery of the demand, he suggested that, in addition to the censures, a formal notice should be served on all Christian princes and potentates, summoning them to the assistance of the Papacy, to compel the King of England with the strong hand to obey the sentence of the Church."—Vol. iii. pp. 7, 8.

And such treachery was deliberately agreed upon by one who claimed to be the first gentleman in Europe, the knight, *par excellence*, of his time, without fear and without reproach.

The vindication of Henry's conduct in the divorce of Catherine, or at least the full statement of the reasons of state policy which conducted to it, have never been so fully and fairly stated as by Mr. Froude; but we owe him a still deeper debt of gratitude for the light which he has thrown upon the execution of Anne Boleyn. The received version of this transaction, Mr. Froude justly remarks, ought to serve as a warning against trusting any evidence which is not strictly cotemporary. For generations it has been habitual to regard Anne Boleyn's death as an iniquitous murder, wrought out by an unfounded charge of adultery, and sanctioned by a complaisant Parliament, in order to gratify the licentious caprice of her husband. In the violence of a great controversy that has raged around the discussion of her character, the opinions of partisans and foes have oscillated between the greatest extremes, and we need to pierce through the dust and din raised in the conflict before we can fairly scrutinize the narrative, or hope to arrive at a just decision.

There is no portion of Mr. Froude's narrative which exhibits more favorably his qualities as an historian than the last chapter of his second volume, which is devoted to Anne Boleyn's trial and death. As he calmly collects and arranges the testimony, to the Queen's guilt, he allows no expression to escape him which would rather befet the advocate than the judge; he only urges that we should not willingly suppose that the highest noblemen and the most honorable gentlemen of that day would be ready without scruple to give their countenance to an act of villainy from which we ourselves should recoil with horror. He points out how the whole proceeding advanced step by step, with all the observance of judicial forms;

so that if the Queen were really being ruined by a forged charge, Henry enacted his part with a horrible composure unexampled in the history of crime. What the evidence produced against Anne Boleyn was, we have no means of judging, for it has not come down to us; but we know she was condemned by the unanimous verdict of twenty-seven peers, over whom her uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, presided; whilst her own father, the Earl of Wiltshire, although absent at the trial of his children, yet was joined in the commission that passed sentence upon the other persons involved in the charge. The whole proceeding was a mournful tragedy; and Mr. Froude's sympathy is excited for the accused, so recently exulting in the triumph of her conquest of so puissant a monarch; and now, after an interval of only eight months, doomed to follow to the grave by a disgraceful death the lady whose heart she had so sorely tried. Very touching is the narrative of her wild and incoherent lamentations, intermingled as they were with the most trifling remarks, indicating that her mind was almost distraught by the sudden reverse in her fortunes; and our commiseration rises still higher as we read her last words ere her head falls beneath the fatal stroke. For the particulars of the whole story we refer our readers to Mr. Froude's account; but we can not refrain from quoting the wise and manly language with which he allows the curtain to fall upon the scene.

"To this end she had come at last, and silence is the best comment which charity has to offer upon it. Better far would it have been if the dust had been allowed to settle down over the grave of Anne Boleyn, and her remembrance buried in forgetfulness. Strange it is that a spot which ought to have been sacred to pity, should have been made the arena for the blind wrestling of controversial duelists. Blind, I call it; for there has been little clearness of judgment, little even of common prudence, in the choice of sides. If the Catholics could have fastened the stain of murder on the King and statesmen of England, they would have struck the faith of the Establishment a harder blow than by a poor tale of scandal against a weak, erring, suffering woman: and the Protestants, in mistaken generosity, have courted an infamy for the names of those to whom they owe their being, which, staining the fountain, must stain forever the stream that flows from it. It has been no pleasure to me to rake among the evil memories of the past, to prove a human being sinful whom the world has ruled to have been innocent. Let the blame rest with those who have

forced upon our history the alternative of a reassertion of the truth, or the shame of noble names which have not deserved it at our hands." —Vol. ii. p. 505.

There is no more interesting feature in our modern histories than the pictures which they present of the social condition of the country in past ages. The celebrated third chapter in Mr. Macaulay's first volume has been followed by others devoted to the same subject; and, rife in controversy as this branch of history must always be, it will ever be welcome to the readers. Perhaps it is that our human nature has broad sympathies with our forefathers, and we love to know how they thought and felt, and to trace the current of their daily lives. Perhaps it is that the public policy of a nation seems to affect us less nearly than the private every-day existence of those who have gone before us: we can draw a comparison between them and ourselves in this respect, and so seem to have a fuller comprehension of what they really were. Perhaps it is the consciousness that the lives of the monarch and his court had probably little direct influence upon the condition of the great mass of his subjects; and we would fain get an insight into the varied constituents which compose the great sum of a nation's existence. We would enter into the privacy of castle, and hall, and cottage: we would see the justice holding his session and the merchant at his business, and all the different craftsmen at their manual toil; and passing away from the city to the open field, we would visit the yeoman at his farm, and learn how husbandman and shepherd fared in the days when the light of the Reformation dawned. And Mr. Froude gives us some such glimpses. There is none of the vivid pictorial power with which Macaulay transferred to his canvas a representation of domestic life, that is equally astonishing for its general effect and for the elaboration of its minutest details. There is none of that sparkling rapidity of style which can dash in lightly a variety of incidents, and gathering them up with a masterly hand, produce the desired impression on the reader's mind so easily, that it is saved all the burden of thought, yet so successfully, that it retains a clear conception of the whole. Indeed, the plan marked out by Mr. Froude, of looking mainly to the statute-book for guidance, seems to have

cramped him more in this than in any other portion of his history.

In dwelling upon the social condition of England in the sixteenth century, it must be again remembered that it was an era of transition. "The paths trodden by the footsteps of past ages were broken up; old things were passing away, and the faith and the life of ten centuries were dissolving like a dream." It was natural, too, that at such a period men should exhibit the strongest conservatism in those minor matters which affected their own every-day domestic life, and, in the breaking of the fabric of habit which had been so laboriously constructed, should call upon the government to restore its breaches and to strengthen its walls. Let allowance be made for this tendency, and we shall perhaps be the less surprised that almost all the statutes relating to the social life of the time endeavored to force back the tide into the channel of medieval custom; in short, the whole bias of domestic legislation in Henry's reign was an attempt to restrain the inevitable change by legal enactments.

That it should then have been deemed possible to effect such a result by passing statutes, strange as it may appear to ourselves, was but natural to the sixteenth century. Every item of social life in the middle ages had been regulated by statute. The law interfered in every transaction, however minute, marked out the only course which was to be adopted, and threatened with severe fines and penalties any departure from its stern decisions. The relations between feudal lord and retainer, between the employer and the employed, between the buyer and the seller, between the landlord and the tenant, between the master and the apprentice, were all defined with strict precision. The law ordained what you might buy, the hour at which it might be purchased, and the price which was to be paid; it ordained what you might wear, the mode in which your dress should be shaped, and the trimmings with which it should be adorned; it ordained the conditions on which you might pursue a calling, the mode of your entrance upon it, and the remuneration which you should receive for its performance. Nothing escaped its supervision. Liberty, in the modern sense of the word, or the right to do as one likes with one's own, there was none.

It is very difficult to understand how such a state of things could ever have worked well; and the constant modification of the statutes, or their reenactment with more stringent penalties, would seem to indicate that from the earliest times they had failed to effect their purpose. The sumptuary laws, especially, and those which regulated the prices and the wages of labor, appear to have been habitually evaded; and in turning over the pages of the *Liber Albus* and similar works, we find a repetition of the same complaints, ever followed by the renewed application of the same remedy. Such a system was probably more tolerable during the Wars of the Roses, when the population was for a time stationary, and when commercial dealings were probably restricted within very narrow limits; but, in the altered circumstances of the country, it was no longer suitable, and a provident policy should surely have foreseen the coming change, and should have wisely and gradually guided the state into a new condition. Mr. Froude claims it as Henry's glory to have so piloted the kingdom in the reformation of religion; but he appears to consider it a like indication of wisdom that a resistance was offered to social change. We must, however, first state the case which Mr. Froude puts forward somewhat at length, and we will then urge the reasons which induce us to question, or at least largely to modify, his conclusions.

Mr. Froude sets forth in his own characteristic manner the advantages of the feudal system: "There is something truly noble in the coherence of society upon principles of fidelity. Men were then held together by oaths, by free acknowledgments, and mutual obligations, entered into by all ranks, high and low, binding servants to their masters, as well as nobles to their kings; and in the beautiful roll of the old language in which the oaths were sworn, we can not choose but see that we have lost something in exchanging these ties for the harsher connecting links of mutual self-interest. Again, in the distribution of the produce of the land, men dealt fairly and justly with each other; and in the material condition of the bulk of the people there is a fair evidence that the system worked efficiently and well." (Vol. i. pp. 18, 19.) We believe that the feudal system and

its much-boasted chivalry, with all its elaborate theory, derive very much the same kind of advantage from their remoteness from ourselves that distance is said to confer upon eastern cities; but, passing this by for the present, we proceed to Mr. Froude's account of wages and prices.

"The state of the working classes can be more certainly determined by a comparison of their wages with the prices of food. Both were fixed by Act of Parliament, and we have therefore data of the clearest kind by which to judge." These prices were as follows: Wheat averaged tenpence the bushel in the fourteenth century, but with excessive fluctuations; beef and pork were a half-penny a pound; mutton was three farthings; strong beer, such as we now buy for eighteen-pence a gallon, (we rather question this statement,) was then a penny a gallon. Rent was indeterminate; but Mr. Froude endeavors to approximate to it by quoting Latimer's well-known account of his father's farm. The whole case under this head is thus summed up:

"I am below the truth, therefore, with this scale of prices, in assuming the penny in terms of a laborer's necessities to have been equal in the reign of Henry VIII. to the present shilling. For a penny, at the time of which I write, the laborer could buy more bread, beef, beer, and wine—he could do more toward finding lodging for himself and his family—than the laborer of the nineteenth century can do for a shilling. I do not see that this admits of question. Turning, then, to the table of wages, it will be easy to ascertain his position. By the third of the sixth of Henry VIII. it was enacted that master carpenters, masons, bricklayers, tilers, plumbers, glaziers, joiners, and other employers of such skilled workmen, should give to each of their journeymen, if no meat or drink was allowed, sixpence a day for half the year, fivepence a day for the other half, or fivepence half-penny for the yearly average; the common laborers were to receive fourpence a day for half the year, for the remaining half threepence; in the harvest months they were allowed to work by the piece, and might earn considerably more; so that, in fact, (and this was the rate at which their wages were usually estimated,) the day-laborer received on an average fourpence a day for the whole year. Nor was he in danger, except by his own fault or by unusual accident, of being thrown out of employ; for he was engaged by contract for not less than a year, and could not be dismissed before his term had expired, unless some gross misconduct could be proved against him before two magistrates. Allowing a deduction of one day in the week

for a saint's day or a holiday, he received, therefore, steadily, and regularly, if well conducted, an equivalent of twenty shillings a week, and a holiday; and this is far from being a full account of his advantages. In most parishes, if not in all, there were large ranges of common and uninclosed forest land, which furnished his fuel to him gratis, where pigs might range, and ducks and geese; where, if he could afford a cow, he was in no danger of being unable to feed it; and so important was this privilege considered, that when the commons began to be largely inclosed, Parliament insisted that the working-man should not be without some piece of ground on which he could employ his own and his family's industry."—Vol. i. pp. 23-25.

We must find space for one more short quotation on the subject of legislative interference with trade, because Mr. Froude has exactly lighted upon the weak point of the system. He says: "The details of trade legislation, it is obvious, could only be determined by persons professionally conversant with those details; and the indispensable condition of success with such legislation is, *that it be conducted under the highest sense of the obligations of honesty.* But already in the twenty-fourth of Henry VIII. we meet with complaints of fraud. The old proverb, '*Quis custodiet custodes?*' had begun to verify itself, and the symptom was a fatal one." It should be added that Mr. Froude does not advocate the adoption of such legislative interference in our own day; but he regards it as a proof that a higher estimate was then taken of the dignity of labor, that workmen were treated as men, not as "hands;" and he considers unquestionably that their prosperity was greater than that of the same class at the present day.

Now it may, we think, at once be granted that ordinary farm-servants in those days were better off than are either Dorsetshire laborers or many others who are now employed upon the land. The condition of this particular class is a foul blot on our civilization; and the greater scarcity of labor, added to the fact that such servants commonly lived in their master's house, would raise their condition far above the poverty of the lowest class of our agricultural laborers. But, assuming Mr. Froude's estimate to be correct, we are sure that very few skilled workmen, *if well conducted*, would be ready to compound for twenty-eight shillings a week, steadily and regularly paid. There are, however, much stronger reasons for ques-

tioning the accuracy of Mr. Froude's estimate either of the general prosperity or of the contentment of the people under such a system of economic legislation.

For, first of all, it may be questioned whether it was successful at any period in our history. The whole narrative of these enactments abounds in reiterated complaints of their evasion or neglect. Human nature has been the same in all ages, and the temptation to act fraudulently in the days of the Plantagenets and the Tudors was as strong as it is under the sway of the House of Brunswick. The misconduct exposed in the twenty-fourth of Henry VIII. was no new thing; nor does the multiplication of difficulties in the reign of Elizabeth prove that the world had grown worse than under the regimen of her predecessors. The object of the Parliament in passing such measures may have been in many instances a laudable one; but even in so important a matter as the tenure of land, and one so fairly subject to regulation, we find that the most stringent statutes were evaded. And the law which forbade the conversion of arable into pasture-land, and the establishment of huge parks, had to be repeated in the reign of Elizabeth, at the special instance of Lord Bacon.

We gather a further hint from Mr. Froude's pages, that the statutes which regulated wages and the price of meat were hardly drawn up with strict impartiality. Both were unpopular. The former was disliked because it prevented laborers from obtaining better terms for themselves, yet it continued in force; the latter was repealed, but prices rose, and never fell again to what they had been. It is significant that of two regulations so nearly affecting their interests, one should have been retained, and the other removed, and both to the disadvantage of the working man. At the very time, too, when the demand for labor is said to have been "analogous to that of Australia or Canada at the present time," we hear complaints about the number of vagrant and sturdy beggars, and severe condemnation of the "abominable sin of idleness, the one hatefulest of offenses in all persons of whatever sex or age."

When all the relations between man and man had been thus strictly laid down in the statute-book, it was necessary, as Mr. Froude observes, that *things should be conducted under the highest sense of the*

obligation of honesty: but we much question whether a high standard of morality and honor was prevalent at this period. Indications are not wanting that the intercourse between superior and dependent was by no means arranged so justly as Mr. Froude would have us believe. It needed the strong arm of a powerful monarch to restrain his more wealthy subjects from oppressing their poorer neighbors; and the calamities which befell the nation under the rule of Henry's son, are a strong argument against "the highest sense of the obligation of honesty" having been widely extended in the days of the father. In one of his sermons, Latimer gives an instance of a perversion of justice which would be impossible in modern times.

"I myself," he says, "did once know where there was a man slain by another man in anger: it was done openly; the man-killer was taken and put in prison. Suit was made to the quest-mongers; for it was a rich man that had done the act. At the length, every man had a crown for his good will: and so this open man-killer was pronounced not guilty. So, they sold their souls unto the devil for five shillings, for which souls Christ suffered death: and I dare pronounce, except they amend and be sorry for their faults, they shall be damned in hell world without end."—*Sermons*, p. 380. Parker Society's Edition.

But not to rely too much upon an individual instance, there are other passages in Latimer's sermons that afford a stronger confirmation of our doubts as to the amicable relation between servant and lord. Does it not seem strange, in the case of a man whose bold denunciations of iniquity had shaken England from end to end, whose uncompromising exposure of Popish superstition had awakened so vehement anger, that it was only the personal protection afforded him by Henry, which saved his body from the flames; does it not seem strange that he should counsel his hearers to yield to the extortion of their masters, to endeavor to conciliate their good-will by timely presents and judicious offerings; to escape the bitterness of being openly despoiled of their goods, by the voluntary presentation of a colt or a calf to the lord, of a fat sucking-pig or a capon to the lady? There was no hesitation on his part to tell the rich and powerful plainly their duty in these matters. He could lay the lash as heartily upon the backs of unjust nobles as on those of unpreaching prelates. It surely must have

been from the sense that he was advising the commons to adopt the course which would most conduce to their advantage, that he employed such language: but it would be quite unintelligible in an age when so high a standard of public morality, as that current among ourselves, was commonly upheld.

But to our own minds a yet stronger proof remains. It is to be seen in the readiness of the people at any time to break out into open rebellion. The clergy were naturally disgusted at the treatment they had experienced, and would use all their influence to foment any rising spirit of insurrection. Monks and friars hurried about the country, stirring up the discontent, and fastening eagerly upon any pretext to excite a rising against the government. Many of the nobles, too, and of the country gentlemen, were on the same side; they inclined to a policy of conservatism, and regarded with undisguised aversion the revolution that was being effected in the Church, whilst in matters of secular policy they were opposed to the administration of Cromwell. Yet all these influences combined would have failed to stir up to open violence a people who were more prosperous than the working classes of the present day. Petitions might be quoted from Mr. Froude's pages, did our space allow, which enumerate the causes of the general disaffection, and set forth in earnest and pathetic language the misery under which the people groaned. When the great rebellion, called the Pilgrimage of Grace, was shaking the foundation of Henry's power, the vast mass of more respectable artisans seem to have sided with the rebels; whilst the Duke of Norfolk was ashamed of the vagabonds and cut-purses that thronged his ranks. We are quite persuaded that this readiness to join in open insurrection is a strong argument against that prosperity in which Mr. Froude so firmly believes.

It had been a grateful task to us to follow Mr. Froude's guidance through many after-scenes of Henry's eventful reign. We would gladly have said something on the suppression of the monasteries, of which we have a most interesting narrative, and one which goes far to disabuse the reader of the argument so often urged, that with all their faults the conventual establishments were regarded with general favor, and that the practical exercise of a liberal charity was held to cover a

multitude of individual faults. On the contrary, the complaints against them were loud and deep. The existence of so large a number of persons in a state of forced celibacy had resulted in grave evils, which had eaten into the heart of the society; and the flagrant scandals which prevailed would have necessitated the destruction of the smaller religious houses, even if the country had still remained in communion with the Papal see. No doubt cases of hardship occurred, where "religious men" who had faithfully fulfilled their calling were cast adrift, to the discomfiture of those to whose wants they had ministered, and whose sorrows they had soothed. No doubt, too, in the general disaffection that bore fruit in subsequent rebellions, the wrongs of the monasteries were put forward: when they had ceased to exist, the evils which they had generated were forgotten, whilst their advantages were missed, and retained in memory. The country gentleman, who had not obtained a grant of the abbey lands, loudly bewailed the fate of the abbot, who had been his personal friend, "the trustee of his children, and the executor of his will," and of the monks who would have taught his boys to read. But the Act which passed for their suppression was clearly the result of an impartial condemnation, "and the judicial sentence was pronounced at last in a spirit as rational as ever animated the English legislature."

From the period of Henry's final rupture with the Papacy, his kingdom was exposed to a series of dangers which it required no ordinary wisdom to overcome. Rent asunder as it was by treason and faction at home, almost always on terms of concealed hostility or open war with the neighboring kingdom of Scotland, and with Ireland in a state of chronic rebellion, which it seemed hopeless either to conciliate or subdue, it needed the highest caution so to manage the relations of England with the European powers, that no hostile army should give to any of the above-named opponents a weight which might have rendered it irresistible. Through what intricate shallows and over what sunken rocks the vessel was guided may be seen in Mr. Froude's narrative; and this branch of it involves an elaborate examination into the behavior of Cardinal Pole, which must irretrievably cut the ground from

under the apologies that have been advanced by Papal writers in his behalf. In open treason against the sovereign to whom he owed his education, who had nurtured him with a strong affection, and whose cause in the divorce of Catherine he had undertaken to promote, Pole endeavored to unite the sovereigns of Europe in a common crusade against Henry, and openly avowed that the Sultan himself was less culpable than the arch-heretic who now disgraced the English throne. To his calumnious pen may be traced most of those misstatements which Mr. Froude has detected and exposed: nor can we fancy that Romish authors will venture from henceforth to defend him on any other ground than that of being so devoted a servant to the Papacy, that he deemed any action justifiable which might promote its interest.

There are other telling episodes in Mr. Froude's narrative over which we would gladly have lingered. The trials and executions of More and Fisher, the strange conspiracy of the Men of Kent, the sufferings of the Catholic martyrs, the treason and rebellion of Kildare, the History of the Six Articles, of Essex's rebellion, the divorce of Anne of Cleves and the consequent fall of Cromwell, the adultery and condemnation of Catherine Howard, the French invasion of England, and the English wars in France and Scotland, each open up a separate vista abounding in matter of interest, and worthy of being discussed at greater length than we can possibly devote to their consideration. It would, indeed, be hard to find in the annals of English history a reign more replete with interesting topics than the period during which Henry VIII. occupied the throne; whilst the manner in which Mr. Froude handles each subject as it comes under his notice, gives it an additional zest, and carries the reader on with untiring satisfaction. Even when we differ from his conclusions, we can not fail to admire the manner in which they are set forth, the broad, manly style in which the sentences are cast, and the vigorous, healthy thought by which the volumes are pervaded.

Very amusing are the glimpses afforded us occasionally of the inner life of three centuries ago. Some of these are grouped together in the third volume under the head of *Illustrative Sketches*, whilst others are dispersed throughout

the narrative, and give it a vivid coloring. In one of these we are introduced to a Sunday at Windsor, where Latimer had been recently appointed one of the royal chaplains, and preached a sermon, much to the taste of the King, and greatly to the displeasure of swarms of doctors and friars. In another, we see four young fellows riding across country by night to burn the old wooden "rood of Dovercourt," and paying with their lives the penalty of an act which, a few years later, will be repeated amidst general applause. We are admitted to the private cell of the prior of the Carthusians; to scenes in the parish church at Woodstock, and the Lady Chapel at Worcester; and to the pew of two maiden ladies in the parish church of Langham, where the maidens were called by unmaidenly names for venturing "to read their matins together upon an English primer," and a commotion was excited against them for so harmless an act by a fellow fittingly named Master Vigorous. Perhaps the following incident may be thought of deeper interest, as illustrating the reception which the English Bible met with in country parishes:

"A circle of Protestants at Wincanton, in Somersetshire, wrote to Cromwell complaining of the curate, who would not teach them nor preach to them, 'but gave his time and attention to dicing, carding, bowling, and the cross-waster.' In their desire for spiritual food they applied to the rector of the next parish, who had come occasionally and given them a sermon, and had taught them to read the New Testament; when suddenly on Good Friday 'the unthrifty curate entered the pulpit where he had set no foot for years, and admonished his parishioners to give no credence to the new-fangled fellows which read the new books.' 'They be like knaves and Pharisees,' he said; 'they be like a dog that gnaweth a marrow-bone and never cometh to the pith, therefore avoid their company; and if any man will preach the New Testament, if I may hear him, I am ready to fight with him incontinent;' 'and indeed,' added the petitioners, 'he applyeth in such wise his school of fence so sore continually, that he seareth all his parishioners.'"—Vol. iii. pp. 237, 238.

In one respect Mr. Froude signally resembles the monarch whose reign he has so well described; and it is impossible to read his narrative without being struck with his admiration for bold and manly character. Wolsey, Cromwell, Aske, Latimer, and to a certain extent Reginald Pole, are allowed to share the respect

which Henry's uncompromising vigor has inspired in the writer's breast. And it is exactly the same principle of judgment which leads him to be somewhat less than just in his estimate of Cranmer and of Sir Thomas More. We are the more surprised at this low estimate of Cranmer, because there were many qualities in the man that are calculated to call forth regard. No doubt Cranmer thoroughly knew and feared his master, and his temporizing disposition enabled him to bend before the rising storms of passion; and he was thus permitted to fill a post to which he might have been thought to be hardly equal. But, in the long list of criminal trials which darkened Henry's reign, it was rarely that the Archbishop's voice was not raised on the side of mercy; and none but he ventured to intercede for Anne Boleyn or for Cromwell in the hour of their distress. That Henry appreciated Cranmer's worth, the well-known story of his deliverance from the plot which Gardiner had contrived for his ruin is a sufficient evidence. Few characters, we think, have received such scant justice as has that of Cranmer in modern times.

The vigor of Henry's administration reached to a terrible height as years rolled on, and stamped his whole reign with features which Mr. Froude has hardly, we think, sufficiently pondered. It was a reign of blood. From the fall of Wolsey to the King's death, the stream of human blood flowed down, gathering strength and velocity in its onward course. More, Fisher, Dacre, Aske, Cromwell, Exeter, Grey, Surrey, Anne Boleyn, Catherine Howard, the Countess of Salisbury, and a host of others, all perished before the same fell accusation of treason. We are not ignorant that each of these cases must be judged upon its individual merits; and Mr. Froude has labored, and in many instances successfully, to show that the sufferers deserved to die. We have already given some examples, in which we deem his vindication to be complete; but the great fact stands out in letters that can not be obliterated, that the same fatal destiny impended over friends and foes equally in this terrible epoch. To oppose the King or to serve him led to the same deadly issue, and one block awaited the insurgent whose open rebellion had been crushed, and the long-trusted servant whose policy had become distasteful.

So long as these facts stand out in bold

relief, without fuller shading to modify the effect than that which is supplied in these four volumes, we think it hopeless to anticipate a favorable verdict upon Henry's character. Of all the executions that marked this reign none seems to us less excusable than that of Cromwell. Let it be granted for the moment that he could be technically or fairly brought within the purport of the law against high treason: was no consideration due to the long-tried fidelity of an able minister, whose capacity had safely carried the kingdom through the most critical period in its history? Are past services, performed in a full sense of the responsibility which they involved, and the honest advocacy of measures whose advantage might be questioned by opponents, but whose peril to their promoter was undoubted, and whose issues had been signally successful, to have no weight against the errors that were laid to his charge? Granted that the law knows nothing of set-off, yet the King's prerogative to pardon was unquestioned, and often had Cromwell invoked its exercise on behalf of those who were far less deserving of mercy.

But Mr. Froude has unfolded the whole truth in a passing sentence. "With Henry," he says, "guilt was ever in proportion to rank: he was never known to pardon a convicted traitor of noble blood." Herein lies the essence of the stigma which will ever attach to Henry's name. In a period of transition, when the world was rocking to and fro, and men were floundering on dangerously to an unknown haven—when the minds of men were so unsettled that the difficulty of choosing a right course must have been greatly aggravated—when, in the indecision consequent upon such a state of affairs, the King himself was inconsistent, and swayed alternately to the progressive and retrograde parties in the nation—when the weakness of our poor human nature was more sorely tried than in any subsequent period of English story—one man sat aloof from all others, wielding an almost despotic power. It was not his fault that the crisis of opinion reached its height in his own time. It was not his fault that the condition of the nation demanded an intricate policy. We would not even assign it as his fault that he began by persecuting what he afterward accepted, or that he failed to understand the

principles of tolerance, which alone were consistent with his changed position. But it was and ever will be his crime, that, consistent in his inconsistency, as a man he had no pity, as a monarch he had no mercy; and the blood shed under all the forms of justice still cries out against him from the ground.

There is one grand lesson clearly written upon the transactions of this reign, a lesson which we wonder Mr. Froude has not set forth in the forcible language which he can employ with such striking felicity. In the strange events which finally led to the reformation of religion in this country—in the course forced most inevitably upon a reluctant monarch, who desired to break neither with

Rome nor Germany—alike in the grand tendency of events in their combination and in the minor incidents which marked their progress—in the foreign policy of Francis, which compelled Henry to conciliate the Lutheran princes, and in the so-called accident by which the courier was detained at the crisis of an arrangement between Henry and Paul III.—in all these we may clearly trace the guidance of an overruling Hand. In all the *puissance* of his power, Henry VIII. was but a creature in the hand of the Lord God of Hosts, who ruled the nations then as now according to the counsel of his own will, and to whose Providence we owe the inestimable blessing of an open Bible and a pure creed.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

DUELING IN MODERN TIMES.*

DUELING, so rife in France in the middle ages, was little less so in Great Britain. Edmund II. and Canute had set their subjects the example. The judicial combat is said to have been upheld in this country longer than any other. Nothing could exceed the ferocity exhibited at the encounter of William Count of Eu and of Godefroy Baynard, in 1096, in presence of William II. The Earl of Essex, defeated in a judicial combat by Robert of Montfort, in 1163, withdrew to the monastery at Reading. In a judicial combat, held at Dublin in 1583, one of the combatants, M'Gill Patrick, cut his opponent's (M'Cormack's) head off, and laid it at the feet of the judges. It was in vain that the Star Chamber fulminated its decrees against dueling in the seventeenth century; the fashion was rampant, and the practice of almost daily occurrence. The Puritans first set the example of disregard of the accepted laws of honor. Lord

Holles insulted Ireton to no purpose. He even pulled his nose, exposing to him that his conscience should know no wrong, if, having committed such, he should decline to give satisfaction for it. Cromwell's edicts did not prevent the Dukes of Buckingham and Beaufort fighting in a gravel-pit in Hyde Park.

The quarrels of Walpole, Pulteney, and Bolingbroke paved the way for those numerous and disastrous duels which had their foundation in political differences. There was a brief epoch connected with the stage—that of Quin, Garrick, and Macklin—peculiarly characterized by irascibility of temper and turbulence of disposition. Macklin caused the death of Hallam, it is said, by a poke, rather than a blow, with his stick. Pistols, canes, and fists were alternately had recourse to by these choleric Thespians.

The parliamentary debates of 1778 to 1780 were especially violent. Mr. Adam challenged Fox, and wounded him slightly. Pitt had to meet Tierney, and Lord Castlereagh wounded Canning.

A peculiarly melancholy event occurred

* *Histoire Anecdote du Duel dans tous les Temps et dans tous les Pays.* Par EMILE COLOMBERT. Collection Hertz, Paris: Michel Lévy Frères.

at Armagh, on the twenty-third of June, 1808. The twenty-first had been reviewed by General Kerr, when, after dinner, a trifling discussion arose between Captains Boyd and Campbell regarding some incident of the day, which led to words. The two gentlemen left the mess-room, and shortly afterward the sound of pistols was heard in an adjacent apartment. Rushing in, Boyd was found in a chair, mortally wounded. They had fought without witnesses, and by the light of two candles, stuck at each end of the room. Campbell took refuge for some time at Chelsea, but he soon gave himself up, and was hung (after in vain begging to be shot) at Armagh, in 1809. So much for a foolish, hasty word after dinner, and the neglect of those present to ward off evil consequences.

O'Connell having shot D'Esterre, who had undertaken to avenge the Dublin municipality, designated as "beggary" by the great agitator, he took a vow to fight no more; but as he continued to indulge in personalities just as much, his sons had to appear for him, till, after the cases of Lord Alvanley and Mr. Disraeli, they were bound over in heavy penalties to keep the peace. The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel may be both said, by their acts, to have lent their countenance to the practice of dueling as capable of avenging the insults of a political opponent. It is to be hoped that men will grow wiser in their time.

Lord Castlereagh's affair at Wormholt Scrubbs with M. Gérard de Meley, originating in the young nobleman having written a foolish letter to Madame de Meley, better known as Giulia Grisi, was altogether an absurd and stupid affair, which luckily terminated in a slight wound inflicted upon the enamoured viscount. The Cardigan, Reynolds, and Tuckey affair was scarcely more creditable to the parties concerned; but, so long as it is supposed that certain affronts can only be washed out by blood, Reynolds had no other alternative than to act as he did. Lord Cardigan had great good luck in the affair; he shot Harvey Tuckey, and did not even receive a reprimand, whilst Reynolds was deprived of his commission. It was, however, a complicated question, in which military discipline, personal pique, and irregularity of conduct were all concerned; but the spirit of justice would seem to demand that insult should

not be given where there is neither the will nor the power to give satisfaction, or the law should protect the person from such by making insults punishable, and that severely so. Some men would not then forget themselves so easily. Imagine Kelly, the father, loading his son's pistol when about to fight Lynch at Ballinasloe! Such an act was worthy of the worst times of the *Pré aux Clercs*.

This allusion reminds us of incidents of duel connected with those turbulent times when parish municipalities' processions, with their banners, and even the choristers of one church would fight against the choir of another. Richelieu had the misfortune to send the wrong notes, one addressed to the Marchioness of Nesle, the other to the Countess de Polignac. The contretemps opened the eyes of both ladies, and a meeting in the Bois de Boulogne was the result.

"You may fire the first," said the Countess, "and do not miss me, for I shall not miss you."

Madame de Nesle took aim, and cut a twig off a tree.

"Anger makes the hand shake," added Madame de Polignac, with the coolness of an accomplished duelist. And taking sight in her turn, she carried off the tip of Madame de Nesle's ear. The Marchioness fell as if killed on the spot.

Ney, as a young man, was about to fight a duel, when he felt himself pulled by his pigtail. It was his colonel, who had him removed to a dungeon. No sooner out of durance, however, than the future marshal had his fight out. His antagonist was a *maitre-d'armes*, and, like most of his class, a bully, who kept the whole garrison in hot water. Ney cut his right wrist, and disabled him for life. When he had risen to be a general officer, he was, however, considerate enough to grant the nuisance a pension.

An officer of the French Guard having received a slap on the face, stuck an immense piece of plaster, as large as the palm of his hand, on the spot, and then challenged the officer who had insulted him. A short walk of a few minutes' duration cost the officer a wound which laid him two months in bed. His antagonist took a pair of scissors from his pocket, and quietly cut a circle from off the black patch.

No sooner had the wounded man regained his health, than his servant an-

nounced a visitor with a black patch. He had to take another walk, and received a second wound. Another circumference was cut out of the black patch, and the proceeding was renewed till it was reduced to a mere speck.

"I have finished with my plaster," said the officer, on going out for the last time, "and now you shall be relieved from further persecution." And he killed him on the spot. The black speck was, we suppose, the concentrated point of honor.

The Duke of Brissac adopted a strange but successful device in putting down dueling in his regiment. He pretended to countenance the proceeding, but requested that his officers, before fighting, which they did almost every day, would report the circumstance to him. They agreed to this joyfully. Next day two made their appearance. The Duke inquired the cause of quarrel. As usual, it was a mere matter of foolish contradiction. "Certainly it is worth while fighting for such a matter," observed the Duke. And he gave them their congé. Next morning, at parade, the two officers were present. "What!" said the Duke; "the affair had no results, then?" "Excuse me, Colonel," said one, holding up his arm in a scarf, "I received a sword-wound." "Pooh! a scratch. And a question of etiquette, too! You must fight it out." So the officers had to fight again, and one of them received a wound that kept him confined three weeks to his bed. In the interval, several others applied for permission to fight, but the Duke would not grant it; they must wait, he said, till the first quarrel was settled. One day he met the wounded officer taking fresh air, and leaning on the arm of a friend. "What!" he said, "on foot again? Capital! Tomorrow you can fight again, and let this affair be finished with." The two officers met again, and both fell dead. The Duke then summoned before him those who had requested permission to fight, and he said he would grant them their wish, but it must be to only two at a time, and in each case he was determined to see the quarrel settled as in the instance that had just occurred. The lesson had its effect. The Duke received no more requests for permission to fight.

M. de Marcellus was a pious man. Being grossly insulted, he appealed to Richelieu, saying that some one had spat in his face.

"Go and wash yourself," simply observed the indignant minister. But the matter did not stop there. M. de Marcellus was elected one of the notables in 1768, and he found that no one would sit near him. He had not the courage to remain firm to his religious principles; he felt that he must wash off the affront in blood, and he challenged one of the deputies, only to be slain on the spot.

The Chevalier Saint-Georges, who was a half-caste, is said never to have met with any one who had a chance with him till he encountered that strange character, the Chevalier d'Eon, in London. The latter obtained an advantage over the Creole, having touched him seven times at a public "assaut d'armes."

Under the Assemblée Nationale a battalion of chasseurs took an oath to consider every attack made upon the patriotic members as a personal insult. Boyer, on his side, organized a kind of guard, who were designated as the "bataillon des spadassincides." The Revolution deified Reason and legalized spadassincide. But it soon found other cats to whip than duelists, and combats of man to man disappeared in the *melée* that followed, till the Empire arose, when all Frenchmen, being turned into soldiers, the entr'actes of war were filled up with duels. Officers fought merely to keep their hands in, and that in face of the fact that Napoleon held duelists in the greatest contempt. He punished General Destaing for having killed General Reynier in a duel. If duels were common under the Empire, there were few that presented any thing worthy of record. One of the most curious was one that had lasted nineteen years. It had its origin at Strasbourg. A captain of hussars, Fournier by name, and a "bretteur forcé," killed, under the most frivolous pretext, a youth of the name of Blumm, who was the only support of a family. The evening that Blumm was buried, General Moreau gave a ball, and he gave instructions to his aid-de-camp, Dupont, to refuse admission to Fournier. The latter, irritated, challenged the aid-de-camp for carrying out his general's orders, but luckily the latter came off best, and wounded the bully. But a month having elapsed, Fournier had so far recovered as to be able to call Dupont out again, and this time it was the latter's turn to be placed *hors de combat*. Being about to meet a third time, Fournier,

who used to amuse himself by knocking the pipes out of his brother officers' mouths when riding by, proposed pistols. But to this Dupont naturally declined to accede, and they fought once more with swords, both being slightly wounded. The two antagonists became generals without having ceased to fight whenever an occasion presented itself. One night Dupont arrived at a village in the Grisons, so poor that there was not an inn in the place. There was only a light in one lone hut. Dupont opened the door, and found himself face to face with Fournier.

"What you!" he said, gayly. "Well, then, we must have a bout with the sword."

And so saying, they set to work, conversing all the time. At length Dupont pierced Fournier's neck, and held him pinned against the wall at arm's length.

"Come, now," he remarked, "you must acknowledge that you did not anticipate that trick."

"Oh! I know one quite as good as that. When you are obliged to let go, I will give you one in the abdomen that will give your bowels fresh air."

"Thank you; but I shan't let go. I shall pass the night in this position."

"A pleasant perspective! Do you know that I am not at all at my ease?"

"Let go your sword, then, and I will let you go."

"No, not till I have disemboweled you."

Luckily the noise brought some officers in, who separated these inveterate enemies.

But after a lapse of time, Dupont wished to marry. This he could not very well do, so long as Fournier was alive. So he went to Paris to find him out.

"Aha! you here?" said Fournier. "We shall have another little bout, then."

"Yes," replied Dupont; "but listen to me for a moment first. I want to get married, but to do so I must get rid of you. So this time we will fight with pistols."

"What! are you mad?" said Fournier, astonished.

"No. I know your skill, but I propose to equalize the combat. There is a little wood near Neuilly. I propose that we go there, and that, after getting out of sight of one another, we shall track each other at our convenience."

"Agreed to. But don't think about

marriage, for I promise you you shall die a bachelor."

On the day appointed Fournier and Dupont entered the wood. Each advanced stealthily through the thicket, till their eyes met in the foliage. Each at the same moment rushed behind a tree. The position was a delicate one. Dupont passed the tail of his coat beyond the trunk. It was struck in a moment by a ball that whistled by.

"So much for one," said the General.

A few moments more elapsed, when, holding his pistol pointed with his left hand, as if about to fire, he pushed his hat out with the right. It was struck in a second.

"That is the last," said Dupont; and he walked, pistol in hand, right upon Fournier. "Your life belongs to me," he said, "but I will not take it."

"Just as you like," replied the hussar.

"Only remember this, I preserve the rights which I suspend to-day. And if ever you cross my path, I will shoot you like a dog."

And thus ended the long succession of duels, which altogether had been carried on for nineteen years.

Two generals of the Empire managed to fight six out of the hundred days of the Emperor's return. General d'Ornano was going to the Tuileries, when he met General Bouet, with whom he had had some slight misunderstanding. He, however, saluted him, but Bouet did not return it. Whereupon he turned back, and, addressing him, said:

"General, was it by mistake that you did not return my salute, or was it intentional?"

"It was not by mistake."

The next morning, without further explanation, the two generals exchanged balls. This was repeated for six days, till General Ornano received a ball, which perhaps prevented his being killed at Waterloo, and obliged him to use crutches for two years afterward. General Bouet was hit at the same time, but his life was saved by a five-franc piece that lay accidentally in his waistcoat-pocket. Money and watches have saved several lives in duels.

At the Restoration, scarcely a day passed without a meeting between Royalists and Imperialists. The insults chiefly took place beneath the wooden gallery (now the glass gallery) of the Palais

Royal, where a tread on the toes, or a push with the elbow, sufficed. An old Imperialist fire-eater, a certain Colonel Dufai, thus took in hand one day a youth of hereculean frame, Raoul by name, who wore the uniform of the Royal Guard; but, barely eighteen years of age, he was but little practiced in the use of arms. The parties merely adjourned to a street close by, that led upon the Louvre, and the combat began, but so great was the inequality of the parties, Colonel Dufai having disarmed his antagonist several times, that, to bring an impossible combat to a conclusion, he made the extraordinary proposition that they should be tied to one another with the exception of the right hand, in which should be a dagger, and that they should be thus placed in a hackney-coach with orders to drive twice round the place of the Carrousel. Two of the witnesses drove the vehicle, two others got up behind. First one cry of agony was heard, then another, and all was silent.

The accomplices drove the hack-horses furiously round the square. Two turns accomplished, they rushed to the carriage-doors. All was perfectly quiet within, and the two bodies lay still tied together in a pool of blood. Dufai, however, recovered. His adversary had struck him four times in the breast, and torn his face and chin with his teeth!

But such a horrible encounter did not cure him of his ruffianly propensities. His next victim was Colonel de Saint-Morys, of the Gardes du Corps; and he also wounded General Viscount de Montélegier grievously. At length, the police got hold of him on account of a pamphlet he had published. Condemned to a month's imprisonment, he was so roughly treated that he became violent; he was then thrown down, put in a strait jacket, and tied by the neck and feet like a madman, or a wild animal, as he was.

There have been literary as well as military bullies. Martainville used to arrogate to himself the right of insulting people in his journal, and that of killing them if they ventured to complain. This gave, however, a chance to the complainant, and was therefore, perhaps, preferable to the system pursued by certain hebdomadals in our own times of doing an author an injury, and if he complains, reserving to themselves the right of adding insult to it. Benjamin Constant, who

like M. de Montlosier, used to discuss the right of the conquering and of the conquered with sword as well as pen in hand, was called out by a zealous Royalist, Forbin des Issarts, at a time when he was so unwell that it was agreed to fight with pistols seated in arm-chairs. The two deputies aimed so dexterously that they did not even hit the chairs.

It is not altogether a safe thing to tread upon the ground of duelists still living, or both Great Britain and America would furnish us with some curious types. We shall content ourselves with extracts from M. Emile Colombery's *Histoire Anecdote du Duel*, and that gentleman throws the responsibility for modern instances back (except when otherwise indicated) upon M. de Campigneulle, author of a *History of Ancient and Modern Duels*. This explanation will attest what a lively sense we have of the unpleasantness of being tied to a man armed with a dagger in a hackney-coach, or let loose in a thick covert or a dark room with a man boiling over with murderous intent, whether armed with a revolver or a bowie-knife. Mr. Robert Bell and Lord Tullamore, for example, are said to have had words at the Kildare-street Club, in March, 1845. A meeting being appointed for five o'clock the ensuing morning in Phenix Park, Mr. Bell and his second arrived there at the time agreed upon, and were followed by a close carriage, from which, instead of the opponent and his friend, issued two police-officers. Lord Tullamore and his friend Captain Lindsay had been arrested on issuing forth from the club on the same morning. Among the exceptions indicated as not derived from M. de Campigneulle are such indiscreet writers as M. Véron, who tells a tale of M. Thiers engaging himself, before coming up to Paris, to some village beauty, and having in consequence to fight a ridiculous duel with a justly indignant parent. The ball in fact, passed between the legs of the future minister and historian, and many were the jokes at his expense. General Gourgaud called out Count Philip of Ségur, for certain passages in the latter's well-known *History of the Campaign of Russia*, but nothing came of it. The ex-aid-de-camp and author were not animated with the same demoniacal fury that induced two officers, after wounding one another in single combat, to lie down and

finish the affair on a mattress! M. Beaupoil de Sainte-Aulaire had to fight two duels, for a squib entitled, "Oraison Funèbre du Duc de Feltre." He got safe through the first, which was with the son of the deceased, but was killed in the second by a cousin—M. de Pierrebourg. No sympathy was expressed at his fate by his literary cotemporaries, for he was sent out of the world with all the requisite formalities!

The Court of Appeal decided in four cases of homicide by duel—in one of which, that of Roqueplane and Durré, the first had fired in the air, and the second insisted he should fire at him, which he did, and missed him, whereupon Durré shot his antagonist died—that in all duels there is previous agreement, a common intention, reciprocity and simultaneity of attack and defense, and such a combat, when it takes place with equal chances on one side as the other, without disloyalty or perfidy, does not come within the cases provided for by the law. But in the case of Triens, who had killed his antagonist at six paces, he was condemned, as having been the provoker, and having fired the first, and that at a distance at which he was sure of hitting. In another instance, a verdict was given because one of the parties had aimed too long a time. As to Durré, he was also punished for having killed his antagonist at a time when he no longer ran any danger.

A distinguished and well-known notary of Paris, while breakfasting at the Café de Foy, indulged in some loud animadversions upon Marshal Marmont's conduct at Essonne.

"Sir, you shall give me satisfaction," said suddenly another consommateur present, and who hastily approached the table with his moustaches erect in anger.

"Are you Marshal Marmont?" quietly inquired the notary.

"I have not that honor; but I am his aid-de camp."

"Give me your card then, sir; I will send you my head-clerk."

Jules Janin declares that nothing succeeded in life with M. Mira after he had slain—albeit "with all the formalities"—the young poet Dovalle in a duel. He lost his situation, lost his fortune, and dragged an amiable young woman with him down into the dregs of poverty and obscurity. Jules Janin also relates a story of a young man of the name of Sig-

nol, who began his literary career by a successful piece at the Porte St. Martin. Unfortunately he had a bad temper. Being at the Italian Opera, he took a seat vacated between acts, but which was shortly afterward claimed by a young man who happened to be the officer on duty that night, and who asked for his seat with perfect politeness. Signor, however, not only refused to give up the seat, but struck the officer, which done, he went away, leaving his card. The officer sent his report at night. "Nothing new, but the officer on duty received a slap in the face." The colonel wrote on the margin of the report: "I give the officer on duty congé for to-morrow." Next day a carriage appeared at M. Signol's door to convey him to Vincennes. M. Signol was a practiced swordsman; it was the first time that the young man who had been insulted had been engaged in single combat. Yet the struggle was not of long duration. In a few minutes Signol received his antagonist's sword right in the heart.

The revolution of 1830 was, at the time, generally discussed with a pistol or a sword in the hand. Eugène Briffault, of the *Corsaire*, opened the ball, on the occasion of the arrest of the Duchess of Berri, with a Royalist, but got a wound for his pains. This was followed by a general rising of the Legitimist party against the Republicans. Godefroi Cavaignac, Marrast, and Garderin took the lead in challenging the opposite party. Armand Carrel and Roux-Laborie were, however, the first to meet. Roux-Laborie received two sword-wounds in the arm, but Armand Carrel was struck in the abdomen when stretching out. The whole of the Liberal party expressed their sympathy, nor was the effervescence cooled down till their hero got better.

General Bugeaud and Dulong also fought on the question of the Duchess of Berri, when the latter received a ball just above the left eye, after which he never spoke a word. The Marquis of Dalma-tia and M. de Briquerville, wearied with an ineffectual struggle with swords, were separated by their seconds when about to seize one another by the throat. M. Louis Veuillot, when taking his first flights in the art of apostrophizing people, had to fight two duels: one with an actor, the other with the editor of a republican paper, the *Journal de Rouen*.

Mery practiced a piece of consummate mysticism upon the Marseillais. A sarcophagus having been discovered near the city of the Phœceans, a letter appeared upon the subject in the *Messenger*, signed Marcuredati. It was replied to in the *Mistral* by another archaeologist, by name Biffi. The correspondence grew so animated that the police were put on the look-out; but notwithstanding their precautions, a funeral oration on Marcuredati appeared in the *Messenger*, signed Neroni. The affair created a great sensation, and a monument was erected to the memory of the fallen archaeologist. Mery laughed in his sleeve, for he was Marcuredati, Biffi, and Neroni, all in one.

Imagine what were the delights of editorial responsibility when such a person was so certain of receiving a challenge for every manuscript returned, that at length he had to stereotype his answer:

"Sir, I have read your manuscript with the greatest attention, and I beg to decline it. I leave the choice of arms with you."

Marshal Soult being insulted by General Hulot, who had been placed on half-pay, the former said to him:

"General, you forget yourself. You forget also, that I only fight with cannon-balls."

M. Véron has had the misfortune all his life of being the target of one publication or another. He fought the responsible editor of one journal in the presence of eight witnesses, four on each side; and then the editor of the *Dandy*, with only one witness each. M. Raspail, who openly expressed the most supreme contempt for duelists, allowed himself to be exasperated into accepting a challenge. M. Gisquet, prefect of the police, challenged the editor of the *Courier* for having designated one of his official acts as imbecile. A public man would have enough to do in this country if he had to fight every man with a pen in his hands who designated his acts or sayings as stupid. Armand Carrel was one of the seconds, and the matter was quietly arranged. After the "Tour de Nesle" had been played for two years, M. Gaillardet claimed a demi-paternity. M. Alexandre Dumas declared that he was the only father. A meeting was the result, which ended, we believe, in a déjeûner. The court however, decided that the bantling had two parents.

M. Mary-Lafon was bathing in the

Marne one day, a Mr. M. G. near him. The latter suddenly disappeared. M. Lafon dived after him and brought him up again. Restored to his senses, the delivered overwhelmed his deliverer with expressions of gratitude. M. Lafon, to get rid of such excessive demonstrations, proposed an adjournment to a house of refreshment. But this only made matters worse. M. G. called him his father and his saviour, and persisted in publicly embracing him. Lafon, annoyed beyond bearing, threw a plate of strawberries at M. G., who retorted with a water decanter. A meeting was the consequence. After a first harmless discharge of pistols, M. Lafon inquired if the other would persist in his filial demonstrativeness.

"O mon père!" was the only reply.

"Load the pistols again, then," said Lafon. Another fire was exchanged with the same happy results.

"O mon père!" exclaimed the incurable M. G., as he rushed over the interval that separated the combatants, and threw himself into the arms of M. Lafon. There was no resisting such an energy of gratitude. The combat was obliged to be postponed *sine die*.

M. Louis Veillot fought his third duel the same year. That was in 1834. Two shots were exchanged, but without any untoward results.

Villemot, in his *Vie à Paris*, relates an anecdote of a certain Legitimist bully, Choquart by name, who is said to have been subsidized by the Count de Chambord. He had gone to provoke a certain contractor to fight a duel at a time when the person in question was engaged in pumping water. He took the bully under his arm and pumped upon him.

"Can you imagine such a rascal?" Choquart would say. "I went as a gentleman to propose an affair of honor, and he pumped upon me!"

"But the wretch!" some one would venture to observe, "did he pump a long time?"

"For a quarter of an hour, sir, and I could not move. The rascal was as strong as an Auvergnat."

This man—it is to be hoped the last of his order—was always getting into ridiculous positions. "After you, sir, with the *Quotidienne*," he would say, going into a café. "I beg your pardon," the other would reply, "it is the *Constitutionnel* that I am reading." "I suppose you

mean to say I have told a lie?" the bully would retort, seeking a quarrel. Or he would say: "Sir, you are looking at me in an impertinent manner." "I, sir? I did not even notice you." "Then you mean to say I lie?"

Being at a masked ball one carnival, Choquart got into a quarrel with a Turk. Cards were exchanged. Next morning, our bretteur called, and found that his opponent was a linen-draper.

"Monsieur Ballu!" shouted out the duelist, walking into the shop.

A young and pretty wife presented herself: "At your service, sir!"

"My name is Choquart. I come to settle an affair."

"My husband is ill, sir. He has been attacked with spitting of blood. The doctors say he can not live six months."

"Well, madame," said Choquart, "I am a good fellow. I will call again in six months, and if he has deceived me, beware!"

The six months elapsed, Choquart presented himself, accompanied by Villemot, the narrator of the scene. M. Ballu was busy in his shop, in excellent health.

"Just so," said M. Choquart; "I expected as much. You have been laughing at me."

"Monsieur Choquart," exclaimed the draper, a little embarrassed, "I assure you I have been very ill. But I will never play the Turk again. You must really forget the past. It was carnival time."

"Not quite so quick, if you please," said Choquart. "You propose an apology. It must be in form."

"I really know nothing about forms, but I have a leg of mutton with haricots, and if you and your friend will do me the honor to dine with me, I shall be delighted, and so will my wife. Aglaé dear!" Aglaé not coming at the moment, the draper continued: "And I have some Madeira, M. Choquart; I should like to have your opinion about it."

"You have Madeira!" exclaimed Choquart, losing all command of himself. "You have no such thing. I only drank one glass of Madeira in my life, and that was at the Tuileries."

"Dame," said the merchant, terrified, "if I have no Madeira, I have a leg of mutton with haricots. Will you come and see it?"

Choquart allowed himself to be soften-

ed: "A leg of mutton, perhaps, but no jack!" he muttered.

"Yes, and an authentic jack," continued the draper. "Walk this way."

Choquart enjoyed his mutton, did not even pull faces at his sham Madeira, and made himself so far agreeable as to make the blood of his host and hostess run cold at the narrative of his dueling exploits.

At a supper of well-known characters, among whom were Bouffé, Eugène Briffaut, Armand Marrast, Villemot, and others, one Mouton had the misfortune to speak of Charles X. as a "vieux cornichon." Choquart insisted upon immediate chastisement, but at this moment he remembered that he owed Mouton five francs. "What a pity," he exclaimed, "I can not thrash him till I have paid him his five francs! Who will lend me five francs?" Naturally, every one declined for such a purpose. Bouffé, to keep the joke up, persuaded Mouton that he would never be safe until he had lent Choquart a hundred francs, which the latter never would be able to pay. Choquart took the money, saying: "It is the same thing; when I get my allowance I shall pay you, and you shall have your beating." But Choquart never came up to this fabulous disbursement. Latterly his greatest passions could be assuaged by the offer of a "petit verre!"

Of all the duels of recent times in Paris, none created so great a sensation as that of Emile de Girardin and Armand Carrel. The affair had its origin simply in the fact that the former had started a paper at forty francs a year. The combatants were placed at forty paces, with liberty to approach within twenty. Armand Carrel fired after advancing ten. M. de Girardin had only advanced three or four, when he fired, and both pistols went off at the same time.

"I am hit in the thigh," exclaimed M. de Girardin.

"And I in the groin," said Carrel.

He had strength, however, to take a seat. As he was carried by his friends past the editor of the *Presse*, "Do you suffer much, Monsieur de Girardin," he inquired.

"I only hope you do not suffer more than I do," was the reply.

The death of Armand Carrel produced an intense sensation, and has done much to diminish the passion for dueling on the

Continent. M. Emile de Girardin was besieged with applications from persons anxious to revenge the publicist, but he placed the matter in the hands of his friends, who wisely declared that after so sad a catastrophe, he, M. de Girardin, was not bound to accept of further challenges on the same account.

In 1841, M. Granier de Cassagnac was fined a hundred francs and expenses for inflicting a pistol-wound, in a duel, upon M. Lacrosse, now a senator. The Marquis de Calvière and the Duke d'Uzès received each a sword-wound in a duel brought about by the one calling the other a Pritchardist, when that sad affair was at its height.

In the affair Dujarier and Beauvallon, in reality that of the *Globe* against the *Presse*, and in which the former lost his life, Beauvallon was tried and acquitted; but it having been proved that Beauvallon and M. d'Ecqueville had declared that the pistols had not been tried, whereas M. Arthur Bertrand showed that Dujarier's pistol had been recently discharged before the duel took place, the one was condemned to ten, and the other to eight years' imprisonment. Strange inconsistency of the law upon dueling! It was upon the occasion of this trial, which

took place at Rouen, that Alexandre Dumas was cross-examined:

"Who are you?"

"Alexandre Dumas Davy, Marquis de la Paillerie."

"Your profession?"

"I would say dramatic author, if I was not in the country of Corneille."

Upon which the President cynically observed:

"There are degrees, according to the age we live in."

We might continue our illustrations *ad infinitum*. Germany, Austria, Prussia, Belgium, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and America, are all made to contribute their quota of incidents. But still, France surpasses all other nations in the propensity for dueling. The point of honor extends even to the Church.

M. Olivier, Bishop of Evreux, was conversing one day with Monseigneur Affre, Archbishop of Paris, upon the inconsistency and imperfection of the law in the matter of dueling:

"But," said the Bishop to Monseigneur Affre, "if any one was to slap your face, what would you do?"

"Monsieur," replied the Archbishop, "I know what I ought to do, but I do not know what I should do."

From Fraser's Magazine.

G O N E , G O N E , G O N E .

EDGAR ALLAN POE thought the most touching of all words, *Nevermore*; which, in American fashion, he made one word. American writers do the like with *Forever*, I think with bad effect. Ellesmere, in that most beautiful story of *Gretchen*, tells of a sermon he heard in Germany, in which "that pathetic word *verloren* (lost) occurred many times." Every one knows what Dr. Johnson wrote about *The Last*. It is, of course, a question of individual associations, and how it may strike different minds; but I stand up for the unrivaled reach and pathos of the short word GONE.

There is not very much difference, you see, between the three words. All are on the suburbs of the same idea. All convey the idea of a state of matters which existed for a time, and which is now over. All suggest that the inmost longing of most human hearts is less for a future, untried happiness, than for a return, a resurrection, beautified and unalloyed with care, of what has already been. Somehow, we are ready to feel as if we were safest and surest with *that*.

It is curious, that the saddest and most touching of human thoughts, when we run it up to its simplest form, is of so

homely a thing as a material object existing in a certain space, and then removing from that space to another. *That* is the essential idea of *Gone*.

Yet, in the commonest way, there is something touching in that—something touching in the sight of vacant space, once filled by almost any thing. You feel a blankness in the landscape, when a tree is gone that you have known all your life. You are conscious of a vague sense of something lacking when even a post is pulled up that you remember always in the center of a certain field. You feel this yet more when some familiar piece of furniture is taken away from a room which you know well. Here that clumsy easy-chair used to stand; and it is gone. You feel yourself an interloper, standing in the space where it stood so long. It touches you still more to look at the empty chair which you remember so often filled by one who will never fill it more. You stand in a large railway station: you have come to see a train depart. There is a great bustle on the platform, and there is a great quantity of human life, and of the interests and cares of human life, in those twelve or fourteen carriages, and filling that little space between the rails. You stand by and watch the warm interiors of the carriages, looking so large, and so full, and as if they had so much in them. There are people of every kind of aspect, children of old folk, multitudes of railway rugs, of carpet-bags, of portmanteaus, of parcels, of newspapers, of books, of magazines. At length you hear the last bell; then comes that silent, steady pull, which is always striking, though seen ever so often. The train glides away: it is gone. You stand, and look vacantly at the place where it was. How little the space looks; how blank the air! There are the two rails, just four feet eight and a half inches apart; how close together they look. You can hardly think that there was so much of life, and of the interests of life, in so little room. You feel the power upon the average human being of the simple, commonplace fact, that something has been here and is gone.

Then I go away, in thought, to a certain pier: a pier of wooden piles, running two hundred yards into the sea, at a quiet spot on a lovely coast, where various steam-vessels call on a summer day. You stand at the seaward end of the pier,

where it broadens into a considerable platform; and you look down on the deck of a steamer lying alongside. What a bustle; what a hive of human beings, and their children, and their baggage, their hopes, fears, and schemes, fills that space upon the water of a hundred and fifty feet long and twenty-five wide! And what a deafening noise, too, of escaping steam fills the air! Men with baggage dash up against you; women shrilly vociferate above the roar of the steam; it is a fragment of the vitality and hurry of the great city carried for a little to the quiet country place. But the last-rope is thrown off; the paddles turn; the steamer moves—it is gone. There is the blank water, churned now into foam, but in a few minutes transparent green, showing the wooden piles, incrustated with shells, and with weeds that wave about below the surface. There you stand, and look vaguely, and think vaguely. It is a curious feeling. It is a feeling you do not understand except by experience. And to a thoughtful person a thing does not become commonplace because it is repeated hundreds of thousands of times. There is something strange and something touching about even a steamboat going away from a pier at which a dozen call every day.

But you sit upon the pier, you saunter upon the beach, you read the newspapers; you enjoy the sense of rest. The day wears away, and in the evening the steamboat comes back again. It has traveled scores of miles, and carried many persons through many scenes, while you were resting and idling through these hours; and the feeling you had when it was gone is effaced by its return. The going away is neutralized by the coming back. And to understand the full force of *Gone* in such a case, you must see a ship go, and see its vacant space when it is gone, when it goes away for a long time, and takes some with it who go forever. Perhaps you know by experience what a choking sensation there is in looking at an emigrant vessel clearing out, even though you have no personal interest in any one on board. I have seen such a ship depart on her long voyage. I remember the confusion and hurry that attended her departure: the crowded deck, thronged with old and young; gray-headed men bidding farewell to their native land; and little children who would carry but dim

remembrances of Britain to the distant Australian shore. And who that has witnessed such a scene can forget how, when the canvas was spread at length, and the last rope cast off, the outburst of sobs and weeping arose as the great ship solemnly passed away? You could see that many who parted there, had not understood what parting means till they were in the act of going. You could see that the old parents who were willing, they thought, to part from their boy, because they thought his chances in life were so much better in the new country, had not quite felt what parting from him was, till he was gone.

Have you ever been one of a large gay party who have made an excursion to some beautiful scene, and had a picnic festival? Not that such festivals are much to be approved; at least to spots of very noble scenery. The noble scenery is vulgarized by them. There is an inconsistency in seeking out a spot which ought to awe-strike, merely to make it a theater for eating and drinking, for stupid joking and laughter. No; let small-talk be manufactured somewhere else. And the influence of the lonely place is lost, its spirit is unfelt, unless you go alone, or go with very few, and these not boisterously merry. But let us accept the picnic as a fact. It has been, and the party has been very large and very lively. But go back to the place after the party is gone; go back a minute after for something forgotten; go back a month or a year after. What a little spot it is that you occupied, and how blank it looks! The place remains, but the people are gone; and we so lean to our kind, that the place alone occupies but a very little part in our recollection of any passage in our history in which there were both scenery and human life. Or go back after several years to the house where you and your brothers and sisters were children together, and you will wonder to find how small and how blank it will look. It will touch you, and perhaps deeply; but still you will discern that not places, but persons, are the true objects of human affection; and you will think what a small space of material ground may be the scene of what are to you great human events and interests. It is so with matters on a grander scale. How little a space was ancient Greece—how little a

space the Holy Land! Strip these of their history and their associations, and they are insignificant. And history and associations are invisible; and at the first glimpse of the place without them the place looks poor. Let the little child die that was the light and hope of a great dwelling, and you will understand the truth of the poet's reflection on the loss of his: " 'Twas strange that such a little thing, Should leave a blank so large!"

There is no place perhaps where you have such a feeling of blankness when life has gone from it as in a church. It is less so, if the church be a very grand one, which compels you to attend to itself a good deal, even while the congregation is assembled. But if the church be a simple one, and the congregation a very large one, crowding the simple church, you hardly know it again when the congregation is gone. You could not believe that such a vast number of human beings could have been gathered in it. The place is unchanged, yet it is quite different. It is a curious feeling to look at the empty pulpit where a very great preacher once was accustomed to preach. It is especially so if it be thirty years since he used to preach there; more so, if it be many centuries. I have often looked at the pulpit whence Chalmers preached in the zenith of his fame; you can no more bring up again the excited throng that surrounded it, and the rush of the great orator's eloquence, than when standing under a great oak in December you can call up plainly what it looked in June. And far less, standing under the dome of St. Sophia, could one recall as a present reality, or as any thing but a dreamy fancy, the aspect and the eloquence of Chrysostom, ages since gone.

The feeling of *blankness*, which is the essential thing contained in the idea suggested by the word *Gone*, is one that touches us very nearly. It seems to get closer to us than even positive evil or suffering present with us. *That* fixes our attention: it arouses us; and unless we be very weak indeed, awakens something of resistance. But in the other case, the mind is not stimulated; it is receptive, not active; and we muse and feel, vacantly, in the thought of something gone. You are, let us suppose, a country parson: you take your wife and children over to your railway-station, and you see

them away to the seaside, whither you are not to follow for a fortnight: then you come back from the railway-station, and you reach home. The house is quite changed. How startlingly quiet it is! You go to the nursery, usually a noisy place: you feel the silence. There are the pictures on the walls; there the little chairs: there some flowers, still quite fresh, lying upon a table, laid down by little hands. Gone! There is something sad in it, even with the certainty of soon meeting again—that is, so far as there is certainty in this world. You can imagine distinctly, what it would be if the little things were gone, not to return. *That* is the GONE consummate. All who have heard it know the unutterable sadness of the farewell of the Highland emigrant leaving his native hills. You would not laugh at the bagpipes, if you heard their wild, wailing tones, blending with broken voices joining in that *Macrimmon's Lament*, whose perpetual refrain is just the statement of that consummate GONE. I shall not write the Gaelic words, because you could not pronounce them; but the refrain is this: *We return, we return, we return no more!* Yes; Gone forever! And all to make room for deer! There was a man whose little boy died. The father bore up wonderfully. But on the funeral day, after the little child was laid down to his long rest, the father went out to walk in the garden. There, in a corner, was the small wheelbarrow with its wooden spade; and the footprints in the earth left by the little feet that were gone! You do not think the less of the strong man that at the sight he wept aloud: wept, as Some One Else had wept before him. You may remember that little poem of Longfellow's, in which he tells of a man, still young, who once had a wife and child: but wife and child were dead. There is no pathos like that of homely fact, which we may witness every day. They were gone; and after those years in their company, he was left alone. He walked about the world, with no one to care for him now, as they had cared. The life with them would seem like a dream, even if it had lasted for years. And all the sadder that so much of life might yet have to come. I do not mind about an old bachelor, in his solitary room. I think of the kind-hearted man, sitting in the evening in his chair by the fireside: once, when he sat down there,

little pattering feet were about him, and their little owners climbed upon his knee. Now, he may sit long enough, and no one will interrupt him. He may read his newspaper undisturbed. He may write his sermon, and no sly knock come to the door; no little dog walk in, with much barking quite unlike that of common dogs, and ask for a penny. Gone! I remember, long ago, reading a poem called the *Scottish Widow's Lament*, written by some nameless poet. The widow had a husband and two little children, but one bleak winter they all went together:

"I ttle whiles to spin,
But wee, wee patterin' feet,
Come runnin' out and in,
And then I just maun greet:
I ken it's fancy a'
And faster flows the tear,
That my a' dwined awa'
Sin' the fa' o' the year."

You have said good-by to a dear friend who has staid a few days with you, and whom you will not see again for long: and you have, for a while, felt the house very blank without him. Did you ever think how the house would seem, without yourself? Have you fancied yourself gone; and the place, blank of that figure you know? *When I am gone*; let us not say these words, unless seriously; they express what is, to each of us, the most serious of all facts. *The May Queen* has few lines which touch me more than these:

"For lying broad awake I thought of you and
Effie dear;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer
here"

Lord Macaulay, a few years before he died, had something presented to him at a great public meeting in Scotland; something which pleased him much. "I shall treasure it," he said, "as long as I live; and *after I am gone*."—There the great man's voice faltered, and the sentence remained unfinished. Yet the thought at which Macaulay broke down, may touch many a lesser man more. For when we are gone, my friends, we may leave behind us those who can not well spare us. It is not for one's own sake, that the GONE, so linked with one's own name, touches so much. We have had enough of this world before very long; and (as Uncle Tom expressed it) "heaven

is better than Kentuck." But we can think of some, for whose sake we may wish to put off our going as long as may be. "Our minister," said a Scotch rustic, "aye preaches aboot goin' to heaven; but he'll never go to heaven as long as he can get stoppin' at Drumsleekie."

No doubt, that fit of toothache may be gone; or that unwelcome guest who staid with you three weeks whether you would or not; as well as the thing or the friend you most value. And there is the auctioneer's *Going, going*, as well as this July sun going down in glory. But I defy you to vulgarize the word. The water which makes the Atlantic will always be a sublime sight, though you may have a little of it in a dirty puddle. And though

the stupid bore who comes when you are busy, and wastes your time, may tell you when you happily get rid of him, that he will often come back again to see you, (ignorant that you instantly direct your servant never to admit him more,) even that can not detract from the beauty of Mr. Tennyson's lines, in which the dying girl, as she is going, tells her mother that after she is gone, she will (if it may be) often come back:

"If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting place;
Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face:
Though I can not speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,
And be often, often with you, when you think I'm far away."

A. K. H. B.

From Chambers's Journal.

VOLCANOES AND THEIR PHENOMENA.

SUBLIME and terrible as many of the operations of nature are, there is probably none of them which can at all compare, for grandeur and awful magnificence, with the phenomena presented by a burning mountain in full eruption. The tremendous roaring of the volcano—the lurid flame-like glare reflected on the vapor above the crater from the lava contained within its depths—the casting forth of huge rocks, often to a distance of many miles, by the explosive power of confined gases—the showers of ashes, and consequent darkness, with vivid flashes of lightning ever illuminating the gloom—and, finally, the outpouring of a vast river of molten rock, often several hundred feet broad and many miles in length: all combine to render such a spectacle the most sublime and terrible ever presented to the gaze of man, and which, once beheld, can never be erased from the memory of the spectator. Terrible as are the consequences sometimes resulting from these occurrences, we are yet not to regard them as being agencies established and brought

into operation with a view to destruction, but rather as one link in the chain of reparative and conservative agencies by which the ultimate stability of the system of our world is maintained; reparative, inasmuch as they partly compensate by the formation of land for that which is lost by the destructive action of running water; and conservative, inasmuch as they act to a certain degree as safety-valves for the escape of subterranean heat and gases generated beneath the earth's surface, which would otherwise produce results less awful and terrible, no doubt, to the view of the spectator, but far more disastrous to mankind. The relation between earthquakes and volcanoes is of a very intimate nature; and it is always observed in countries liable to these visitations, that the earthquakes are more severe and continuous before the eruption, and that when the subterranean forces find relief by a volcanic vent, the earthquake shocks decrease, or even cease altogether; hence the inhabitants of such districts, if earthquake shocks have been numerous for

some time, always hail with joy the outburst of an eruption, as the earthquake is by far the more destructive agent.

There are remarkable differences between volcanoes as regards the periods of their activity and repose, and also the nature of the matters ejected by them. Some are always in a state of activity, as in Europe, Stromboli, and in South-America, the volcano of Nicaragua; others, again, are only occasionally in a state of eruption, and during intermediate periods emit gases and vapors only. Some, again, as in the island of Java, pour out merely mud and water; while others have never, within the records of man, been known to emit any thing except gases, as the volcanoes of Quito. Etna has been in a state of activity, and occasionally of eruption, since the period of the earliest writings of antiquity, having been mentioned as a volcanic mountain in the *Odyssey*, and, indeed, Diodorus Siculus speaks of an eruption which occurred before the Trojan war, now more than three thousand years ago. Vesuvius, on the other hand, was active before the records of history, but seems to have been perfectly quiescent even from the earliest times of tradition down to the age of Pliny, the first recorded eruption being that of 79 A.D., in which that distinguished philosopher lost his life. During this period, however, the volcanoes of Ischia, an island forming one of the arms of the Bay of Naples, were in full activity; while, on the Vesuvian vent being again opened, these volcanoes remained inactive for a period of seventeen centuries. These, and the other volcanoes near Naples, belong to the volcanic district; so that, although no direct communication exists between them, yet the eruption of one acts as a safety-valve to the forces of the other.

It would seem also that, previous to a volcano becoming extinct, it ceases to pour out lava, and evolves gases only during the later periods of its existence. This appears to have been the case in the extinct volcanoes of the Eifel in Germany, for the sides of the vents bear no marks of having been subjected to the effects of heat, though evidently much torn by the gaseous explosions, which may have removed those portions of rock which bore the marks of the outpouring of lava. It is possible, also, that some of the South-American volcanoes, as those of Quito,

which do not now pour out lava, may be in process of extinction; and, indeed, large portions of this chain appear already to have become extinct, no signs of activity having been manifested by them, nor any earthquakes having occurred in their districts, since the discovery of the country. This, however, having taken place only about three centuries ago, would not afford us any very determinate data from which to infer the extinction of these volcanoes, judging merely from their quiescence during this lapse of time, since it appears that the Ischian volcanoes as mentioned above, resumed their activity after having slumbered for about seventeen centuries. However, there were other vents open during that period in the same district, and earthquakes also were of frequent occurrence, so that it was evident that the volcanic agency had not deserted the district; whereas, in the districts of the South-American chain, in which the craters seem to be in repose, the quiescence, as far as we know, appears to be complete. These districts of apparently extinct volcanoes in the Andes are, first, that comprised between latitude 30° and 21° south, on both sides of which is found an active district, one extending at least thirteen degrees southward to the island of Chiloe, and the other extending six degrees northward through Bolivia and Southern Peru. Next comes another quiescent district, comprising fourteen degrees of latitude, till we arrive at Quito, which is the commencement of a short chain of active volcanoes extending about three degrees northward, and crossed by the equator. Another quiescent district comprising six degrees succeeds, and we then arrive at the volcanoes of Central America and Mexico, in which some eruptions on a very grand scale have taken place since the discovery of the country.

To what changes in the interior of the earth may be owing the extinction of volcanoes of any particular region, is not known; but geology testifies that similar changes have occurred from remote periods of the earth's history; that volcanoes have broken out in regions where previously all had been in repose, and after having continued in a state of activity, or of alternate activity and rest, for a long course of ages, have again become extinct, and have shown no tendency during many successive epochs to a renewal of their

ancient fires. Many portions of our own islands were formerly the scene of volcanic action, which has now long ceased; and the basalt poured out by the eruptions may be found in many districts, the most remarkable developments of it being in the renowned island of Staffa, and at the no less renowned Giants' Causeway. Indeed, the basalt can be traced extending in a linear direction from Fair Head, in the county Antrim, along the whole coast, through the islands of Rathlin, (from whence it extends eastward to Ailsa,) Staffa, Skye, and others of the Hebrides, and also on the mainland at Morven, in Argyshire. In Auvergne and Cantal, also in Central France, and in the district of the Eifel, on the banks of the Rhine near Coblenz, are most interesting regions of extinct volcanoes; the eruptions of those in Auvergne appearing to have commenced during the period termed by geologists the Upper Eocene—a period comparatively recent in the earth's history—and to have continued down as late as the Pliocene epoch, or that preceding the creation of man by but a single intervening period.

The tendency above alluded to of volcanic vents to arrange themselves in a linear direction, is very well marked, and often a perfect mountain-chain is thus formed, as in the Andes above mentioned. Another marked feature in connection with their position is, that in general they are found near the sea, or some large body of water; and indeed this fact is generally considered to have an intimate relation to the theory of volcanoes. We are struck with their remarkable development along all the borders of the Pacific Ocean—that vast tract of sea, which nearly every where shows signs of the subsidence of its bottom, and throughout nearly the entire extent of which there is now in process of deposit a chalk formation, compared with which that of the present geological series, vast as it is, will sink into insignificance.

There can be no doubt that the volcanoes of Tierra del Fuego belong to the same series as those of Peru and Chili, since the same chain of mountains is found to extend to the extremity of the continent through Patagonia. In a northerly direction, this chain appears to give off a branch at Quito, which is continued in a north-easterly direction through the volcano of Zamba, at the mouth of the river

Madalena, into the West-India Islands. In these islands we find two parallel series, the one lying westward, of considerable elevation, and volcanic. In this series are included the islands of Granada, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, Martinique, Guadeloupe, and some others. The other series flanks these islands closely on the east, but is low, non-volcanic, and calcareous. In this series we have the islands of Tobago, Barbadoes, Marie Galante, Antigua, Barbuda, St. Bartholomew, and some others.

Proceeding northward from the volcanoes of Central America and Mexico, or the main continuation of the South-American chain, we find a double mountain-range, the easternmost constituting the Rocky Mountains, which, as far as we know, are not volcanic, while the true continuation of the volcanic chain is to be found in the western range, which reappears in the peninsula of California, in which five volcanoes have been discovered; then succeeds a district in which the mountains, closely following the coast-line, are, as far as known, quiescent, till we reach latitude forty-five, where an active volcano exists near the mouth of the Columbia river. The range, still bordering on the Pacific, continues northward, bending round along with the coast of Russian America to a westerly, and subsequently a south-westerly direction, and terminating, as far as the continent is concerned, in the peninsula of Alaska, in which there are several active volcanoes, one being about fourteen thousand feet high. But although the continent ends in this peninsula, we still have the volcanic chain continued through the Aleutian archipelago—that remarkable series of islands which extends quite across the northern portion of the Pacific Ocean, like a succession of stepping-stones from Asia to America, and by means of which, in all probability, America received its earliest inhabitants. In these islands, eruptions are frequent, and new islands are occasionally formed by submarine eruptions, as was the case in 1796. Indeed, were it not that these islands have partaken of the subsidence which has long been going on in the bed of the Pacific Ocean, they would even now form a volcanic mountain-chain from America to Asia.

When we again arrive on the continent, we find the line of volcanic action still

continued through the southern extremity of the great peninsula of Kamchatka, where there are several active volcanoes, one reaching the height of fifteen thousand feet. In these frigid regions, the lava often, as in Iceland, has to burst through a barrier of ice and snow, which for a time, by its vast cooling power, retards its progress, while torrents of hot water pour down the mountain's sides, and volumes of steam ascend to the skies. However, the lava generally prevails, and then its accumulated torrent pours with redoubled force. After leaving this peninsula, the chain of volcanoes again becomes insular, being continued southward through the Kurile Islands to the Japanese empire, where it turns toward the south-west, following the direction of the Japanese Islands, active volcanoes being found in Jesso and Nippon. Through the islands of Loo Choo and Formosa, it is continued southward into the Philippine, and then into the Molucca Islands, where it divides into two branches, one of which passes eastward, through New-Guinea and some small islands lying eastward of the coast of Australia, till it reaches New-Zealand, and subsequently may be considered to end in the great antarctic continent, thus completing the circuit of the Pacific Ocean. The other, and much more important branch, turns first westward, and afterward to north-west, and passes through the islands of Java and Sumatra, and then through the Andaman and some other small islands in the Bay of Bengal, thus following the outline of the coast of the continent, or, perhaps more correctly speaking, following the outline of the Indian Ocean, as it had previously done that of the Pacific.

In Java, the linear arrangement of volcanoes is very well marked, the whole island being, in fact, but one continued range of vents from end to end, and containing no less than forty-six separate mountains all active. Yet it is remarkable that the Java volcanoes seldom emit lava, but vast quantities of boiling water, like the Geysers in Iceland, except that in Java a large amount of earth is mixed with the water, thus constituting rivers of mud, which pour down the mountain-sides instead of lava. They are also remarkable for emitting vast quantities of sulphur, or even sulphuric acid, which in one place strongly impregnates a whole lake, out of which a river of acid water flows, which

destroys every living creature within the range of its influence, even to a considerable distance from the spot where it falls into the sea. In the gaseous emanations proceeding from some of the hollow extinct craters of this island, we find a scientific solution of the wondrous tales of the upas or poison-tree of Java—tales formerly universally discredited by the scientific world, in consequence of the omission, by both the travelers who narrated what they had seen, and by the auditors who heard their accounts, of a distinct separation of the facts observed, and the theory by which those facts were accounted for. Bringing accounts of the deadly upas-tree as an observed fact, whereas it was in reality only the popular means of accounting for certain observed facts, the travelers brought their whole story into discredit; and, on the other hand, scientific men, rejecting the account of the Valley of Death, on account of the story of the upas-tree, fell into the opposite error of refusing assent to facts very satisfactorily attested. There are, indeed, valleys of death in Java, the said valleys being extinct craters, filled with gaseous volcanic emanations, in which, of course, no living creature can continue to exist; one of these craters is called Guevo Upas, or the Valley of Poison, and is about half a mile in circumference, and filled with the bones of tigers and other animals, including birds which have dropped dead in attempting to fly over the valley, and even men, who have penetrated too far, and have been overpowered by the deadly carbonic acid gas with which the crater is filled, before they could retrace their steps. The bones of these victims alone remain, the soft parts having decayed, and the valley presents the appearance of that mentioned in Ezekiel's vision. In another crater this is reversed; for, as sulphurous acid is the gas which fills it, the bones of all the animals falling dead in it are corroded and destroyed, while the soft parts, as the skin, hair, and muscles, are preserved, being unaffected by this gas, and by it preserved from the usual decomposing effect of the oxygen of the air.

One of the most remarkable instances on record of what is called the truncation of a volcanic cone, occurred in one of the volcanoes of Java, named Papandayang, in the year 1772. By the truncation of a volcanic cone, is meant the actual falling in of the summit of a mountain, owing to

its being undermined by the violence of an eruption tearing away too much of the bowels and side-walls of the mountain. During the eruption alluded to, this phenomenon took place; the ground giving way with such rapidity, that the inhabitants of the upper parts of the mountain had not even time to save themselves by flight. No less than forty villages were engulfed, and about three thousand of the inhabitants perished. The extent of the district which went down was as much as fifteen miles long by six broad, and the height of the cone was reduced from nine thousand to five thousand feet.

Vesuvius also appears to have suffered more than once from the same cause, though this is inferred from the appearance of the mountain, and not from any direct statement of authors regarding it, as the evidence gleaned from classic writers on the subject is purely circumstantial. The remains of an ancient crater, which must have been three miles in diameter, are very evident, the ridge formed by the crater wall, which on one side still exists, being known as Monte Somma. That this vast hollow must have been formed by the truncation of a very ancient and lofty peak, is almost certain, since so large a vent would otherwise be quite out of proportion with a volcano comparatively so small; but this truncation must have occurred in times quite beyond historic records, or even traditional accounts, for not a trace of mention of it is found in any author. This crater, however, was perfect within historic times, though a portion of its wall, or the seaward side, is now destroyed. This is known from the description of the figure of the mountain as given by Strabo the geographer, and also from the account given by historians of the insurrection of the gladiators under Spartacus, 72 B.C.; for we read that that chief encamped his forces in the hollow of the crater, which was accessible only by a single narrow entrance, and that the prætor Clodius—who afterward, through the eloquence of Cicero, attained such an unenviable posthumous reputation on account of his attack on Milo—letting down his soldiers by ladders over the steep precipices of the crater, while he kept the single outlet strongly guarded, cut off the gladiators to a man. From this account, it is evident that a second truncation must have occurred subsequent to this date, for a large part of the crater is

now gone, and only a low ridge, known as the Pedamentina, remains on the seaward side of the old crater, instead of the former wall. On the other three sides, the old crater is still perfect. It has been supposed that this second truncation occurred in the great eruption which took place 79 A.D., in which the elder Pliny lost his life.

This mountain, Vesuvius, along with the other Italian volcanoes, is considered to belong to a vast chain extending from China to the Azores, running through Tartary and Central Asia to the Caucasus, Syria, and Asia Minor, and thence through Greece and Italy to Southern Spain, Portugal, and so to the Azores. It will thus be seen that this chain, for such we may consider it, unconnected though some of its links may be, runs much more inland than that above mentioned as surrounding the Pacific Ocean, and is accordingly considered to bear strongly on the question, which we shall subsequently mention, of volcanoes owing their existence to chemical action, generated by sea-water; indeed, some of these volcanoes are distant from the sea no less than two hundred and sixty geographical miles, so that the validity of such an hypothesis may well be called in question. The district known as the Field of Fire, on the western shores of the Caspian, which continually emits inflammable gas, and the mud volcanoes of that district, also belong to the same grand volcanic system, whose forces are often mentioned in profane history as having manifested themselves in the form of earthquakes—as, for instance, in the earthquake by which the renowned Colossus of Rhodes was thrown down one hundred and twenty years after its erection.

There is a question connected with volcanoes which, simple as it may to some minds appear, has yet given rise to a good deal of discussion in the scientific world—namely, why volcanic vents should so universally assume the form of mountains. What we deem the most plausible hypothesis sets forth, that volcanoes are formed simply by the accumulation of erupted matter round a central orifice, which was originally either on a level with the surrounding country, or possibly even formed a hollow. That enough matter is poured out by an eruptive vent to form a mountain, is proved by the depth which the products of eruptions have attained in

Etna, as shown in the section presented to us in the Val del Bove, and which amounts to as much as four thousand feet, nor is there any appearance at the lowest part of the Val del Bove of our approaching the bottom of the erupted matter. There are many instances on record in which smaller mountains have been thus formed even in a single eruption, as, for instance, in the case of Monte Nuovo, formed on the shores of the Bay of Baia during the eruption of Vesuvius in 1538 A.D. Sir Charles Lyell considers that the mode of growth of a volcano—as, for instance, of Etna—is very similar to the growth of exogenous trees, which increase by layers deposited externally. The gradual flow of lava, many months after its emission, has been described by Mr. Scrope, who saw, in the Val del Bove in 1819, a stream still advancing which had been poured out nine months previously. The slope was very considerable, yet the thickness of the stream was considerable also, and it advanced at the rate of about a yard an hour. Its mode of advance he describes as being this: the lower stratum being arrested by the ground it was flowing over, the central portion of the stream bulged out, on account of the pressure from behind, and so being unsupported beneath, fell over, and was arrested by the ground in its turn; the upper crust of the stream having long before been solidified by exposure to the air, and being broken in pieces, with a continual crackling noise, by the failure of support beneath. Thus the whole stream resembled masses of rocks tumbling over each other in dire confusion; and the valley was filled, not with a smooth stream of lava, but with broken rocks and angular blocks. Within the fissures, the lava could still be seen to be of a dull red heat.

As a volcanic mountain gradually rises, the portion nearest the central vent is, of course, the highest, since the greater portion of the ejected materials fall near it, and only the lighter ashes and smaller stones or more fluid lava are conveyed to any distance. Lateral discharges also are, of course, more frequent within the same amount of space as we ascend, and indeed occur but seldom in the lower regions of a mountain in any case, since the hydrostatic pressure of a column of lava is less, and the resistance which has to be overcome, and which is offered to its exit by

the flanks of the mountain, is greater as we descend.

Though a volcanic mountain is, as it seems, thus piled up above the surrounding country merely by the accumulation of its own discharges, yet, of course, in many instances a considerable amount of its elevation above the level of the sea is caused by internal elevating force—a force acting, however, not specially on the mountain, but probably over a large district, the elevation of which is of course participated in by the mountain. Thus, in the case of Etna, the mountain has gained at least eight hundred feet by such elevation of the district, since marine shells have been found in the mountain flanks at that elevation; higher they have not been traced, as the marine strata at that height have become covered by sheets of lava; but in all probability, if we were able to examine the interior of the mountain, it would be found that they ascended to an elevation of three thousand feet, and that the volcano consequently owed so much of its height to these uplifting forces; this is inferred from the fact, that elsewhere in the district marine strata are found at that elevation, so that it is probable that the entire district was raised so much.

It may, of course, be supposed that if a volcano is piled up of materials torn from below by the agency of the subterranean fires, the internal hollows thus formed must occasionally be enlarged so much that their arches become unequal to the support of the mass of superimposed matter, and accordingly must occasionally yield. Of such yielding and consequent subsidence, we have several examples in historic records, as in the case of Papan-dayang in Java, when a tract of land fifteen miles long by six broad, and including an elevation of four thousand feet, sank down bodily at once; or, again, the truncation of the cone of Vesuvius, and sinking in of the Val del Bove—both of which, however, are inferred to have sunk rather than recorded to have done so.

Comparing the size of Etna, which is far the largest of European volcanoes, with others mentioned above, we see that the scale on which volcanoes are found in Europe is small compared with that on which they are developed in other parts of the world; as, for instance, Cotopaxi in the Andes, and others of that chain—Cotopaxi attaining an elevation of nineteen

thousand feet; or Mount Loa in the Sandwich Islands, which is about fourteen thousand feet high. The latter volcano is perhaps the most magnificent exhibition of volcanic agency to be found on the surface of the globe. The principal interest attached to it is owing not so much to the enormous crater at the summit, at an elevation of nearly three miles, though this, as it gradually fills up with liquid lava and overflows, is a magnificent spectacle; but even still more sublime is the appearance presented by a lateral crater on one side of the mountain, of even larger dimensions than the summit crater, and forming an enormous gulf between two and three miles across, and about seven and a half miles round, which is surrounded by vertical walls of solid rock about one thousand feet high. To this enormous crater the name Kilauea is given. It is sixteen miles from the highest crater, and about forty from the sea; and though comparatively at the foot of the vast cone, is yet as far above the sea as the summit of Vesuvius, or about four thousand feet high. It is formed by two chasms or hollows, one within the other. A precipice six hundred and fifty feet deep, composed of compact rock in layers varying from a few inches to thirty feet in thickness, flanks the larger of these hollows; this precipice is quite perpendicular, and at its foot lies a horizontal ledge of black rock of considerable breadth, which terminates in another precipice about three hundred and fifty feet deep, and immediately surrounding a vast lake of lava, ever seething and boiling, and varying in height according to the supply of molten matter from the subterranean focus. At times, it rises up in the crater, and overflows the black ledge above mentioned, and then presents the magnificent spectacle of a lake of surging fire between two and three miles in diameter, and between seven and eight round. The lava, however, does not overflow the upper rim of the crater, for when it raises to a certain height it is carried off by underground vents, which have no doubt been formed by the hydrostatic pressure. Thus, in 1840, an eruption took place in which the lava flowed underground for six miles, when it made its appearance in an old wooded crater called Arare, the vivid light from which was the first intimation of the lava in Kilauea having burst through the walls of the great crater. The lava con-

tinued to flow for some weeks, during which time the lake in Kilauea sank over four hundred feet; and since the bottom of the crater of Arare, where it first appeared, is itself over four hundred feet deep, it is supposed by Mr. Coan, an American Missionary, who describes the eruption, that it was at first at a depth of as much as one thousand feet below the surface of the ground. It then ran underground for a couple of miles from Arare, and again coming to the surface, spread over fifty acres of ground; it then again became subterranean for several miles, till it reappeared in a second crater of older date, which it partially filled up, and again flowed on beneath the surface of the earth. Its final emergence was at a distance of twenty-seven miles from Kilauea, at a point twelve hundred and fifty feet above the sea level. The remainder of its course to the sea, a distance of about twelve miles, it performed above ground, and then leaped over a cliff fifty feet, and fell into the sea with a tremendous crash during a period of three weeks. In its underground passage, it fissured the earth in many places, and upheaved some of the rocks as much as twenty or thirty feet.

It is a singular fact, that the lava in the crater of Kilauea by no means corresponds in its periods of eruption with that in the summit crater only sixteen miles off, the latter being often overflowing when Kilauea is at its lowest, and *vice versa*; thus plainly showing, that though unquestionably they belong to the same volcanic center, and are supplied by the same source, yet that there is no connection between the fluid in the two craters, since if there were, according to the laws of hydrostatic pressure, the lava in the summit crater could never rise higher than the opening at the top of the Gulf of Kilauea, whereas, in point of fact, the lava in the summit crater must rise ten thousand feet higher than this before it can overflow; yet the distance between the two craters is only sixteen miles.

The crater of Kilauea appears to have been formed by subsidence of the rocks owing to their having been undermined by lava, for at different distances round the crater are other precipices of perpendicular rock similar to those of which the crater is composed, and all bearing the appearance of having subsided at some former periods. They inclose alto-

gether a space double the size of Kilauea, though, owing to the escape of the lava by the subterranean passages above mentioned, it never surmounts the upper precipice of the crater, but on the black ledge intervening between the two precipices it deposits a fresh layer on every occasion that it surmounts it.

One of the most abundant lava currents ever poured forth from Etna, was that of the eruption of 1699, which was fifteen miles in length; and when it entered the sea near the city of Catania, was six hundred yards broad, and forty feet deep. The surface and sides being solidified by their exposure to the air, it presented the appearance of a moving mass of solid rock advancing by the fissuring of its walls, and the pouring out of the fluid lava from the fissures. Observing this fact, an attempt was made, by breaking open the wall of the stream on one side with crow-bars and picks, to save the city of Catania; a lava stream burst out from the opening; but as it seemed to threaten another town, Paterno, the inhabitants of the latter took up arms and obliged the Catanians to desist. The current, accordingly, having first in its course overflowed fourteen towns and villages, reached the wall of Catania, which had been raised to a height of sixty feet on purpose to protect the city from such occurrences; however, it overtopped the wall, and poured down like a cascade, destroying part of the city, without, however, throwing down the wall. Long afterward, excavations were made in the rock, and the wall rediscovered, so that at present the lava is seen curling over the top of the wall, as if in the act of falling.

Very much larger than this, however, have been some of the eruptions in Iceland—an island constituting a volcanic center of most intense energy, some of the eruptions of Hecla, one of its principal volcanoes, having lasted for six years without interruption, and twenty years seldom elapsing without either an earthquake or eruption; while its hot springs or geysers, another manifestation of volcanic action, are constantly in a state of activity. New islands are often thrown up in the sea, some of which again subside, or are washed away by the waves, others remaining persistent.

An eruption is a most calamitous event to the inhabitants, for their principal means of support are the fish which swarm

around their coasts, and their cattle; the former of which are driven from their shores by the lava pouring into the sea, and the latter suffer in a most extraordinary way from the ashes which cover their pastures. These ashes being pumiceous, wear the teeth of the cattle so effectually that they become absolutely useless; and the consequence is, that the animals literally die of starvation, though surrounded with plenty. A famine among the islanders is of course the result, and assistance generally has to be sent to them from Denmark.

One of the largest eruptive discharges ever known to occur, was that poured out by Skaptan Jokul, one of the volcanoes of Iceland, in 1783. It has been calculated by Professor Bischoff that the amount of matter brought up by this single eruption exceeded in magnitude the bulk of Mont Blanc. The eruption began on the eleventh June, having been preceded by violent earthquakes; the mountain then threw out a torrent of lava, which flowed down the channel of the river Skapta, and dried up the river, filling up a vast rocky gorge which it had occupied, and which was between four and six hundred feet deep, and two hundred wide; next it filled up a deep lake; and afterward entering some subterranean caverns in an old lava-current, in which water appears to have accumulated, it blew up the rocks, throwing some fragments to the height of one hundred and fifty feet. A fresh stream of lava was thrown out a week after the first, and flowed over its surface with great rapidity; the stream then fell in a fiery cataract over a vast precipice, usually occupied by a waterfall. In August, a fresh flood of lava was forced to take a new course, as the channel of the Skapta was quite filled up, and it ran down the channel of a river with a most unpronounceable name, which our readers may make the best they can of—namely, Hverfisflot. These streams of lava in the plains formed vast lakes, sometimes from twelve to fifteen miles wide, and a hundred feet deep. This eruption lasted as long as two years, and destroyed twenty villages by fire alone, besides some overwhelmed with water, owing to the blocking up of the river-courses; and out of fifty thousand inhabitants, nine thousand perished, as well by starvation from the causes above mentioned, as by the actual destruction of the crops themselves, and

also from noxious vapors filling the air. The Skapta branch of the lava was fifty miles in length, and in some places from twelve to fifteen miles broad; the other branch was forty miles long, and about seven broad, both being about from one hundred to six hundred feet thick—an amount of matter probably as great as can be shown to have been poured out at any period, ancient or modern, by one volcano in a single eruption.

Considering the vast extent of our globe which under water, it may readily be supposed that volcanic eruptions will often occur under the sea, similar to those mentioned above as having formed new islands near Iceland. Owing, however, to the difficulty of observation, records of marine eruptions are not very common; and, indeed, when we consider the immense depth of the ocean in many parts—the Atlantic having been sounded to the depth of seven miles, and the Pacific being probably even deeper—it is evident that an eruption might be actually going on over the sea-bottom while a vessel sailing above would be quite unaffected, and no signs of the occurrence be apparent to those on board. Occasionally, however, when the sea-bottom is near the surface, an eruption is observed and recorded by some passing vessel; but the accounts often consist of nothing more than the mention of violent ebullition of the water, with discoloration from mud, or of jets of steam and water, or of gaseous vapors having been observed. Sometimes a more scientific account is obtained, or an eruption in a favorable locality may last long enough to allow of its being visited specially by scientific men. In 1831, an island was thus thrown up in the Mediterranean between Sicily and Carthage, in a spot where, a few years before, there had been over a hundred fathoms of water. Though its existence as an island was limited to a period of three months, yet within that short space of time no less than seven names were bestowed on this small but interesting little patch of ground. Graham Island was the name adopted by the Royal Society, having the merit of being that given by Captain Senhouse, R. N., who first succeeded in effecting a landing on it. Sir Pulteney Malcolm, a fortnight before the eruption, in sailing over the place, felt distinctly the shock of an earthquake, as if his ship had struck against a sand-bank; but a

Sicilian captain, named Corrao, was the first to observe the eruption itself, on July 10, 1831. He describes a column of water, eight hundred yards in circumference, as having been shot up to a height of sixty feet, and after this a column of steam as having ascended to a height of about eighteen hundred feet. About a week later, passing by the same place, he found that a small island had risen from the waves. It was, perhaps, the smallest volcano ever seen, being only at that time twelve feet high, yet it had a crater in its center, and poured out cinders, pumice, ashes, and vast columns of vapor. There was a small pool of boiling water occupying the central basin, and multitudes of dead fish covered the sea around. It increased considerably in size, so that by the beginning of August it was three miles in circumference, and about two hundred feet high, the central crater being about ninety yards across. After this, however, it began to be washed away by the action of the waves, and gradually to disappear. While it was diminishing in size, however, the phenomena first observed by Corrao of ebullition of the sea, and the ascent of a column of steam, were again seen in the sea very near the island, showing that there was a second crater of eruption at some little depth. Graham Island had quite disappeared by November; and that it was not by subsidence that this disappearance was caused, but by the action of the waves on the lighter volcanic products, is proved by the fact, that a reef composed of black lava rock still remained, its surface being about ten feet under water. There was also a second shoal of rock about one hundred and fifty yards from the principal reef, which no doubt occupied the site of the second eruption. Outside these reefs, the water rapidly deepened. Sir C. Lyell concludes that a hill about eight hundred feet in height was raised above the bottom of the sea, the upper two hundred feet forming the island, and being composed of loose tuffs, while the under part was probably composed of solid lava, poured out over the bottom of the sea.

It would seem, also, from various phenomena observed within the last hundred years, that an island, or group of islands, is slowly rising in the mid-Atlantic, along a line intersecting St. Helena and Ascension, and about thirty to forty miles south of the line. Both the islands mentioned

are volcanic; and the line, if prolonged, would nearly intersect the groups, likewise volcanic, of the Canary Islands and Azores; so that in the course of time it is highly probable that we might have a chain of volcanic mountains occupying this line, and forming the border of a new continent.

Sometimes when an island has been thus formed, it is not again washed away, but the rocky portion of the ejecta rise above the sea, so that the island withstands the action of the waves, and becomes permanent: an illustration of this is found in the island of St. Paul's in the Indian Ocean, a little southward of the track of vessels from the Cape of Good Hope bound for Melbourne. This is a small rock, in many respects resembling the atolls or coral reefs of the Pacific. It is between three and four miles long, and about two miles across, containing at one side a crater about a mile broad, and one hundred and eighty feet deep, surrounded by steep cliffs, the highest peak of which is eight hundred and twenty feet in height, while nearly opposite to this peak the edge of the crater sinks to the sea-level, so that the crater is full of sea-water, though the entrance is nearly dry at low water. It has been remarked that every crater will have one side much lower than all the others—that side, namely, toward which the prevailing winds never blow, and toward which, therefore, the ashes and scorise are rarely carried during an eruption. If, then, from any cause, the sea gain access to this side, as during a partial subsidence, the flow and ebb of the tide may keep this passage permanently open, even should the island again rise slowly above the sea, along with an elevation of the sea-bottom, at the rate, perhaps, of a few feet in a century.

Barren Island, in the Bay of Bengal, is similar to St. Paul's, except that, in the center of the crater, which is very much larger, there rises another volcanic cone, about five hundred feet high, and having its own crater; and it has been supposed, very naturally, that this island affords another instance of the truncation of cones, the original summit of the mountain having sunk in, and a new central cone having been subsequently formed, and at present rising to about the same height as the remaining cliff-walls of the old crater.

One can not fail to be struck with the

marked resemblance between the appearance presented by this island and that seen in the presumed volcanoes in the moon. The surface of our satellite, as is pretty generally known, shows through the telescope every appearance of wild and barren desolation, and it is well ascertained that there is no water on its surface, and at most but a faint trace of an atmosphere extending only about one thousand feet from the surface at furthest, and of extreme rarity. There are, however, mountains innumerable all over the surface of the moon; and since, on our own globe, mountains are produced only by two causes, namely, aqueous erosion removing the softer and looser soil during the upheaval of land from the sea, while the harder and more rocky districts, or those less exposed to water-currents, remain and form mountains; and, secondly, volcanic eruptions; and since the first of these causes is absent in the moon, it seems fair, judging from analogy, to infer that volcanic eruptions have been the cause of the production of mountains in that globe; and the whole appearance of most of the mountains in the moon favors this view, many of them being composed of rocks apparently piled together in the wildest disorder, while many more present exactly the appearance seen in Barren Island, and on a much larger scale at Santorin in the Grecian Archipelago; namely, an external range of mountains inclosing an elevated plain or valley, in the center of which rises a single steep cone, or occasionally more than one. The mountains in the moon are generally on a scale proportionately much larger than those of the earth, and this might perhaps be accounted for in two ways—for if there were no sea on the earth, the inequalities of its surface would be much more strongly marked, since a depth of seven miles would have to be added, which is now occupied by the sea; or, secondly, since the mass of the moon is so much smaller than that of the earth, its attractive force is of course proportionately less, and, accordingly, any explosive force would produce a much greater effect, such as throwing rocks higher, or to greater distances, than would be produced by the same amount of force on the earth's surface. In general, accordingly, the craters, if such we assume them to be, in the moon are larger than similar ones on the earth, and generally also differ from them in not

having one side lower than the rest—a circumstance which, as explained above, is owing to the action of the winds and waves, both which are absent in the moon. However, in the Santorin group of islands, if the sea were absent, we should have a crater of very considerable dimensions, the external circumference of the islands being about thirty miles, and the internal eighteen.

Space would scarcely permit us to enter on a discussion of the theories which have been proposed to account for volcanic action; we shall, therefore, merely mention the view that is most commonly received—namely, that heat is generated in the interior of the earth by the chemical action resulting from sea-water obtaining access to unoxidated metals, such as potassium and sodium; and that this heat is

sufficient to cause fusion of the surrounding rocks, while the volume of gases, and especially of hydrogen, evolved by the decomposition of the sea-water and the salts which it contains, forms an elastic vapor of sufficient expansive force to lift the molten materials to the orifice of eruption, or sometimes, if such a vent be not given to it, to lay a whole continent in ruins by the desolating shock of the earthquake. This is the view adopted by Lyell and most geologists; and though many objections might be made to it, it has at least sufficient arguments in its favor—such as the proximity of volcanoes to the sea, and the nature of some of the gaseous products of eruptions—to enable it to hold its ground until a better shall have been proposed.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

MADAME DE KRUDENER.

WOMAN OF THE WORLD, AUTHOR, PIETIST, AND ILLUMIST.

JULIA BARONESS OF VIETINGHOFF was born in 1766, at Riga. Her father, who at one period had enjoyed a high place at court, had withdrawn from thence, and lived like a feudal baron of old at his chateau in Courland. It requires to have seen these castles of the nobility on the Baltic to understand what a sense of grandeur and of solitude might be imbibed by a child brought up in such a place. Immense plains, only dotted here and there by some struggling colony of Germans, or by the miserable huts of the native peasants, stretch far away beyond the horizon around the seignorial residence, which is itself often of an imposing grandeur and extravagant proportions. Already, in the time of Catherine and of Elizabeth, the nobles began to build palaces in these arid steppes, or amid the dark pine forests.

The life of such a feudal lord was as cu-

rious within as its contrasts were great without. In the time of the Empress Anne—whose husband was himself Duke of Courland—such barons had all the pride and insolence of petty tyrants; and they avoided the court of St. Petersburg, where, however haughty they might be, they were forced to bend. It was in vain that Anne and Elizabeth summoned the young nobility to court. It was not till the Princess of Anhalt Zerbst took with her the love of the fine arts and of science, intellectual life and vigor, to the court of the North, that the representatives of the great families of Courland, of Esthonia, and of Livonia, also found their way to St. Petersburg. But nothing could be more monotonous than life at the castle. You might walk ten miles without meeting a person with whom to exchange a word. The major-domo might be a perfect example of German civilization, the governess from

Paris or Geneva might represent either city in miniature; still their resources were soon exhausted. Winter would bring, with sledge and skating, parties on the great frozen lakes; but a winter's evening in one of these feudal solitudes of Courland was a terrible affair. The châtelain would go to sleep over his chess or his backgammon, and the châtelaine would pretend to have instructions to give to her household, but in reality would tear herself away from the horrors of a weariness that set upon her like a nightmare.

It may be imagined from this what influence such conditions of existence had upon the youth of Mademoiselle de Vietinghoff, especially as from her earliest years she was of a highly imaginative, impressionable, and somewhat fantastic nature. Those born and bred in the tumult of great cities never have the same susceptibilities; they are blunted, or they perish in the bud. A single incident of early life will serve to portray its general tone and character. She had for great-grandmother an elderly and august personage who monopolized all the respect of the house, and who uttered nothing but oracles. With regard to family matters, she was an unquestioned authority; she had every event that had happened for the last hundred years at her fingers' ends. Nor was she much less intimately versed in the history of her country, especially in so far as her family was concerned in it. The best point about the old lady was, that with all her pride she doted upon her children, her grandchildren, and her grandchildren's children.

Nevertheless, the day came when this grand old lady was to go, like her predecessors. She had already disposed of her worldly goods. Peter had this domain, Jean Casimir the other; the capital went to Burchard, and the plate and jewels to Lebrecht-Antony; but she had not decided to which of her four sons she should confide her mortal remains. Jean Casimir had just erected a new family mausoleum, and he claimed the honor of possessing his mother's body; but Peter had also his family-vault, and if Burchard and Lebrecht-Antony had no mausolea, they offered their own castles for a last home to their mother's relics. Tradition in these gloomy and superstitious regions will have it that the mother takes happiness with her, and where her bones lay would be the head and the support of the family.

The struggle for the possession of the body, ere the soul had departed from it, became so oppressive, that in order that it might not be said that she died at Jean Casimir's because he had had a new mausoleum erected, she had herself removed in a dying state, and in mid-winter, in a sledge, to the house of Peter, who received her in triumph; but she had scarcely got into her bed than Lebrecht-Antony, his wife, and daughter, managed so effectually as to get her carried away by another sledge. But if Lebrecht had proved himself sharp, Burchard was no less so, and he succeeded in ravishing the moribund old lady from his possession. Thus it was that in the depth of a Baltic winter, amid snow, ice, and wind, the fantastic sledge that bore this half-animate body was dragged about dark forests and over boundless plains, by day and by night, unable to find a resting-place.

It can be easily imagined what an effect so strange an event had upon a young and susceptible a person as Julia. Alluding to it in after-life, she said: "What a pity that I can not, as this noble lady did for her race, also give my heart to humanity, especially to that portion of humanity that suffers! Would to Heaven that the poor should thus dispute the possession of my remains among themselves, that each were to wish, as being his own, to bury me near his hut! What a happy rest it would be!"

The father of our heroine—Baron de Vietinghoff—was, of all the feudal lords of his epoch and of his country, the one who least appreciated the pleasures of that system of life. Given to study, and to literary and scientific pursuits, he might have felt the isolation less than others, were it not that his instincts as a man of the world predominated, and led him to seek for gratification in the metropolis of Russian predilection—Paris. On the occasion of his first visit to that brilliant capital, his daughter was a mere child; but on the occasion of the second, she was a grown-up girl. Among those who frequented his house were D'Alembert, Buffon, Grimm, D'Holbach, and Marmontel. Julia, young as she was, was distinguished by these notabilities, and her father was justly proud of her. Soon, however, her peculiar and strange instincts began to reveal themselves, and gave much anxiety to her parent. She became discontented and melancholy, wished to return to the

solitudes of the North, had dreams and visions, at first at intervals, and then so frequently that her father tried what change of scene would do, and took her to Germany, to Switzerland, and to the south of France. But the peculiar idiosyncrasy of her character remained unchanged; she would set upon a rock, or wander alone at undue hours in some romantic solitude, weeping or prophesying; and to her father, who was deeply imbued with the "philosophical" doctrines of the day, the manifestations of such pious mysticism were as disagreeable as they were unintelligible. When he would have engaged her in a discussion upon an article in the *Encyclopædia*, she would seek the solitudes of a cloister, and meditate there upon the imaginary charms of monastic seclusion.

But every thing has its time, and Baron de Vietinghoff had the satisfaction of seeing his daughter become one of the most frivolous women of the world, and with so peculiar a nature, she at once went to such extremes as to terrify the more sedate as to her future. She was the mere child of grace and fantasy, and yet so seductive in her waywardness, that she seemed to have the gift of bewitching all whom she approached. Her marriage with Baron de Krudener was, however, less a matter of feeling than a concession made to her parent's wishes. Her husband could not understand her, and she did not love him; hence the tie led only to weariness and indifference. All she seemed to care for was movement. She went first to Venice, where her husband filled the position of Russian ambassador, thence she returned as quickly to Paris. But she seemed to be devoured by an unconquerable restlessness. Her father scolded in vain. She even declared her lover, the singer Garat, to be without soul or intelligence. Nothing seemed to satisfy her; she seemed to seek for gratification only in contradiction and trouble. She could not live, love, sin, and repent like the rest of the world; she would have sold herself to Satan, but only on the condition that the archangel would have made it worth her while. Paris abounded at that epoch in women anxious to obtain notoriety, no matter at what expense, but few went to such extremes as did Madame de Krudener. Her greatest annoyance was, that joy and grief, love and hatred, glory and humiliation, should

be allotted to her only in common with others. One evening she was told that Madame de Genlis was the first person who had attained perfection on the harp in Paris, and that it had given her much celebrity. "It appears to me," she observed, "that it is sufficient to make one's self ridiculous in France to become celebrated. As to that, I also will learn the harp." She did not learn the harp, but she wrote a romance, and then she said: "Of the two kinds of folly by which Madame de Genlis has attained celebrity, I have chosen the easiest. I have written a book; it remains to be seen if I have attained the same end."

Valérie appeared at Paris in 1804, after a short *séjour* made by Madame de Krudener, subsequent to her separation from her husband in 1792, in Riga, and Leipzig. The work created a sensation. It portrayed the heart as the active interpreter of the dark mysteries of conscience. Gustavus, the hero of the book, is a kind of sentimental Werther, who falls in love with the wife of the father who has adopted him, the young and beautiful *Valérie*, in whom we have the ardent and romantic character of Madame de Krudener; the spoilt and undisciplined child grown up to be the thoughtless and unprincipled woman, only still tormented by those religious scruples which she could never entirely divest herself of, and which she now sought relief for by transporting them into the domain of poetry. Gustavus is also a sketch from life, and the struggle of these two hearts, that meet only to suffer, are depicted with a skill peculiar to woman. *Valérie*, in reality, belongs neither to the school of Goethe in his *Werther*, nor to that of Rousseau in his *Nouvelle Héloïse*, but to what another woman, Madame de Staël, also succeeded in depicting in her usual masterly manner in *Corinne* and *Delphine*. *Valérie* introduced the fashion of promenading the hero and heroine about the world—a fashion to which the epistolary style lent itself with peculiar facilities, and the shoal upon which most imitators have wrecked themselves—that of fastidious developments and tedious digressions—has been as skillfully avoided by Madame de Krudener as by Madame de Staël. The letters of Gustavus are replete with tenderness and subdued passion, those of *Valérie* are less real; they are at times cold and affected, as if the author feared to re-

veal the secrets of her own heart. It has been said that the philosopher Saint-Martin had a hand in this work; but although she had relations with that strange personage, it does not appear that he ever had any influence with her, still less any participation in her literary labors.

Valérie especially abounds in descriptions of scenery and of events connected with the author's travels, and we find in it a notice of a visit made with her father to the Grande Chartreuse at Grenoble, disguised as a man, access to the monastery being interdicted to women. She was at that time twenty years of age, and had been married five, and her account of the emotions which she experienced not only portray the strange, undisciplined and skeptical sentiments on religion by which she was all her life tormented, but also contain a prophecy of the future to which such skepticism must inevitably lead.

Two individuals were issuing on a cold and gloomy night in the autumn of 1786, enveloped in their mantles, from the Grande Chartreuse at Grenoble. The smallest of the two personages was distinguished by the grace and elegance of her shape, no less than by the inexpressible expression of mild beauty that expanded in every feature; and it was with the liveliest marks of affection and solicitude that her companion helped her to descend the steps of the portal. The latter was a man of a certain age, but robust and well built, with a patrician air, calm and strong. Both took their way to a carriage that was awaiting them, and which took them to an inn at some distance in the town. No sooner arrived, than the youngest, overcome with fatigue, let herself fall on a sofa, at the same time unloosening her hair, which escaped in brown and silken tresses. As to the oldest of the two travelers, he remained for a moment upright before his companion, contemplating her with quiet pleasure, till, taking her hand, he said, in a voice in which reproach was mingled with admiration: "Well, *Julia*! are you happy in having done what no woman dared attempt before you? What did you see? What did you feel? Speak? Must we congratulate ourselves upon our adventure? Alas! I fear not, and that our friends in Paris will laugh at us, seeing us return disappointed. For you know, my

dear, they all endeavored to dissuade us from this expedition."

Instead of replying, the graceful figure rose up, and throwing herself into the arms of him who had spoken, exclaimed, with profound emotion: "In the name of Heaven, father, do not say a word of this expedition in Paris! Give me your promise to hold your tongue to all the idle questionings to which we shall be subjected."

"And why so, my dear child?"

"Do not ask me. Give me your word!"

"How excited you are?"

"Truly so. I no longer breathe—I no longer live! It seems to me as if the gloom we have left behind us will forever darken my existence. Frightful voices murmur in my soul which is troubled, wandering, humiliated, and would like to hide itself in the deepest abyss, not to see and not to hear. O father, father! what is our life? What frightful precipices, what gulfs open themselves under our feet, while we move on in joy and indifference! What a horrible enigma is that of an existence for which we shall probably pay for every minute by inexpressible and unending punishments! Who is he who will inflict these punishments? I will dispense with the good things that his gracious hand bestows, if he will only also take back the arbitrary and tyrannical bonds by which he overwhelms me! Nothing, nothing! I want nothing of him who deems it wise to veil himself eternally from my contemplation, and to harass me with his secrets."

The father drew the child to his bosom, while she, more and more terrified, pressed herself on his breast with convulsive sobs.

"You are my father—you! I know you. I have seen you suffer for my griefs, sympathize with my tears. I read the expression of that love which sustains and raises my being upon your face, whose every feature paints to me the history of my weak heart. You do not hide yourself; you do not make of your solicitude for me a dark and gloomy mystery, in which you oblige me to believe even when my reason refuses to understand. No, father, your look bears testimony to your love; a loyal, open, irresistible testimony. I have no need to appeal to a third party to interpret your physiognomy; it is thus that a father

should be with his children. So, also, do I love you; and I am faithful to you; faithful to that noble heart upon which mine reposes, and beyond which I know nothing. For of eternity, neither you nor I wish for it. Is it not true that you reject a present the granter of which persistently refuses to show himself to you, and does not even permit you to know if the good things that he dispenses to you emanate from his kindness or his irony?"

"For Heaven's sake, Julia, be calm; your excitement leads you astray, and you do not see that you are talking blasphemy! Come to yourself, my daughter—to that calm reason which constitutes the charm of your mind, and which is only troubled by a moment's excitement."

"You think, perhaps," continued the young girl more sedately, "that it is the sight of this monastery that we have just visited that has suggested these ideas. Well, then, learn that it is not the case: that my heart has been troubled and my head confused for a long time now—a very long time, alas!"

This will quite suffice to show how closely the subject of the romance attaches itself to the intimate existence of the author, and we find the same incident alluded to, in a more agreeable manner, in a letter of Gustavus's: "I have just been reading the life of a saint, which I found in one of the drawers of my room. This saint had been a man, and he had remained a man; he had suffered, he had cast away the desires of this world far away from him, after having courageously struggled with them; he had banished all the images of his youth from his thoughts, and raised up repentance between them and his years of solitude. He worked daily in preparing his grave, thinking with gladness that he would leave his dust to the earth, and he tremblingly hoped that his soul would go to heaven. He dwelt in the Chartreuse; in 1715 he died, or rather he disappeared, his death was so soft. Men live there who are said to be fanatic, but who every day do good to other men. What a sublime and touching idea is that of three hundred Chartreux living the most holy life, filling these vast cloisters, only raising their melancholy looks to bless those whom they meet, exhibiting in every movement the most profound

calm, telling with their features, with their voices—which are never moved by excitement—that they only live for that great God who is forgotten in the world but is adored in the desert."

"Qui dit poète, dit toujours un peu prophète," is a proverb with the French, although of far greater antiquity, for prophet and poet were almost synonymous in the times of the Hebrews; but it is impossible not to see Madame de Krudener, as she was in the nineteenth century, in these thoughts and fancies. The woman of fashion belonged to the eighteenth century; courted and flattered, vain and affected, frivolous and inconstant, beautiful and susceptible, a thousand triumphs awaited her—triumphs of grace, triumphs of talent, and triumphs of gallantry; to the nineteenth century belonged the pious lady, the charitable mother of the poor and the afflicted, the pale, thin ascetic who seeks for mercy at the foot of the cross, pilgrim, martyr, the lady with the gray dress and plain white cap covering her closely cropped hair, once so much admired!

At the period when Madame de Krudener was a woman of the world, the Encyclopedists had reached the last hours of their orgies, the hours when the tables were turned, and the lights were put out, and two enormous and bloody hands—the hands of the Revolution—were feeling about at hap-hazard among the powdered heads that crowded the salons of the Baron of Holbach. Society, mined to its very base, threatened at every moment to topple over. Paris at such an epoch was filled with adventurers, visionaries, and necromancers. Mesmer reigned with magnetic wand and galvanic chains and circuits, while Saint Germain and Cagliostro resuscitated the dead, who, on their part, terrified the world by the most astounding prophecies.

It was about 1804 that Madame de Krudener first met Madame de Staël in her exile at Coppet. Both of these women—at that epoch at the very pinnacle of their worldly and literary fame—were about to follow their own line, and to take the part that was destined for them in the great events that were taking place. The one became a political, the other a religious, martyr. Equally made to exercise a powerful influence upon their contemporaries, there have not been wanting those who have made vanity the

basis of their actions. There may be some truth in this, but it is very far from being the whole truth.

The first public signs of conversion on the part of Madame de Krudener manifested themselves in 1806, during her residence at Königsberg, where she had gone to visit Queen Louisa of Prussia. The fair and frail form that only a few years previously had been the idol of Madame Récamier's salons, dressed in Greek attire, with naked arms and bust, was no longer to be seen save in a high dress, and her hair combed back and deprived of all ornaments. She had then attained her fortieth year. Her husband, from whom she had been long separated, had died at Berlin, in 1804. For some time she wore a small crucifix of gold over her dress, but even that disappeared. She took off all her rings, reminiscences of former frivolities, but that did not prevent people admiring her hands, which were the prettiest in the world. Her step, previously quick and hurried, became now slow and measured. In company she remained standing, talking at the corner of a chimney, and out of doors she dispensed alike with equipages and lackeys, going about like a sister of charity, and she was admitted every where without ceremony.

The first time that Madame de Krudener obtained a sense of her power over the multitude is said to have been at Venice. A beggar-woman had been arrested, and the mob interceded for her. Madame de Krudener, passing in her gondola, also interfered, and she addressed the parties with such effect as to bring about the desired object, whereupon the mob carried her in triumph, shouting: "See the beautiful young lady, who has pity on the sufferings of the poor, and will not allow them to be maltreated." This event produced a great impression upon her. From that day she cultivated the favor of the people; the gondoliers disputed the honor of conveying her to church, and within the portals of the sacred edifice people recommended themselves to her prayers. The progress of events also materially influenced her resolves. After the battle of Jena, she wrote: "Great destinies are being accomplished: keep your eyes open. He who tries the hearts of the humble as well as of the strong, is about to manifest himself to kings as well as to people."

As the prosperity of Napoleon increas-

ed, Madame de Krudener withdrew to Geneva, where she made the acquaintance of Empeytas, a minister of the Reformed Church, who, like herself, was imbued with the spirit of mystic ardor as well as of piety. She had at this epoch two children, one of whom, a boy, she sent into Livonia, the other, a girl, she kept near herself.

The days of her predications and missions had now arrived. At Heidelberg she visited the prison for criminals, and dwelt for some weeks among thieves and assassins. War had massed these personages in a few strong places, and they had, in consequence, become so dangerous that their jailers were frightened to venture among them. Yet a frail woman was not terrified—it is true that her very fragility was a kind of protection to her. But she had to bear with their raillery against herself and against the Creator of all things. There was, in her own words, a perfect luxury of vice and perdition among them. Strange to say, she met in this jail a man with whom she had danced in Paris. "Good lady," he said, "do not try to convert me. A society that humbles and prostrates itself before him who steals a crown attests that there is only one thing in this world below, and that is success. To succeed is virtue, to fail is crime." Another took her book out of her hand, and struck her on the head with it. "Get away, old fool," he said; "if you were young and pretty, you would not be thinking of God, but of his creature, and now all the nonsense that you talk is for the consolation of your old age and of your worn out carcass."

These sentimental promenades of Madame de Krudener among jails and fortresses, her preachings and predications among the poor and the subversive, and the fame of her proceedings, that spread far and wide in town and country, did not fail to attract the attention of the authorities. The tumult of war saved her for a time. She attempted, on the retreat from Moscow, to reach Berlin, but was obliged to return into Switzerland, the eternal home of the free and of the persecuted, and sometimes of the ungrateful. When news arrived of the battle of Leipzig, "Thank Heaven, thank Heaven, princes and people," she exclaimed, "for having saved you; you have nothing else now to do, *porro unum est necessarium*, thank

Heaven!" She spoke of Alexander as a young hero who joined the energy of a Caesar to the celestial candor of an apostle, as the elect of Heaven, and her words had an effect that can scarcely be imagined in less impressionable and excitable times. This was, indeed, the moment of Madame de Krudener's greatest triumphs, and better to have died at that time, with the halo of a prophetess round her pale brow, than to have lived to dishonor her gray hairs with all the vanities of illuminism and witchcraft.

Madame de Krudener first made acquaintance with the thaumaturgist Jung Stilling at Carlsruhe, in 1814, and her excitable temperament allowed itself at once to be won over by all sorts of strange systems and fantastic theories. Jung Stilling was the son of a peasant, and had himself been brought up as a tailor. Goethe was the first to detect a precocious intelligence in this youth of humble origin, and it was to his having noticed him that he was indebted for the sympathy of the world. But these manifestations of interest awakened new ambitions: the tailoring was given up for doctoring, and Jung Stilling became a physician without the trouble of studying the science or passing an examination in order to obtain a degree. He improvised the latter as a more easy process. His business consisted in effecting cures by mystical means and by supernatural incantations, of which he alone possessed the secret. Such is the natural love for quackery and humbug, that crowds hastened to the empiric. He more particularly addicted himself to the cure of the eyes, and here he performed miracles. All those upon which he operated were to recover their sight, and if they did not do so it was because they were destined to remain blind! What is still more strange is, that this man who practiced medicine without a diploma, this dreamer, quack, and cheat, who had always lived without the bounds of reality, was appointed professor of political economy! Needless to say, that he was most profoundly ignorant of the merest elements of the science that he was appointed to teach; but Europe was at that epoch so upset by the horrors of war, that a small German university did not look too close to its appointments.

Jung Stilling not only managed, however, to get through his course of politi-

cal economy with credit to himself, but he found time, while he was disseminating his absurd theories of the development of wealth and the increase of human happiness, to indite a whole host of frightful romances. Finding, however, that this failed to procure the needful, he changed his tactics—he had already experienced how much could be done by pretensions to the mystical—and he assumed to have given himself up to a profound study of the occult sciences, the elements of which he at the same time developed in his *Theory of Spirits and Scenes of the Invisible World*.

Such is the man whom, unfortunately, an educated, refined, and latterly a pious person like Madame de Krudener allowed herself to be influenced by. The apparitions of a supernatural world were the inexhaustible theme of their conversations, and the too credulous neophyte listened to all the extravagancies of this arch-impostor as if they had been words of the Gospel: they prayed together, and they summoned spirits to appear before them. All the false prophets and cheats that at that epoch abounded in Alsatia, in Franconia, in Switzerland, and in Bavaria, congregated around this madman, who pretended to be in immediate communication with the Deity. Madame de Krudener found herself irretrievably mixed up with these mock propagandists. This was all that was wanting to deliver her over to her enemies, who were not few in number, and who were jealous of her labors and success among the poor, the imprisoned, and the afflicted, but who, so long as she had persevered, backed by a steady piety and sound faith, had found it impossible to annoy her. Now nothing was easier: she had given up true religion for imposture; she had associated herself with a parcel of notorious cheats; she was denounced as being herself a deceiver, as subversive, infidel, and unpious. She who had been the friend of Alexander and the beloved of the people, was ridiculed and laughed at, and the last epoch of her life—the era of her disgrace—was fairly entered upon. Her travels were now prosecuted with a commissary of police in the carriage and a gendarme at each door—sad and painful peregrinations, yet still more or less triumphal, for the people hurried wherever she was, and pressed around the carriage of the poor persecuted lady. Thus it was that she was hur-

ried from one frontier to another. No German state would allow her to remain upon its territory: no where could she find an asylum. On the threshold of every hostelry she was met by a police officer, who at once bade her pass on; and the miserable woman, worn out with fatigue and often ill, had no alternative but to get up again into her carriage, and to pursue the course of her anxious migrations. Sometimes she was in want of money, and then when she could get a remittance she would divide it with the poor and the needy. Her tribulations and anxieties were truly excessive. She was getting old, and at open war with all the police of Europe; the nomade had to raise her tent as soon as it was pitched wherever she went. At length she found refuge at the house of her son-in-law, Baron de Berekheim, who lived in the environs of Riga.

But it was not without a pang that she thus resigned herself to a retired life. She said that if the Creator thus humiliated her, it was because he could no longer be glorified by her. It was thus that she wrote to Empeytas, in 1820: "God permits lassitude to creep over its elect, so that they may know of how little import is their strength and renown to him. He has shown to me also within these few days that he has no longer any need of my poor services. My head bends down upon my chest, my arms fall by my side, and my step, which formerly was as a spring toward an object to be attained, is now slow and painful. O my friend! when the terrible hour shall sound, with what fright shall I answer the appeal! It is in vain that I attempt to compare my good and bad days disseminated over the earth, in vain that I attempt to draw conclusions: there is no fruit—alas! no fruit. I began life as a frivolous and coquettish woman, and after a brief but sharp martyrdom, I finish as a woman without courage and complaining."

M. de Sternberg relates having seen this remarkable woman in her retirement. "It was," he relates, a fine summer's evening, when I was walking along the banks of the river, that I saw an open carriage pass by, in which an old lady, in a dress of gray silk, was seated by the side of a young man. Without knowing that it was Madame de Krudener, I experienced a singular impression at the sight of this person. A moment afterward the car-

riage stopped, and the old lady got down, leaning upon the arm of her cavalier. Although at a short distance, I soon understood why she had thus got down. There was a group of girls close by on the banks of the river, busy washing clothes, and Madame de Krudener, perceiving them, could not resist the temptation of getting down and preaching something to them. She accordingly made her way to the laughing country girls, who opened their great eyes with wonder, and getting up upon a bench, she thus obtained a commanding position, from whence she addressed a homily to those present, of which I perfectly remember the principal points.

"What are you doing there?" she cried out in the dialect of the country people, and with a loud voice.

"The girls looked at one another laughingly, and replied that they were washing linen.

"Very good," replied Madame de Krudener, 'you are washing your body linen; but do you think of the stains that lie on your consciences, of the spots on your celestial clothing, that will drive you one day into confusion and despair, if you appear before God without having washed them? You open your great eye, and you appear to ask me with surprise how I can know that there are any stains on your celestial vestments? Believe me that I know it most indubitably. The souls of all of us are similarly circumstanced, and the best and noblest have their stains; that is why we are ordered to incessantly keep watch over our purification, and to wash off the spots from our souls, as you do those from the linen. Neglect to do this, and God will punish you in heaven, as your master will punish you on earth if you neglect the other. But the punishments of God are as much more terrible than those of man as heaven is higher than the earth.'

"And thus the discourse was prolonged, in a style that was at once familiar and yet mystical, but always borrowing its metaphors from circumstances of daily life, and that were within reach of the simplest minds. The effect was prodigious. As Madame de Krudener spoke on, these poor girls passed from a state of stupid astonishment to gathering up fragments, and then following every sentence of the address, and as they did so, their former boisterousness changed into an as-

pect of modest decency. Gradually they left their work, went up to the old lady, and, falling on their knees, they wept, whilst she, elevated above, smiled with the smile of love, and stretched forth her hands to bless them.

"The calmness of the spot, a cloudless sky, the inspiration of her words, which were carried away by the embalmed breeze of the evening, all combined to produce an ineffaceable impression on my mind, and I can not to the present day hear Madame de Krudener's name mentioned without being reminded of that scene."

Madame de Krudener only excited public attention once more after this; it was when she went to St. Petersburg to plead the cause of the Greeks. This active Philhellenism met, however, with a very poor success with government, which politely invited her to quit the capital and take herself off to the Crimea—thereby indicating the course of her travels. Unfortunately, while at the old capital of the Tartar-Khans—Karasu Bazar—or "the market on the Blackwater," she caught a pestilential fever, of which she died on the thirteenth of December, 1824.

Madame Hommaire de Hell, who traveled with her husband in Southern Russia and the Crimea in 1838-1839, gives a somewhat different account of the fate of this remarkable woman:

"Every one is aware of the mystic influence which Madame de Krudener exercised for many years over the enthusiastic temperament of the Emperor Alexander. This lady, who has so charmingly portrayed her own character in *Valérie*, who was preëminently distinguished in the aristocratic salons of Paris by her beauty, her talents, and her position as an ambassadress, who was by turns a woman of the world, a heroine of romance, a remarkable writer, and a prophetess, will not soon be forgotten in France. The lovers of mystic poetry will read *Valérie* that charming work, the appearance of which made so much noise, notwithstanding the bulletins of the grand army, (for it appeared in the most brilliant period of the Empire;) those who delight in grace, combined with beauty and mental endowments, will recall to mind that young woman who won for herself so distinguished a place in French society; and those whose glowing imaginations love to dwell on exalted sentiments and religious fervor, united to the most lively faith, can not refuse their admiration to her who asked of the mighty of the earth only the means of freely exercising charity, that evangelical virtue, of which she was always one of the most ardent apostles.

"The *Lettres de Mademoiselle Cochelet* made known to us with what zeal Madame de Krudener applied herself to seeking out and comforting the afflicted. Her extreme goodness of heart was such that she was called, in St. Petersburg, the Mother of the Poor. All the sums she received from the Emperor were immediately distributed to the wretched, and her own fortune was applied in the same way, so that her house was besieged from morning till night by mujiks and mothers of families, to whom she gave food both for soul and body.

"With so much will and power to do good, Madame de Krudener by-and-by acquired so great an influence in St. Petersburg, that the government at last became alarmed. She was accused of entertaining tendencies of too liberal a cast, religious notions of no orthodox kind, extreme ambition cloaked under the guise of charity, and therewith too much compassion for those miserable mujiks of whom she was the unflinching friend. But the chief cause of the displeasure of the court was the baroness's connection with two other ladies, whose religious sentiments were by all means exceedingly questionable. They were the Princess Galitzin and the so-called Countess Guacher.

"The publicity which these ladies affected in all their acts could not but be injurious to the meek Christian enterprise of Madame de Krudener. The Princess was detested at court. Too superior to disguise her opinions, and renowned for her beauty, her caustic wit, and her philosophic notions, she had excited against her a host of enemies, who were sure to take the first opportunity of injuring her with the Emperor. As for the Countess Guacher, her rather equivocal position at the court furnished a weapon against her, when, suddenly issuing from the extreme retirement in which she had previously lived, she became one of Madame de Krudener's most enthusiastic adepts.

"When the Princess Galitzin returned to St. Petersburg after a journey to Italy, the Emperor who sincerely admired her, took upon himself to make two ladies acquainted whom he thought so fitted to appreciate each other. As he had foreseen, a close intimacy grew up between them, but to the great mortification of the court, this intimacy was, through Madame de Krudener's influence, the basis of an association which aimed at nothing less than the conversion of the whole earth to the holy law of Christ.

"At first the scheme was met with derision, then alarm was felt, and at last by dint of intrigues, the Emperor, whom these ladies had half made a proselyte, was forced to banish them from court, and confine them for the rest of their days to the territory of the Crimea. It is said that this decision, so contrary to the kind nature of Alexander, was occasioned by an article in an English newspaper, in which the female trio and his imperial majesty were made the subjects of most biting sarcasms. Enraged at being accused of being held in leading-strings by three half-crazed women, the Emperor signed

the warrant for their exile, to the great joy of the envious courtiers. The victims beheld in the event only the manifestation of the Divine will, that they should propagate the faith among the followers of Mohammed. In a spirit of Christian humility they declined receiving any other escort than that of a non-commissioned officer, whose duty should be only to see to their personal safety, and transmit their orders to the persons employed in the journey. Their departure produced a great sensation in St. Petersburg; and every one was eager to see the distinguished ladies in their monastic costume. The court laughed, but the populace, always sensitive where religion is concerned, and who, besides, were losing a most generous protectress in Madame de Krudener, accompanied the pilgrims with great demonstrations of respect and sorrow to the banks of the Neva, where they embarked on the sixth of September, 1822.

"The apparition of these ladies in the Crimea threw the whole peninsula into commotion. Eager to make proselytes, they were seen toiling in their béguine costume, with the cross and the Gospel in their hands, over mountains and valleys, exploring Tatar villages, and even carrying their enthusiasm to the strange length of preaching in the open air to the amazed and puzzled Mussulmans. But as the English consul had predicted, in spite of their mystic fervor, their persuasive voices, and the originality of their enterprise, our heroines effected few conversions. They only succeeded in making themselves thoroughly ridiculous, not only in the eyes of the Tatars, but in those also of the Russian nobles of the vicinity, who instead of seconding their efforts, or at least giving them credit for their good intentions, regarded them only as feather-witted *illuminata*, capable at most of catechising little children. The police, too, always prompt to take alarm, and having besides received special instructions respecting these ladies, soon threw impediments in the way of all their efforts, so that two months had scarcely elapsed before they were obliged to give up their roving ways, their preachings, and all the fine dreams they had indulged during their long and painful journey. It was a sore mortification to them to renounce the hope of planting a new Thebaid in the mountains of the Crimea. Madame de Krudener could not endure the loss of her illusions; her health, already impaired by many years of an ascetic life, declined rapidly, and within a year from the time of her arrival in the peninsula, there remained no hope of saving her life. She died in 1828, in the arms of her daughter, the Baroness Berckheim, who had been for some years resident on the southern coast, and became possessed of many documents on the latter part of a life so rich in romantic events; but unfortunately these documents are not destined to see the light.

"Princess Galitzin, whose religious sentiments were perhaps less sincere, thought no more of making conversions after she had in-

stalled herself in her delightful villa on the coast. Throwing off forever the coarse béguine robe, she adopted a no less eccentric costume, which she retained until her death. It was an Amazonian petticoat, with a cloth vest of a male cut. A Polish cap trimmed with fur completed her attire, that accorded well with the original character of the Princess. It is in this dress she is represented in several portraits still to be seen in her villa at Koreis.

"The caustic wit that led to her disgrace at the court of St. Petersburg, her stately manners, her name, her prodigious memory, and immense fortune, quickly attracted round her all the notable persons in Southern Russia. Distinguished foreigners eagerly coveted the honor of being introduced to her, and she was soon at the head of a little court, over which she presided like a real sovereign. But being by nature very capricious, the freak sometimes seized her to shut herself up for whole months in total solitude. Although she relapsed into philosophical and Voltairean notions, the remembrance of Madame de Krudener inspired her with occasional fits of devotion that oddly contrasted with her usual habits. It was during one of these visitations that she erected a colossal cross on one of the heights commanding Koreis. The cross being gilded, is visible to a great distance.

"Her death in 1839 left a void in Russian society which will not easily be filled. Reared in the school of the eighteenth century, well-versed in the literature and the arts of France, speaking the language with an entire command of all that light, playful railery that made it so formidable of yore; having been a near observer of all the events and all the eminent men of the Empire; possessing, moreover, a power of apprehension and discernment that gave equal variety and point to her conversation; a man in mind and variety of knowledge, a woman in grace and frivolity; the Princess Galitzin belonged by her brilliant qualities and her charming faults to a class that is day by day becoming extinct.

"Now that conversation is quite dethroned in France, and exists only in some few salons of Europe, it is hard to conceive the influence formerly exercised by women of talent. Those of our day, more ambitious of obtaining celebrity through the press than of reigning over a social circle, guard the treasures of their imagination and intellect with an anxious reserve that can not but prove a real detriment to society. To write feuilletons, romances, and poetry, is all very well; but to preside over a drawing-room, like the women of the eighteenth century, has also its merit. But we must not blame the female sex alone for the loss of that supremacy which once belonged to French society. The men of the present day, more serious than their predecessors, more occupied with positive, palpable interests, seem to look with cold disdain on what but lately commanded their warmest admiration."

The so-called Countess Guacher, who

shared the exile of Princess Galitzin and of Madame de Krudener, and who died in obscurity in 1823, was the Countess de Lamothe, who had been whipped and

branded on the Place de Grève as an accomplice in the scandalous affair of the Diamond Necklace.

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MILITARY PANICS.

BY RUNNYMEDE.

In one of the Sikh battles a British regiment, through contradictory orders, found itself unsupported in front of the enemy's fire, and, for the first time, turned right about face on the enemy. In ancient times the god Pan was supposed to be the inspirer of this sudden and useful diversion in the enemies' lines. The Goat-god, who had frightened his mother into fits by his ungainly and capricious movements as an infant, and who had been taken up to Olympus by his father, Mercury, to amuse the celestials by his dancing to the music of his own Pandean pipes, afterward set up as a hunter on his own account in the woods of Arcady. Here, by his quick sight and lusty halloo, he became the terror of the forest—a kind of god-gorilla, whose howl would scare away bears and tigers as unaccountably as Orpheus charmed them. The next we hear of Pan is in the train of Bacchus, when that mythical god opened the way to the conquest of India, in which Alexander, in historical times, followed in his steps. Pan was evidently the trumpeter of the expedition, and blew such blatant and horrible blasts of sound, that the Argunas and Krishnas of India stopped their ears, and ran from it as the beasts had done in Arcady. Whether the sound he produced was that of a steam-whistle or of a steam-drum, legend does not say. Jullien, the father of monster concerts and the inventor, we believe, of one of these ear-tormentors, was, no doubt, one of the progeny of Pan. Perillus, of the brazen bull celebrity, was another, and the Chi-

nese, who drive their prisoners mad by the gong reverberating in their ears louder than the loudest thunder, are also emissaries of the wicked Goat-god, who should be sent to join him in the Pandemonium, where "the noise of drums and timbrels loud" is mixed "with parents' tears and children's cries that pass through fire" to Moloch.

In grateful memory of Pan's assistance at the battle of Marathon, the Athenians erected a temple to his honor. The first of those panics with which Asiatic armies have so often been seized in presence of European, was that recorded by Herodotus, when the Persians and Greeks met on the plain of Marathon. Herodotus shall tell the story in his own picturesque words*: "While the generals were yet in the city, they dispatched a herald to Sparta, one Phidippides, an Athenian, who was a courier by profession, and who attended to this very business. This Phidippides, as he afterward told the story to the Athenians, was met by Pan near Mount Parthenion, above Tegea; and Pan, calling out the name of Phidippides, bade him ask the Athenians why they paid no attention to him, who was well inclined to the Athenians, and had often been useful to them, and would be so hereafter. The Athenians, therefore, as their affairs were then in a prosperous condition, believed that this was true, and erected a temple to Pan beneath the Acropolis, and in consequence of that message they propitiate Pan with yearly

* Herodotus, vi. ch. 105.

sacrifices and the torch race." To this intervention of Pan, among other causes (for Herodotus is at the half-way state of belief between supernatural and natural causation, and does not directly bring the gods into the field of battle as Homer, or altogether pass by their interposition, as Thucydides) the great success at Marathon is attributed. Pan, according to Herodotus, changed sides on that eventful day for Greece and Europe. The Athenians, he says, on that day charged the Medians at full speed, and that, too, unsupported by cavalry and archers. This the barbarians ascribed to madness, for until that time the very name of the Medes was a terror to the Greeks. It is evident from this hint, (and it is only a hint which Herodotus furnishes,) that the result of Marathon was mainly attributed to a *panic*. For the first time the Medians met their match, and as at school all bullies are cowards, so in battle.

Instead of inspiring terror in the Greeks, the headlong attack of the Greeks struck them with terror. It was the weaker animal brought to bay, and driving back the stronger, as a horse has before now staggered a tiger, and sent him reeling back to his den by a well-directed kick in the head.

A battle is after all only a pummeling-match on a large scale; the side which can best stand being beaten has the best chance of beating.

"Fears of the brave and follies of the wise;"

who has not read and commented on this sonorous couplet? It is an epitome of the art of war. We would not say that the general that is most brave will win the day, but he that fears least; nor is the distinction a mere trifling about words. The normal state of two armies marching to battle is the state of fear; the general is trembling for his reputation, the drummer-boy for the lass that he left behind, and the lips he kissed so fondly when drawn for a conscript a few days before. To all that mighty host there is the awful alternative, death or victory; it may not be a peerage or Westminster Abbey to all, but the prize is proportioned to the stake. The commander-in-chief stakes his all on the issue and so does the drummer boy. The one can not hazard more than life and honor, the other can not

hazard less. In such a lottery as this, the boldest may hold his breath, as the ball whizzes in the roulette of battle, and fortune hangs in suspense between the combatants. That men are not afraid while the battle is raging around them, and comrades falling fast on all sides, is very true; but that is not because they are too brave not to know what fear means, which is only an absurd way of saying that they are too irrational to know what their danger is; but because a passive emotion of fear is incompatible with the active exertion required of head, legs, and arms. The commander-in-chief has to *think*, and the full private to *act* during action, and both thinking and acting are states which put an end, for the time present, of the sympathetic emotions. The surgeon amputating a patient's limb is conscious of nothing but the operation itself. If he were to give way for an instant he would be unnerved and unmanned. During the trying quarter of an hour, he is a being of pure intellect devoid of feeling or emotion of any kind. And unless he were capable of that act of pure abstraction, unless he could put his understanding under an exhausted receiver, and work it for the time *in vacuo*, he might give up surgery and had better adopt the study of some of the fine arts instead. This is why many excellent and able men have been unable to qualify themselves for the profession of a surgeon. They were unable to master their passive emotions in the operating-room; their nerves were too fine-strung, and consequently their intellect never had fair play; they could never rise to the perception of the beauty of an operation, and forget the screams and suffering of the patient. A surgeon is not heartless, as some suppose, because he forgets the one class of emotions, and can even induce a new train of emotions. If the patient were a dear relative, he would not attempt the operation, because he could not trust his resolution. A look might unnerve him, and the more the feelings are compressed the greater their gush when once the self-command is lost, and like waters breaking through a dam they sweep all before them.

To apply these remarks to a field of battle. Men there screw their courage to the sticking place. They do not talk nonsense about not knowing what fear means, but like Macbeth, they can do all that does become a man, who dares do more

is none. Sir Alexander Ball, than whom a braver man never walked the quarter-deck, confessed, that when as a boy he was put into the ship's launch on a cutting-out expedition, he felt the tears rise in his eyes, and he would have given worlds to choke down his emotions. But a kind word from an old boatswain soon set him all right again, and once the first natural gush of fear was got under he felt no more return of it, and got on in action as well as the oldest seaman. This is the real state of armies going into action; at first the strong sense of danger is uppermost in their minds, but as soon as this is conquered by the sense of duty, there is then no return of these qualms, unless, as sometimes happens, the army finds itself in a trap, or a *cul-de-sac*, with cannon on all sides, and then the sensation of fear returns with overwhelming strength in proportion as it has been kept under so long.

Thus we have given first the theological explanation of panics to which the Father of History alludes, not in the hearty believing way that old Homer would have told of a divine interposition of Pan on the side of the Greeks at Marathon. Then we passed on to the metaphysical account of the same. Now we give the positive side of the same subject, and narrates some of the great panics of war.

It was a panic when Gideon's handful of men, with pitchers and lamps, fell on the host of Midian and smote them, as they lay along in the valley "like grasshoppers for multitude, and their camels were without number, as the sand by the sea-side, for multitude." A Midianite, we are told, dreamed a dream, and lo, a cake of barley-bread tumbled into the host of Midian, and came into a tent and smote it, that it fell and overturned it that the tent lay along. Mr. Thompson, the ingenious author of the *Land and the Book*, has thrown great light on the dream by referring us to a proverbial expression, still in use in Palestine. Barley-bread being eaten only by the very poor, it was very natural to dream of an attack from one of the oppressed Israelites under the figure of a cake of barley-bread. Bearing in mind, moreover, the almost precipitous heights which overhang the valley in which the Midianites were encamped, the sudden irruption of Gideon and his armed men was as like the tumbling of a cake of bread on the roof of a tent, and

the cause was not more inadequate to the effect in the one case than in the other. To what, then, are we to attribute the terror of the Midianites but to a night surprise from a small body of men rushing down on them from a height? Every measure of Gideon's was well calculated to strike a panic into the multitude which lay in the valley like grasshoppers. The flashing of lights, the crash of broken pitchers, the trumpet to the lips, the sword in the hand; here were four elements of terror, any one of which would have been sufficient by itself. The superstitious multitude, no doubt, at once supposed them to be so many avenging angels—the gods of the land come down to take up the cause of Israel. "Fear," says the wise man, "is a betrayal of the succors which reason offereth;" and so unreasoning is this instinct of fear that it strikes at friend and foe alike. There is something infectious in the presence of numbers for good or evil. Men back each other up shoulder to shoulder if they have only the resolution to stand. As on Flodden field—

"Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As gallantly and well."

And, on the other hand, a bad example works like leaven among troops, and a retreat often ends in a run because of an alarm raised by a few cowardly fellows in the rear.

The march of Bacchus from Greece to India is undoubtedly mythical; that of Alexander of Macedon is undoubtedly historical. Whatever we may say of the first irruption of Pan into Asia, it is quite certain that the god of terror raised his shaggy head from the midst of the Macedonian phalanx, and shook the Persians from their ranks and Darius from his throne. It is unaccountable how half a million of men could stand up to fight a pitched battle with fifteen or twenty thousand soldiers without running away at the first alarm. The Persians stood in their own way. It was like King Cambyses and his host overwhelmed in a sand-storm:

"Man mounts on man, on camels camels rush."

Two or three such victories as those of the Granicus and Arbela must have satisfied Alexander of this sheep-slaying. He must have doubted his own sanity at last, like Ajax *furens* among the flocks. The panics of the Persians recoiled on their

conqueror. Conquest came so easy to him that he went mad for blood, and at last turned his sword against his own generals and favorites for want of fresh Dariuses to pursue, and more Persias to overrun.

In the wars of the Romans panics were unknown, for every legion was an army complete in itself, which marched under its own commander, and encamped on its own ground. It expected no supports, and therefore never trusted itself in danger without knowing its own strength, and the strength of the enemy. Armies are broken either when the commander of ten thousand finds himself confronted by twenty thousand, and halts, wavers, and is thrown back in confusion; or, when through want of generalship, the men come up in dribblets, and regiments play at cross-purposes leading to very crooked issues under fire. At Meeanee, for instance, Sir Charles Napier found himself with two thousand men on the crest of a hill face to face with twenty thousand Beloochees. To waver was to be lost, and so putting a bold front on the matter, Sir Charles went in for it and won. On the other hand, for an example of what would strike a panic into any army but the British, take Balaklava, or the attack on the Redan in June. *C'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas la guerre*, is a well-remembered comment on the ride of the Six Hundred down the valley of the shadow of death up to the Russian guns. There is no disguising the truth that this is not the way that victories are won. Lions were led on by asses, and if a wrong attack did not end in a rout and a panic, it was only because British soldiers are unlike any other, and do not know when they are beaten.

A panic was next to impossible in a Roman army, from the very composition of the force. It was an *exercitus*, a body so called from its constant habit of drill. Discipline was their *disciplina*, the study to which the Roman gave his mind and strength, as the Greek to rhetoric and philosophy; their camps were cities or the germs of them, and their colonies bodies of old pensioners who held the lands of the enemy on military tenure. To this day our Winchesters, Rochesters, Dorchesters, recall the name of the ancient *castra*, the strongholds of Roman power in Britain. A military spirit like this is the true preservative against

the panics which naturally spring up when bodies of men suddenly find themselves at death's door. How shall one chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight, except, in the language of Scripture, their Rock had sold them, and they had lost all faith in each other as well as in God? It is easy to see that the imagery is Asiatic, for in Asia only do these disgraceful effects of fear occur on so large a scale. It is only there that undisciplined multitudes are drawn into the field of battle, to be swept away, like the pawns on the chessboard, when the queen and castle are gone.

During the middle ages panics were common enough among the hasty levies which were summoned to go to the campaign with the lord of the soil. The knights and their retainers were of course disciplined men, but the bowmen and pikemen were drawn from the cart and the plow, and stood their ground bravely enough, as long as they were supported, but when once the men in armor gave way, then this ill-armed yeomanry became a rabble-rout, and saved themselves as they best could by flight.

The wars of knights in armor against knights in armor were over; the battlefield was no longer a tilting-ground, where a few noble warriors of the pure *sangre azul* decided the fate of the day by their individual prowess. The age of chivalry went out in a blaze of triumph on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and in a burst of shame after the Battle of the Spurs. We could not write on panics and pass over that strange escapade of chivalry, that galloping-match from death, that Tam O'Shanter ride of the French. In July, 1513, the English landed at Calais, and being joined by the Emperor, the united army, numbering thirty thousand men, laid siege to Terouenne, upon which the Duke of Longueville marched to its relief, and was totally defeated. This battle, fought on the 18th of August, near Enguinegatte, was called the Battle of the Spurs, because the French used their *spurs* more than their swords. It was the battle of *veni, vici* only, for the French were only like the snow-fall on the river, a moment seen then gone forever. It was General Bem's laconic report of a victory over the Austrians in 1848. *Bem Bom Bam*—Bem came and conquered.

The fifteenth century still retained so

much belief in witchcraft, as to punish the unfortunate witch that fought on the losing side. In earlier times Joan of Arc would have been treated as an apparition from a higher world, or a century or two later, she would have been treated as a heroic but wrong-headed woman, a Charlotte Corday, or a Madame Krudener. But in the twilight of the fifteenth century her appearance was distorted, as objects are in that intermediate state between light and darkness. With alternate fits of cowardice and cruelty her enemies ran from her, and then took her and burned her as a witch, while the Parliament of Paris, more incredulous at first than the English, and afterward more completely duped by her pretensions to prophecy, at last completed their infamy by consenting to her death. Even Charles, who owed every thing to her, did nothing toward avenging her cause; but ten years afterward contented himself with promising the restoration of her memory by the Pope, and a reversal of the process. She was styled in that act, "a martyr to her religion, her country, and her king." To this fair martyr the French owe the reconquest of France from the English. The words of promise which Shakspeare puts in her lips, were amply redeemed and made good:

"Assigned am I to be the English scourge;
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise,
Expect Saint Martin's summer halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to naught.
With Henry's death the English circle ends;
*Dispersed all the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which Cæsar and his fortune bears at once."

The event justified the boast. Orleans was relieved, and boldly attacking the English in their tents, she struck them with such a panic that they were obliged to raise the siege with precipitate haste. As the faith of the French rose, so also rose the fears of the English. God and the saints had come down to take the side of the oppressed against their oppressors. It was in vain to resist the conviction and to fight against it to the last, as stout-hearted Talbot did.

"Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's
heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled
brains."

The panic seized the men, and Talbot is swept away in the rout before a woman. In vain the Duke of Gloucester issued a proclamation to reassure his soldiers against the incantations of the girl; and the Duke of Bedford spoke of her as a disciple and limb of the fiend that used false enchantments and sorceries.

It was a panic as of Sisera's army—the Lord gave deliverance to Israel by the hand of a woman: Charles and his counselors were like the men of Reuben, for whose divisions there were great searchings of heart. On both occasions it was the sudden and supernatural courage of a woman which kindled the flame in men's hearts. As Joan held out a burning torch, when in disguise she entered Rouen, as a signal to the French outside, so her mission was to lift up a signal to the fainting courage of her countrymen, and to inspire them with some of her own spirit. Women like these are to be ranked among the companions in the knight-hood of faith, whose achievements are unrolled to us in the eleventh of Hebrews: "Women received their dead raised to life again; and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance." Wherever there is faith on one side there will be panics on the other, for the assurance of divine help on one side is the assurance that the other side is fighting against God and the saints. No army long bears up against such a depressing conviction as this; it wastes its spirit away, as the dysentery caused by eating unripe grapes wasted away the bodies of the Prussian invaders of France in 1792. They will either not come to the fight at all, or come up in such a faint-hearted way as if they knew what was before them, and felt that they deserved to be beaten.

We must return to Asia to write the history of panics. The Gorgon's head strikes no such terror on this side the Hellespont. In our Indian wars we have repeated in modern times the victories of Greece over Persia, of valor over numbers.

On the twenty-second June, 1757, the sun rose on General Clive, on the banks of the river Cossimbuzar. A toilsome march had to be made under an Indian sun in June, (for the sun fought against us then as a century after during the Indian Mutiny of 1857,) and late in the evening Clive and his little band took up its quarters in a grove of mango trees near Plas-

sey, within a mile of the enemy. Surajah Dowlah, the Nabob of Bengal, had an army of fifty thousand infantry, armed with matchlocks, spears, rockets, and bows; eighteen thousand cavalry, well mounted and accoutred, and fifty pieces of cannon, for the most part twenty-four and thirty-two pounders, which were clumsily mounted on wooden carriages, and drawn by an elephant and forty or fifty horses. To oppose these Clive had no more than three thousand men of all arms, of whom not more than one thousand were Europeans, and the rest Madras Sepoys. The battle of Plassey is the history of one of Alexander's victories over Darius. Surajah Dowlah's artillery began the action, but did as little execution as the elephants and castles of Darius on the Macedonian phalanx, while the few field-pieces of the English produced great effect. Clive continued on the defensive until about two P.M. when the Nabob, intimidated by the fall of a favorite chief, ordered a retreat. This is the turning-point in an Asiatic army. At best it is a mob of fighting men, which bears down with its own weight against the enemy's lines, but when it has to repeat the Parthian maneuver, and retreat fighting, it invariably falls into disorder, and the rout becomes a run for dear life. So it was on this day. It was a regular stampede of wild and affrighted buffaloes. Not more than five hundred fell by the enemy's sword, but more than ten times that number were either wounded or missing. No muster-roll was ever called again of that army of sixty thousand men; like a fagot of sticks it fell to pieces at a stroke of the conqueror's sword. Next day Surajah Dowlah fled in disguise from Moorshedabad, and a creature of Clive's was set up on the Durbar in his stead, while the reality and even the symbols of sovereignty passed away to the English, with whom they have remained to this day.

The history of India is full of these narratives of battle, stoutly begun, but ending in a panic, a rout, a deposition, and the annexation of the province to our still increasing empire. Sir Henry Laurence said of the Sikhs, that they were not educated up to the point when the soldier in the ranks can trust that his right-hand man is not planning to run away. Never was this more exemplified than during the Indian Mutiny in 1857. The regiments

which wore the British uniform and were drilled by British officers—regiments which had won laurels, too, in campaigns from Pegu to Persia, turned round and ran before a few hundred Highlanders, as school-boys run at sight of a policeman. They had no confidence in each other, much less in their officers. It was a state of chronic panic, and to that we owe our mastery of India to this day. St. John Tucker well said, that it is not our might, nor our craft, much less our numbers, which holds India for us. Ours is an empire of opinion; an invincible persuasion possesses the Hindoo that one pale face is equal in the day of battle to ten of themselves. The Beloochees said of Sir Charles Napier, that the tramp of his war-horse was heard two miles off, and the men of Nicholson's regiment were found to adore him as a god, by name Nikul-Seyn.

Asiatic armies have shown us the art of turning a victory into a defeat. Given a horde of men with very little knowledge of fighting, and no interest whatever in the cause for which they are fighting, and we have at once the conditions requisite to produce a panic. We may expect a panic in such a situation as this, just as we may expect to find a toad-stool in the stump of an old tree, or bulrushes in a marshy hollow. Asia is as indigent of panics as it is of the cholera. Hindoos fight under this pall thrown over them by the king of terrors, as the Persians fought in the shade of their innumerable darts. The European general who marches out to fight Chinese and Hindoos, reckons upon a diversion in his favor caused by the god Pan, as much as Bacchus reckoned on the assistance of his ally in the celebrated expedition to India. It would almost cause a panic in the European lines if they found it otherwise. Whenever Hindoos or Chinese stand to their guns we begin to suspect that there are French or Russian officers among them. For a long time we could not believe that the Sikh artillery was not pointed by French gunners. It was asserted with equal confidence that the Russian uniform was to be seen in the Taku forts. Panic is our natural ally in our wars in the east; we think ourselves badly used if he does not overturn the baggage-wagons, cut the bullock's traces, and set an elephant or two mad with thirst and fear, and so turn things topsyturvy in the rear that there is no making

head against us in front. A panic is thus as much a part of our *materiel de guerre* in the East as a balloon is of the French, or a stink-pot of the Chinese. There must be fightings without, but also fears within, or else a handful of Europeans could never conquer or hold India to this day.

But the Asiatic panic is of one kind, the American of another; they differ as the tiger differs from the jaguar. The fear of undisciplined masses is always a terrible thing, whether in civilized or in semi-civilized societies; but as the causes of this panic differ, so it differs in its effects. In Asiatic armies a panic arises from indiscipline produced by want of confidence between man and man: in America, from indiscipline produced by undue confidence, together with want of military training. In Asia there is the defect, in America the excess of public spirit, and so opposite causes produce the same effect. The political spirit is nearly dead in an Asiatic community. The king has gathered up all the functions of government into his own person, and so, if he is an imbecile or a madman—to one of which extremes absolute power invariably leads men—the condition of things falls into a state resembling that of an engine-driver drunk or asleep by the stoke-hole, and the ship driving through the waters at the mercy of the winds and waves. In America an opposite kind of evil is at work, political life is there diffused through the mass, so that every one on board, from the captain to the cabin-boy, thinks himself fit to work the ship's engines; there is no division of labor, no such thing as professional statesmanship. The art of war and the art of government are thought to be born with all men as digging and delving. All men can dig, because they are the sons of Adam, the first gardener, and all women spin, because they are daughters of Eve, the first spinster. It is a point of honor with democracy, to prove all men equal on the tented field, for what comes easier than fighting? No man, says Archbishop Whately, thinks of deciding by common-sense in the craft or calling in which he is skilled. He only decides by common-sense in a professional matter of which he knows nothing. So physicians set a great store by common-sense in law, and the lawyers in physic. Engineers who would never build a bridge by common-sense, will give a constitution to a

colony, or pay the national debt by common-sense. So as generalship is the art of which Americans are generally ignorant, every second man you meet is a general, and is ready to lead an army to battle under the strategy of common-sense. A great deal of uncommon non-sense has been talked about the early wars of the French Revolution, as if Moreau, Dumouriez, and Jourdan gained their great victories by forgetting the art of war and throwing themselves on the enemy like a pack of wolves on a caravan of peaceful travelers. So far from this, their victories were the victories of masters in the art of war, against bunglers. Not to speak of Valmy, which after all was only a cannonade, and not an engagement at close quarters, Dumouriez out-generated the Duke of Brunswick by his march on the Argonne Forest, which stopped the march of the allied army on Paris in 1792, and saved the Republic. Dumouriez put his finger on the map and exclaimed: "This is the Thermopylæ of France." On the fourth of September, by a rapid movement in the face of the enemy, the bold and adroit Frenchman had occupied the main passes of the forest, and had taken up a position of great strength at Grandpre. The weather was wet, the country was flooded, but Dumouriez' great difficulty was to bring his raw and inexperienced troops to face the Prussians, whom Frederick the Great had led to victory. Even five days before Valmy they fled screaming before the Prussians. But by exhortation and menace he inspired the timid with some ardor, and his recruits were rallied to the cry of *vive la patrie*. But Dumouriez was too skillful a general to hazard an engagement at close quarters with raw against disciplined troops. He maneuvered his men, marched and countermarched them, and finally, by a succession of feints, tired out the enemy, and held his ground till the arrival of Kellermann with fifteen thousand men, encouraged him to engage the enemy, which he did at Valmy.

The cannonade of Valmy was the first action fought by the Republican levies against the disciplined armies of Prussia and Austria. The relief of Lille, in October of the same year, was followed by the battle of Jemmapes, in which, though the French lost more than the Austrians, they succeeded in routing them for the first time. Of the composition of the army

there are discordant accounts. Lamartine represents the cavalry as consisting of old soldiers, but says that the mass was composed of volunteers inexperienced in maneuver. Napoleon, on the other hand, at St. Helena, said that the Republic was not saved by the recruits and volunteers, but by the old troops of the Monarchy. We incline to agree with the soldier rather than the civilian. And if proof were wanting to confirm this opinion, it lies in this, that the French were generally successful by land, but invariably defeated by sea. Now, it is well known that while the land forces were commanded mainly by trained officers, men who, like the young Napoleon, had passed through the military schools of France under the monarchy, in the navy it was quite otherwise. The officers were almost all taken from the upper classes, who emigrated after the events of 1792, and so France had to fight her battles by sea with maritime conscripts commanded by captains of smacks and brigantines, who were good Jacobins and ardent Democrats, but who knew no more naval tactics than could be gained on a coasting voyage from Nantes to Bordeaux. Admiral de la Graviere, one of the few survivors of the French revolutionary war, candidly admits that France lost all chance of disputing for the command of the sea for want of skilled seamen. It has been calculated that even before the close of 1791 three fourths of the officers of the royal navy had either retired or been dismissed. Their place was supplied from the merchant service, with a very searching test as to politics, but with a very slight test as to service and skill.

During the action of the first of June, 1794, the French Admiral Villaret Joyeuse carried on board his flag-ship, the *Montagne*, a Commissioner from the terrible Convention—Jean Bon St. André—who, though wholly ignorant of seamanship, and indeed at one time a Calvinist divine, had come on board and assumed the tone of a great commander. As Lord Howe bore down on the *Montagne*, closely followed by five ships of his own fleet, Jean Bon St. André, thinking the Commissioner's place was the place of safety, or perhaps mindful of his former clerical calling, retired to the cockpit. It is to this that the Anti-Jacobin song alludes—

"Poor John was a gallant captain,
In battles much delighting;

He fled full soon
On the first of June,
But he bade the rest keep fighting!"*

Thus the lesson from the wars of the French Revolution, so far from disproving the superiority of discipline over valor, strongly confirms it. The French were victorious by land because they were better commanded, and as uniformly they were defeated at sea because they had no commanders at all. They acted as those shrewd people do who trust to professional rules on the subject of which they have some knowledge, but to common-sense, in a matter in which they have no knowledge at all, and who find out to their surprise, that common-sense will not weather a ship on a lee shore, or tie up an artery, or carry a man through an action of trespass and battery. If they had trusted their own sense less, and the sense of a professional man more, they would not have to rue their loss by sea when it was too late.

The Federalists in America are likely to find out by land what the French discovered after eleven years of uniform defeat and disgrace by sea, that great commanders are not extemporized, and that courage is no substitute for professional skill. From the first of June, 1794, to the twenty-fifth October, 1805, when the French flag was struck down never to float again at sea during the wars of Napoleon, France was endeavoring to force a marine by all that skill, energy, and foresight could contrive. But it was all to no purpose. The school of arms which is to do service in war, must be prepared in peace. The Revolution had swept the navy clean of all mind, and when mind came to be applied to the marine it was too late. The English had got the start, the *prestige* of victory had already set in on their side, and France would have had to gain a few Niles and Trafalgars before her fleets could ever expect to cope on equal terms with those of England. So low had her spirit fallen by sea, that to escape a defeat was considered a victory, to creep round the coast, giving the English fleet the slip in the night was a bold maneuver, and to fight a running fight with a harbor of refuge in sight, was a daring exploit, deserving at least a medal, or a paragraph in the *Moniteur*. Public

* Quoted from Lord Stanhope's *Life of Pitt*, vol. ii. p. 241.

spirit is a good thing, it is the raw material out of which soldiers and sailors are made. But the raw material is one thing, the manufactured article another, and woe to the nation which in its strait and agony calls on its levies to face armies bronzed in battle. So the Prussian *Land-sturm* went down at Jena before the army of the Pyramids, Italy, and Austerlitz. It was not till eight years' humiliation had called out in Prussia a spirit as heroic as that of the French Republicans in 1792, supported by a discipline as stern and exact, that Prussia took revenge for Jena at Leipzig and Waterloo, and settled old scores which we hope may not soon be opened again on either side. At this moment we should tremble for Prussia if she had to meet France single-handed on the Rhine. In discipline and even

in numbers we do not fear that Prussia could make head against any army which France could launch against her across the Rhine. But when it comes to real fighting, the difference between old soldiers who have fought in real battles, and those who have only fought in sham battles, is tremendous. Amid the hail of bullets, and the sights and sounds of real fighting, even old soldiers sicken, and young soldiers drop, and are benumbed with fear. If there are not veterans then mixed up with the young soldiers, they may fall into a panic at any moment, which will sweep away generals, baggage and all, in one pell-mell of ruin. But if added to this, the officers are as inexperienced as the men, nothing can save such an army from a ruin which is worse than defeat.

From Chambers's Journal.

G I A N T T R E E S .

It is a strange and impressive consideration, that many trees now standing began to flourish before the commencement of the oldest empires on record; witnessed the rise and decay of the Assyrian and Babylonian powers; beheld the Egyptian dynasties in their cradle; and saw pass by them, like meteors, the warlike monarchies of Macedon and Rome. Such are the great chestnut-trees on the slopes of Etna, and those enormous representatives of ancient forests observed by our older travelers in China, which being preserved by a harmless superstition from the ax, are doubtless still where they were two centuries ago, though recent visitors to the Flowery Land have either not penetrated into the provinces where they are found, or else have omitted to describe them. In some parts of the East, as in the larger islands, for example, of the Indian Archipelago, trees are more remarkable for their immense loftiness, and the distance from the ground free of boughs, than for mere girth. On the north-western prom-

ontory of Borneo, as well as in parts of Australia, trees have been seen which, though not more than eighteen or twenty feet in circumference, display a clear straight shaft of ninety feet below the spread of the branches, which at that elevation throw themselves forth on all sides, and constitute a close pyramid of unfailing verdure to the summit.

Africa, the abode of startling contrasts, where deserts of absolute barrenness run in vast belts parallel with the rankest vegetation in the world, presents us with nothing in the form of a tree more marvelous than the baobab, which rises from the plain like a regular mound of foliage, one hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and from seventy-five to eighty feet high, thickly sprinkled in the hottest month of summer with white flowers, six inches across. It would be difficult to imagine any thing more beautiful than this huge pile of green leaves, contrasting with the snowy blossoms, which, as they open their dewy chalice in the morning, diffuse far

and wide a rich perfume through the air. There is something extremely peculiar in the characteristics of the baobab. Its trunk is not lofty, since at about the height of twelve or fourteen feet, it divides itself into massive boughs, the lowest and largest of which stretch out almost horizontally till their own weight bends them down toward the earth, which at their extremities they touch on all sides, so as to form a spacious circular tent, affording the natives a pleasing shade. In girth, the trunk amply makes up for its want of height, frequently measuring upward of seventy feet, and sometimes exceeding eighty-five, which gives a diameter of nearly twenty-nine feet. Strange to say, the wood of the baobab, though extremely slow of growth, is soft and light, owing, probably, to the moist and sandy soil in which the tree delights. It seldom acquires any great height where its roots encounter stones, since the slightest abrasion of their rind leads inevitably to the destruction of the whole tree.

The Chinese have a quaint way of expressing most things; and when they desire to convey an idea of the magnitude of the two great trees of their empire, they say that two hundred sheep might be concealed beneath a single branch of the one, while the other is so vast, that eighty men with outstretched arms could scarcely embrace it. The merchants who distribute timber through the country, bore holes in the ends of the trees, and bind them together into floats or rafts, sometimes a quarter of a league in length, on which they build houses for themselves, their families, and attendants, and proceeding along the rivers and great canals, perform voyages of many thousand miles, the raft gradually diminishing as they dispose of their property in one city after another. Traveling westward through Central Asia, we meet with few trees of great bulk till we pass the Volga, where giant oaks present themselves, some thirty feet in circumference, and of proportionate height, occasionally hollowed out by age for the dwelling of man or beast. In the Crimea, oaks are met with of equal dimensions, together with prodigious walnut-trees, from which in favorable seasons a hundred thousand nuts are sometimes gathered. The tree from whose trunk was made the celebrated table of Lorraine, twenty-five feet in breadth, and of suitable length and thickness, probably

surpassed its rival of the Crimea in its annual yield of nuts. No furniture is more beautiful than that which is made of walnut-wood, delicately flecked and watered, and susceptible of a polish equal to that of the finest mahogany from the Spanish Main.

Few countries, however, have surpassed England in the number of immense trees which may be regarded as historical. The linden of Zurich, supposed to have been the largest on the continent, was exceeded in dimensions by a female linden growing at Depeham, in Norfolk, which rose to the height of ninety feet, and was nearly fifty feet in circumference at the root, but rapidly diminished in girth, first to thirty-six feet, and a little higher to twenty-five feet. Its leaves were immense, some of them being full three inches broad. The elms of England are probably the finest in the world. In Italy, these trees have been planted from time immemorial, in order, as the Roman poets express it, to be married to the vine, which, climbing up their trunks, and creeping along their boughs and branches, suspends its rich clusters of purple and gold among the leaves, which barely suffice to shelter them from the too ardent rays of the sun. A vineyard in Burgundy is as little picturesque as a plantation of gooseberry-bushes; but south of the Ticino, is an object of rare interest and beauty, the vine flinging its tendrils from tree to tree, forming arches, berceaux, and canopying whole avenues with its lovely leaves and poetical fruit.

Spain, it is said, had no elms, till they were carried thither from England, in the sixteenth century, by Philip II., to shade the walks of his palaces at Aranjuez, the Escorial, and Madrid. The grounds at Aranjuez, encircled artificially by the Tagus, are laid out in beautiful walks along the banks of the river; and one of the alleys, it is said, is three miles in length, shaded all the way by double rows of English elms. Our ambassadors, therefore, when attending upon the court here, half imagined themselves at home while sitting or walking beneath a tree so intimately associated with their own country. As the elm is associated with the grape, so is the linden with the bee, which sucks from its flowers the most delicious honey, tinged slightly with green, and often more odoriferous than that of Attica or Sicily. Some have confounded the linden with

the unknown tree on which the ancients bestowed the name of smilax, which shaded the democratic walks of the Athenian people, and flung over them in spring a perfume little less delicious than that of their favorite violets.

Among the oldest trees now known to exist, is that great Egyptian sycamore which rears its venerable trunk near the Fountain of the Sun at Heliopolis, which was already old when, as is represented in general belief, Christ sat as an infant on his mother's lap beneath its shade. Here Mohammedan, Jew, and Christian, have stood and gazed at the mighty river and the pyramids, symbols of a religion more ancient than any now known. High up the valley, we meet with other sycamores, some of them a hundred and seventy feet in circumference, which probably rival in antiquity the chestnut-trees of Etna, for the wood is imperishable, and small blocks of it cut into idols or playthings for children, probably before the Exodus, are still as hard and as polished as the day they escaped from the plane of the carpenter. In our own country, where moisture is more abundant and destructive, we have perhaps none of that antediluvian brood, though we possess forest giants which have always excited admiration in natives and strangers. The yew tree of Runnymede, under which John signed Magna Charta, was only blown down a few years ago; and there have been chestnut-trees in Essex and Gloucestershire not altogether unworthy to claim kindred with those of Sicily. At Fraiting, in Essex, there was a very old tree of this species, which, when it had been reduced by time to a mere stump, still yielded thirty loads of logs. Another chestnut-tree in Gloucestershire, which had probably sheltered the Druids, was at length so completely hollowed out by time, that the owner of it constructed for himself in its bowels a neat wainscoted room fitted up with seats and windows. By way of contrast, we may allude to the famous hollow oak at Kidlington Green, in Oxfordshire, which, as the jail was at some distance, the judge on circuit used to convert into a prison, where he confined rogues and malefactors till they could be conveyed to the county-town. History celebrates a famous hollow plane-tree in Lycia, whose dimensions were far greater than those of the oak or chestnut mentioned above, containing an apartment eighty-one feet

in circumference, adorned with marble tables, seats, and fountains, and otherwise fitted up for the entertainment of a large company. Here the Roman governor of the province, deserting his gilded saloons, habitually entertained his friends.

A story is told of the Persian king who, in the best days of Greece, invaded Europe with an enormous army. Marching through Asia Minor, he interrupted, during several days, the course of the national policy, that he might indulge in a fit of tree-worship—a form of superstition common throughout the ancient world, particularly among our own ancestors. Discovering, as he moved along, a platanus of remarkable size and beauty, he halted before it, and divesting himself of his gold and jewelled ornaments, and causing his friends and mistresses also to lay aside theirs, he encumbered the lovely tree with scarfs, bracelets, armlets, necklaces, and other ornaments of gold studded with gems—he called it his delight; he paid adoration to it as to a goddess; and before he departed, caused its image to be stamped on a medal of gold, which he thenceforward bore continually about his person.

Ancient writers speak of oaks in the Hercynian forest, which they suppose to have been coëval with the world, whose roots threw up great mounds in the earth around them, and when bared by accident, rose into arches like the gates of a great city. Some were converted into fortresses, over which our Teutonic ancestors imagined that Thor himself presided. In grandeur, these trees, notwithstanding their colossal magnitude, can by no means compete with such of their rivals as are found in oriental forests, clothed and almost smothered with brilliant lichens and gorgeous creepers, whose blossoms, assuming the form of stars or flames, kindle up the solitudes of the woods by their profuse and luxuriant display of colors, while in appearance they augment the huge bulk of the giants which support them. Nothing can be imagined more striking than the aspect of an immense ancient tree in an eastern forest by night, when the moon, which aggrandizes all objects, streaming down through rents in the leafy roof, gleams on parts of the trunk, while dense shadows envelop the remainder, and conceal the noisy world of life which chirps, and squeaks, and grunts, and whistles, and

screams in the labyrinths of foliage extending on all sides.

Here, with us, trees often derive much of the interest they possess from historical associations. Our cedars, for example, brought originally in a portmanteau from Lebanon, awaken in our minds the recollection of many names celebrated in our annals, though tradition, perhaps, in its ambitious graspings, has ante-dated events, and attributed the achievements of one person to another. Thus, the famous cedar, eight miles from London, which was blown down by the hurricane of 1778, was believed to have been planted by Queen Elizabeth, though there is no proof that this species of tree was known in England till half a century after her death. On Lebanon itself, as well as in Cyprus, cedars, we believe, have been known to attain the height of a hundred and thirty feet, with proportionate bulk; whereas the largest in this country seem never to have exceeded the height of seventy-five feet, a difference which some naturalists have attributed to the colder and more ungenial climate of England. But there are mysteries in vegetation as in other things. The cold of Lebanon is in winter more severe than that experienced in England, though on the other hand, the heat of summer is likewise much greater; and these variations of temperature may possibly be necessary to develop the cedar in its full beauty and dimensions. The cypress in nearly all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean grows to a great height, though it increases so slowly in bulk, that many ages are needed to bring it to perfection. The wood of this tree is of rare beauty, closeness, and durability, for which reason it was selected by the Egyptians for the manufacture of mummy coffins, many of which, after having lain in the earth several thousand years, are still to all appearance as tough and serviceable as ever.

There is a sort of mythology in natural history which constructs its fables and legends after quite as marvelous a fashion as that habitually followed by the founders of wild creeds. Thus, not content with appealing to genuine history, in proof of the lasting qualities of cypress-wood, the old naturalists go back to Semiramis, and refer gravely to the bridge, all of this timber, which she is supposed to have thrown across the Euphrates, and which lasted no one knows how long.

So, again, the philosopher Plato, when selecting the most durable material on which to write his laws, rejected brass, as of too fugitive a nature, and gave the preference to cypress-wood. The cause of durability in wood, is what no one has explained, nor is it perhaps susceptible of explanation. It is easy to say that the timber in question is pervaded by a bitter juice, which repels all kinds of worms, so that it never presents, like many other kinds of wood, the appearance of being moth-eaten. To account, however, for its lasting qualities, we can only assume that nature, by composing it of the finest particles piled slowly upon each other, pressed close and agglutinated by the laws of its organization, designed it to outlive temples and pyramids.

Even to give a list of trees celebrated for their size and age, would be to fill many pages. Ancient nations, for the most part excitable and imaginative, were greatly interested by whatever was out of the common order of things, and wrote and spoke much more of such matters, than we, who are of colder temperament, are apt to do; yet our travelers through the various states of America notice, with something approaching to wonder, the forest giants which are met with, though at wide intervals, both on the continent and islands of the New World. The *Wellingtonia gigantea*, the vast tree of which a mutilated example is shown in the Crystal Palace, (it is said to attain an altitude of two hundred feet,) is not without its equals in other parts of America; indeed, the tree cut down by the Jesuits in Paraguay, because they could not otherwise wean the people from the worship of it, seems to have been of still larger dimensions. We omit to dwell on the Indian fig-tree, forming a little forest in itself, which, in course of time, if its growth were unobstructed, would cover whole miles of country with its pillared shade. It may almost be looked upon as the symbol of Asiatic communities, astonishing by their multitudes, though rarely producing from among themselves individuals of colossal intellectuality. In the north, the trees, like the people, are separately great, at least more frequently than any where else. It may be that the growth and development of one enormous specimen, as in the pine-forests of the Highlands, occasions the dwarfing or destruction of numbers of smaller trees;

that the strong and hardy overtop, and at length extinguish, their neighbors, and having thus secured to themselves free space to grow in, acquire by degrees incredible magnitude. Thus, in Windsor Forest, Herne's Oak, celebrated by Shakespeare, had killed, ages before the poet's time, all the smaller oaks in his vicinity, and was consequently surrounded by a beautiful expanse of green-sward, a little uneven and broken, but only therefore the more fit to be the playground of the fairies and elves.

The trees found in the midst of village-greens are generally of great size and antiquity. Frequently they were surrounded by stone steps and seats, on which the conscript fathers of the hamlet, during summer evenings, met in conclave, while the juveniles sported and frolicked on the broad area before them. One generation of villagers after another disappeared; the young grew old, and in their turn sat upon the seats under the oak, till they also were gathered to their fathers, while those whom they had perhaps nursed there as babies, shook their white locks over a new brood. At length the fate of all earthly things fell upon the trees themselves, whose places were looked for in vain by the rural antiquary. One of these mighty oaks, which had probably witnessed Alfred's contests with the Danes, was blown down by the great hurricane of 1703, in a Hampshire village; the people and their vicar sought to restore it to the earth, and with much pains and no little expense brought it to the perpendicular; but its heart was broken, and after putting forth a few signs of life, it refused to take root again. Several parks in England have conferred historical celebrity on their owners by the vast stature of the trees they contain; as, for example, the oaks of Donnington Park, said to have been planted, through a love for all durable things, by the poet Chaucer, of which one was called the King's, the second the Queen's, and the third Chaucer's oak. Unfortunately, however, nature had bestowed on them the fatal gift of beauty, so that when they had grown up straight as an arrow, and completely free of boughs to the height of nearly fifty feet, they were cut down, and converted into wainscoting, to keep their owner warm. There is a wych elm still standing at Sheen, in Surrey, under the spreading branches of which a party

of two hundred persons once breakfasted. The Cowthorpe Oak, near Wetherby, measures close to the ground, seventy-eight feet in circumference, and at the height of a yard from the soil, forty-eight feet. An oak cut down in the reign of Charles I. yielded four vast cross-beams for a ship of war, forty-four feet long by four feet nine inches in diameter. The mast of the same ship, all of one solid piece, was ninety-nine feet in height. One of the largest trees on record is the Galy-nos-oak, which grew in Monmouthshire. The account left us of it is rather mechanical than poetical, though it can not fail to suggest the idea of majestic proportions and extraordinary grandeur of aspect. With a smooth straight trunk, nearly thirty-five in circumference, it towered to a great height, when suddenly dividing into immense boughs, it threw them forth around it on all sides, so as to afford to those beneath an almost unexampled area of shadow, amounting to four hundred and fifty-two square yards. When felled and sawed into planks, its produce appeared almost fabulous, exceeding two thousand four hundred and twenty feet; cutting it down and stripping it, employed five men during twenty days; two sawyers took one hundred and thirty-eight days to reduce it into planks at an expense of eighty-two pounds. The value of the whole tree may be estimated from the fact, that the bark alone sold for six hundred pounds.

Our readers will perceive that, instead of exhausting the subject, we have only touched cursorily on a few of its salient points. It is true we have followed it round the world—have glanced at the forests of the Asiatic Islands, at those of Africa and America, and at the rare fragments of primeval woods which stud at wide intervals the face of Europe—but the descriptions, the anecdotes, the historical associations connected with Giant Trees, would fill and vivify, with no ordinary interest, a considerable volume. Oaks alone, which from time immemorial have made England their favorite abode, so closely connect themselves with the beauty, strength, and glory of our country, that we may almost regard them as its botanical type. We are now, however, importing so many strange giants into our land, that even this favorite tree of Thor may in time be eclipsed. Her Majesty the other day planted in the gar-



PAINTED BY CARLO VANLOO.

ENGRAVED BY J. SARTAIN.

FREDERICK THE GREAT,

KING OF PRUSSIA.

dens of South-Kensington the first specimen of the *Wellingtonia gigantea*, which, in all likelihood, will soon be distributed over all suitable parts of the kingdom;

and history will hereafter refer to Queen Victoria's tree, as is now done to those of Queen Elizabeth, Shakspeare, Milton, Chaucer, and Bacon.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

THE name of this great warrior captain of his age, is renowned in history. We send to the patrons of the ECLECTIC a fine portrait of the original, as a matter of interest and embellishment for the present month. A brief biographical sketch will add value to the portrait.

FREDERICK the Great, King of Prussia, was the son of Frederick William I. and of Sophia Dorothea, princess of Hanover, and was born on the 24th January, 1712. He passed the first years of his youth under the restraints of a rigid education, the sole object of which was military exercises; but as he had received the rudiments of his education from a French lady, under whose care he acquired considerable knowledge of the language, and as she and his first tutor, M. Duhan, had great influence over him, he imbibed a taste for polite literature. These two persons, together with the Queen, formed in secret a kind of opposition to his father's system of education. The Prince was entirely attached to his mother, and there arose an estrangement between the father and the son, which suggested to the King the idea of leaving the throne to his younger son, Augustus William. Impatient of the tyrannical conduct of his father, Frederick resolved to seek refuge in England with his maternal uncle George II. Only his sister Frederica, and his friends Lieutenants Katt and Keith, were acquainted with the secret of his intended flight, which was to take place from Wesel, whither he had accompanied his father. But some indiscreet expressions which fell from Katt betrayed the Prince's intention. The Prince was overtaken, and sent to Custrin, where he was kept in close confinement. Keith escaped, and lived in Holland, England, and Portugal, till after

Frederick's accession, when he returned to Berlin. Katt was taken and beheaded. It appears certain that the King had resolved to take away his son's life, and that he was only saved by the intercession of the Emperor of Austria, Charles VI., through his ambassador, Count Seckendorf. (Voltaire, *Mémoires*, etc.) The Prince, after he had been released from his strict confinement in the Castle of Custrin, was employed by his father as youngest member of the Chamber of Domains, and not permitted to return to court till the marriage of the Princess Frederica to the hereditary Prince Frederick of Baireuth. In 1733 his father obliged him to marry the Princess Elizabeth Christina, daughter of Ferdinand Albrecht, Duke of Brunswick Bevern. Frederick William gave her the palace of Schönhausen, and to the Prince the county of Ruppın, and in 1734 the town of Rheinsberg, where he appears to have lived happily, chiefly devoting himself to literary pursuits and to music till his accession. The death of his father in 1740 placed him on the throne. Finding a full treasury and a powerful army, his thirst for military glory tempted him to embrace any opportunity that might offer; but there did not appear to be any occasion for great enterprise till the death of the Emperor Charles VI., on the 20th October, 1740, led the way to his extraordinary and brilliant career which changed the face of Europe. Frederick took this opportunity of asserting the claims of the House of Brandenburg to four principalities in Silesia, the investiture of which his predecessors had not been able to obtain; but he only required from the Queen Maria Theresa, the daughter and heiress of Charles VI., the duchies of Glogau and

Sagan, promising on his side to support her against all her enemies, to vote for her husband's elevation to the imperial dignity, and to pay her two million dollars. His proposals being rejected, he took possession of Lower Silesia in December, 1740, and defeated the Austrian army at Mollwitz, on the 27th April, 1741, which submitted to the conqueror, and his possession was confirmed by the treaty of Breslau in 1743.

The following year war was rekindled, and Frederick advanced with one hundred thousand men to the siege of Prague, which he took with sixteen thousand prisoners, and this advantage was soon followed by the decisive battle of Friedburg over Prince Charles of Lorraine. Another treaty, signed at Dresden, 1745, again restored peace to the continent, and Austria ceded to the Prussian conqueror all Silesia with the county of Glatz. In 1755 a new war, called the Seven Years' War, burst forth with increased violence, and while Prussia had for its auxiliary the English nation, Austria was supported by France and by the Elector of Saxony, and Frederick soon saw the number of his enemies augmented by the accession of Russia, Sweden, and Germany. Undismayed in the midst of his powerful enemies, Frederick laid the foundation for victory and success in the strict discipline of his army, and in the fortitude and resignation with which he supported the reverses of fortune, and shared the fatigues of his soldiers. Though France attacked his dominions from Guelders to Minden, and Russia penetrated into Prussia, and the Austrians into Silesia, Frederick on all sides rose superior to misfortunes. Though defeated by the Russians, he routed the Austrians, and again suffered a check in Bohemia, but on the 5th November, 1757, he avenged himself by the terrible defeat of the Austrians and French at Rosbach, and by an equally splendid victory the next month over the Austrian forces at Lissa, near Breslau. These important successes appalled his enemies, the Russians and Swedes retired in dismay from Prussia, and Frederick, supported by a liberal supply of money from the English government, and by an army of Hanoverians under the Duke of Brunswick, penetrated into Moravia, and laid siege to Olmutz. Though here checked by Marshal Daun, he rapidly advanced against the Russians at Custrin, and de-

feated them in the dreadful battle of Zorndoff. The battle of Hochkirehen, against Daun, was adverse to his fortunes, and he also suffered a severe check at the doubtful fight of Cunnersdorff against the Russians, and in consequence of these repeated disasters, Brandenburg and the capital fell into the hands of the victorious enemy 1761. The defeat of Daun at Torgau gave a new turn to the affairs of the undaunted monarch, his territories were evacuated by the enemy, and he in every situation displayed such activity, such vigilance, and such resources of mind, that in 1762 a treaty of peace was concluded with Russia and Sweden, and the next year with France and the Empire, by which Silesia was forever confirmed in his possession. While cultivating the arts of peace, Frederick was still intent on enlarging his dominions, and he joined with Austria and Russia, in 1772, in that unpardonable league which dismembered the defenseless territories of Poland, and added some of its most fertile provinces to his kingdom. In 1777, the death of the Duke of Bavaria without children kindled the flames of discord and of war between Austria and Prussia. Frederick placed himself at the head of his troops, but the differences of the rival princes were settled by the peace of Teschen, 13th May, 1779. The last years of Frederick's life were earnestly devoted to the encouragement of commerce and of the arts, justice was administered with impartiality, useful establishments were created, and the miseries of the indigent and unfortunate were liberally relieved by the benevolent cares of the monarch. Frederick died 17th August, 1786, aged seventy-five. His works are numerous and respectable. Four volumes in octavo were published in his life-time, and fifteen since his death. The chief of these are *Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg—a Poem on the Art of War*, a composition of great merit—the *History of his Own Time—the History of the Seven Years' War*. All these have been collected together in twenty-five volumes octavo, 1790, with an account of his life.

When reverses in battle occurred, or calamities befell him, Frederick never lost his firmness of purpose, even when hope seemed all gone. In a period of extreme danger, he wrote to Voltaire, who advised him to beg mercy from his enemies: "I

am a man, and therefore born to suffer. To the rigor of destiny I oppose my own constancy; menaced with shipwreck, I will bear the storm. I will be a king in spirit; and I will die, as I have lived, a king."

Frederick died August 17th, 1786. We (Editor of the *ECLECTIC*) visited, a few summers ago, the bed-room in which he breathed his last. The clock, which he always wound up with his own hand, stopped at the moment of his death, to which it still points — twenty minutes past two o'clock of August seventeenth.

Adjoining the bed-room is a small cabinet, with double-doors, provided with a table which ascends and descends through a trap-door in the floor, while plates and

dishes were removed through another trap-door. Here the monarch could dine *tête-à-tête* with a friend without being overheard or overlooked.

The coffin containing the remains of the great Frederick, lies in a dark room underneath the pulpit of the Church in Potsdam, inclosed in a plain metal sarcophagus, upon which his sword lay for many years, till it was carried off by Napoleon I., and all traces of it were lost when the allied armies occupied Paris. Into this mausoleum the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia went alone at midnight, and took a solemn oath over the coffin of Frederick, that they would not lay down their arms till Napoleon and his armies were driven out of Germany.

HISTORY OF THE POPE'S TIARA.

THE Court of Assize at Florence has been the scene of a state trial curiously illustrative of the present political and religious condition of Italy. It was occasioned by a caricature in the *Lampione*, representing Pope Pius IX. with the triple crown on his head, comfortably hobnobbing with the ex-King of Naples, and proposing the toast: "To the downfall of Italy." To the Procurator-General of Florence this representation of his Holiness wearing the well-known tiara, the symbol of his authority, appeared an attack on the religion of the state. The tiara, he affirmed, was identified both in popular opinion and canon law with the spiritual rather than the temporal authority of the Supreme Pontiff. Although the Pope might be quizzed and satirized in his character of temporal sovereign of the Roman States, yet, as Supreme Pontiff, he ought to be defended from all attacks. Pius, sipping his chocolate in dressing-gown and slippers, or even signing decrees and raising battalions, was the caricaturist's lawful prey; but Pius wearing the tiara must be fenced against popular derision by all the terrors of the law. On this point the learned gentleman

who defended M. Cesari, the responsible publisher of the *Lampione*, joined issue with the public prosecutor. One of his counsel, the Chevalier and Professor Gennarelli, delivered a defense of the accused, which is in reality one of the most remarkable attacks on the temporal power of the Pope to which these stirring discussions in Italy have given rise. The Papal tiara itself plays a very curious and amusing part in the defense, for from his vast antiquarian stores Gennarelli drew forth an infinite variety of anecdotes. In this history of the Papal regalia, we learn that so august a symbol of religion was certainly turned to very mundane uses; and that the Father of the Faithful, on more than one occasion, unceremoniously consigned it to the keeping of "My Uncle." How Pope Martin V. pawned his to the merchants of Florence, by means of Nicholas, Bishop of Salerno; how Paul II. made two of immense value; how Sixtus IV. sold them to pay his debts; how Leo X. had a couple made in a style befitting his magnificent taste; how Clement VII. had them broken up by Benvenuto Cellini, who sewed them in the Pope's dress when his Holiness took refuge in the Castle of

Saint Angelo; how, in earlier times, in the general inventory of the Papal treasures made in 1334, there were mentioned tiaras of the value of seven millions of gold florins, or considerably above three millions sterling; how, in later times, Pius VI. brought all his tiaras to the hammer; and how at this moment only two exist, one given by Napoleon I. to Pius VII., the other presented a few years ago to his Holiness now reigning by the most Catholic Sovereign Isabella of Spain—*pro redemptione peccatorum suorum*; all this is set forth for the great edification of the Catholic public and the infinite amusement of anti-Papal cavilers. In the midst of this wealth of erudition, the Chevalier Gennarelli did not forget the interest of his client. From a long series of works on the ceremonial and public rites of the Papal Court, he established that, from the time when it first came into use, the tiara was only worn by the Pontiff on occasions of royal pomp and display, and was scrupulously removed whenever the ceremonies in which he was engaged assumed a religious character. It was then invariably replaced by the miter. Having established the proposition that the tiara was strictly the symbol of the temporal authority, the Chevalier Gennarelli then demanded how far the exercise of his temporal authority by the reigning Pontiff entitled him to respect. Whilst

the Catholic Church commands its head to act as mediator between the oppressor and the oppressed, between the mighty and the feeble, Rome has presented one uninterrupted scene of proscriptions and imprisonments; whilst it is the peculiar office of the Christian ministry to pardon, throughout Italy and Europe may be found wandering thousands of Roman exiles. Whilst the Church professes to desire not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live, the Romish Church, in order to serve the interests of the Roman Court, excommunicated in the year 1849 two hundred and fifty-seven thousand citizens, two years ago almost the whole of Italy, and has now virtually included in that general excommunication the Italian sovereign himself. What trifling, the eloquent advocate exclaimed, to represent as an outrage to the sanctity of religion a mere print, in which the Pope was seen drinking to the downfall of Italy, when not a day passed without his sending forth from his States hordes of armed brigands into Southern Italy, whose forays had no other object than the very downfall of the Italian monarchy. The twelve jurors, after listening to the calm and impartial summing up of the President of the Court, brought in a verdict of not guilty. It is a verdict well worthy to be remembered in the future history of Italy.

From Chambers's Journal.

BLOWN THROUGH A TUBE.

So far as we are aware, no human being was ever *blown* through a tube until this present year, eighteen hundred and sixty-one. Men have worked their way through tubes in many other modes: the elder Brunel, for instance, through his big tube, the Thames Tunnel, under circumstances of great and varied difficulty; and his son, the Brunel of the Broad Gauge and the Great Eastern, through the tube which bears the name

of the Box Tunnel. Robert Stephenson was one of the first to walk through the mighty tube of the Britannia Bridge over the Menai; the Prince of Wales rode through the still mightier tube forming the Victoria Bridge at Montreal; water-work laborers and gas-work laborers are often required to crawl through iron pipes of sufficient diameter; Sir William Herschel's family walked through the tube of his majestic reflecting telescope at Slough.

These, and other examples, are more or less familiar to all of us; but the being blown through a tube is something different.

It is of the *Pneumatic Dispatch* tube we are speaking—a tube which may one day convey our letters and parcels from one end of the metropolis to the other, and, for aught we can tell, all other commodities except meat—which, as is well known, should not be “blown.”

Those who regard this subject as a matter of mechanical science are aware that compressed and expanded air have both been experimented on, many times in past years, as motive-powers. Papin, the French engineer, more than two hundred years ago, conceived the idea of producing motion by atmospheric pressure through a tube; but he did not pursue the subject practically. About half a century ago, Mr. Medhurst published a short account of a scheme, under the title, *A New Method of Conveying Letters and Goods by Air*. The public, as may be supposed, regarded him as a dreamer. Many years afterward, he published another pamphlet—*A New System of Inland Conveyance for Goods and Passengers*. From this it appears that he had formed a plan, of which the following is an outline. In the first place, an air-tight tunnel was to be constructed, of sufficient magnitude to admit the passage of carriages within it. The carriages, running upon rails, were to be so formed as exactly to fit the tunnel, or at least to have around them only so much space as to permit them to pass through it without friction. They were to be propelled by compressed air, which would push them on because it could not find a passage around them. The air was to be forced in by pumping machinery. Another arrangement planned by Medhurst was that of causing carriages to run through a tunnel, not by compressing air behind them, but by exhausting the air in front of them. This is worthy of being recorded, for it is just the principle now proposed to be adopted by the *Pneumatic Dispatch* Company. A third scheme suggested by this ingenious man was this: There was to be a small tunnel or large tube, containing a piston-carriage for the conveyance of goods, and a valve along the top of the tube, through which a rod would protrude vertically. The rod

would be connected at the lower end with the piston-carriage inside the tube, and at the upper end with a passenger-carriage in the open air: this passenger-carriage would run upon a railway either above or along-side of the tube. By this singular arrangement, compressed air would not only blow along a goods-carriage inside the tube, but also a passenger-carriage outside and above it. Even this did not exhaust Medhurst's inventions. He planned the construction of a railway, in the center of which would be laid a small tube, having a valve and upright bar as above described. This was a cheaper arrangement, as the tube was only to be large enough to contain a piston, not a goods-carriage. He contrived various ingenious modes of closing the valve at all times, except just at the instant when the carriage would pass. Medhurst appears to have relied more on a *plenum* behind the piston, than on a *vacuum* in front of it; and he certainly formed very magnificent ideas of the degree of propulsive power thus obtainable—much more so than would now be admitted. He believed that in a tunnel of thirty square feet sectional area, or between five and six feet in diameter, carriages might be propelled at the rate of *sixty miles an hour* without the condensation of air becoming uncomfortable to the passengers.

If ever the *Pneumatic Dispatch* scheme becomes really effective and profitable, society must say a good word for Mr. Medhurst: he certainly set the brains of other men to work, although he did not himself profit by his various tubular schemes. The same, in a smaller degree, may be said of Mr. Vallance, who, in 1823, invited the public to consider a new mode of traveling. His design was for conveying passengers along a railway laid within an air-tight tunnel, made either of cast-iron or of vitrified clay. Knowing that experiments had shown a very great loss of power to result from the attempt to impel air through a long pipe, he selected the vacuum instead of the plenum method—exhausting the air in front of the piston, and allowing the ordinary atmosphere to press on the piston from behind. The possibility of doing this was actually shown on a small scale at Brighton; and thus Vallance made a step in advance beyond Medhurst; but people laughed at him, and the improbability of

true-born Britons ever consenting to be shot through a tube like pellets through a pop-gun.

Years rolled on, and then came Mr. Pinkus from America, with his patent "Pneumatic Railway." This was an iron tube about three feet in diameter, with a longitudinal slit, an inch or two wide, on its upper side. Two raised edges on the sides of this slit formed a trough, which was filled up with a valvular cord of some spongy or yielding substance, strengthened by a backing of iron. A piston traveled within the tube, and a bar, passing upward from it through the slit, connected it with one of a train of carriages running on a railway. In fact, it was one of Medhurst's plans, greatly modified in relation to the mode of sealing up the opening except at the moment when the piston was passing a particular spot. A small bit of experimental railway was laid down, and Pinkus's apparatus tried on it; but somehow or other, the affair went out of public thought, and Mr. Pinkus made nothing by his ingenuity.

Again we pass over a few years, and come to the labors of Messrs. Clegg and Samuda, who, in 1840, announced to the world their "Atmospheric Railway." This really did "come to something," though the "something" was financially unfortunate to a good many people. Half a mile of the new apparatus was laid down upon the West London Railway; and it worked so successfully, that the attention of railway companies was attracted toward it. We need not enter into mechanical detail. We have simply to picture to ourselves a cast-iron tube about half a yard in diameter—a slit along the top of that tube—an elastic valve or flap closing the slit—an upright bar forcing for itself a passage by lifting up the valve a few inches at a time—a piston at the bottom of the bar, within the tube—a carriage at the top of the bar, outside the tube—a train connected with this carriage—and apparatus for pumping out the air in front of the piston in the tube. Such was the atmospheric railway, which was actually put in operation on the Croydon, the Dublin and Kingstown, and the South Devon Railways. It was really a wonderful thing, for a velocity of sixty miles an hour was occasionally obtained; and the train seemed to be driven along by invisible agency, no outward propulsive agent of any kind being present.

Nevertheless, it failed commercially; the expense of working was greater than that of the locomotive system, chiefly owing to the endless difficulty of maintaining the valve air-tight.

The reader must take all this as an exemplification of the well-worn truth, that "there is nothing new under the sun." The Pneumatic Dispatch plan of the present day is not new; it is only an improvement upon something which had long before taxed the speculative faculties of ingenious men.

In a district once forming part of Battersea Fields, but now a newly-laid out wharf and quay belonging to the Vauxhall Water-Works Company, is temporarily laid a serpentine pipe about a quarter of a mile in length. It is mostly on the face of a growth, but in some parts either supported above it or slightly buried beneath it; there are one or two sharp curves in it, and gradients almost as steep as that of Holborn Hill. At one end is a small train of iron carriages; at the other end, an engine-house with a steam-engine and an air-pump. The pipe is about thirty inches in internal diameter, and having in section a form something like that of a bee-hive. It is made in pieces, so luted together as to be air-tight from end to end. Such is the tube. The carriages bear some resemblance to cradles or cots, having a vertical section exactly like that of the tube, but slightly smaller, and being open at the top except at and near the two ends. Each carriage is about seven feet long, and is very strongly made of iron; four wheels allow it to run on a miniature railway within the tube. Here, then, we have a railway within a tube, and a train of two or more iron carriages to travel upon it. Next for the motive-power. At the other end of the tube is a small temporary engine-house with machinery. A steam-engine causes a very large vertical disk or wheel more than twenty feet in diameter, to rotate rapidly. The disk is formed of sheet-iron, shaped like two gigantic watch-glasses, placed with their concave faces inward, and meeting at their edges within an inch or so; the hollow axis of this disk is connected with one end of the tube. When the disk rotates rapidly, air is driven off forcibly from between the two surfaces by a sort of centrifugal action; and this gives rise to a species of suction by which a vast body of air is

withdrawn from the tube. If the remote end of the tube were quite closed, this suction would go on until almost a vacuum was produced; but if it were only closed by an iron carriage which leaves a little margin all round, the vacuum would be very partial. Partial as it is, however, the vacuum is sufficient to give rise to a very rapid movement of the carriage through the tube. There being rarefied air in front, and the ordinary atmospheric air behind, the carriage is driven forward by a force depending on the difference between the two, and this force is much more considerable than might be supposed. A train of two carriages, each weighing seven or eight hundred pounds, is driven through the quarter-mile of tube in thirty or forty seconds—equal to a speed varying from twenty to thirty miles an hour. A visitor to this experimental-ground is shown how these carriages, laden with several hundredweights of bags of stones, to represent merchandise or parcels, are shot through the tube; over and over again is it shown that the formidable mass is driven along the quarter of a mile in a fraction of a minute. But if an adventurous individual chooses to make a more personal trial of this extraordinary mode of traveling, Mr. Latimer Clark and Mr. Rammill, the *genii loci*, offer no objection, but rather try to make him as comfortable as possible. One of the carriages is emptied of its bags of stones, and a clean mattress is substituted for them. The traveler lies down in his iron cot, and is covered with a rug, to shield his clothes from dust. Earnest warnings are administered to him that he must not raise his head, lest awful consequences should follow. He waits in quiet expectation, wondering what sort of a life it must be travel through an iron pipe, and whether he will come out at the other end like a shot from an Armstrong gun. The attendant pushes the carriage or cot into the mouth of the tube, and then all is darkness; all is very hot, too, on an August day. Presently, as if some invisible hand were pushing behind, the cot begins to move; and then ensues such a buzz, hum, whiz, rattle, and rumble, as he could not describe if ever so much a master of language. Off he goes, down the incline which is to imitate Holborn Hill, up the incline imitative of Skinner street, and round corners of various degrees of ra-

dus. Knowing that the tip of his nose is not very far distant from the roof of the tube, he remains quiet and cautious, hoping for the best, and trusting that his dark progress through infinite space will end somewhere or other in daylight, and terra firma. At last he hears a bang; he does not know it at the time, but this is the bursting open of a valve or door at the further end of the tube; and out he is shot into the light of day—safe and sound, though a little bewildered at his very strange journey. So nicely are the adjustments made, that the carriage comes to a stand within a very few feet from the mouth of the tube; indeed, if this were not the case, carriage, man, and all would plunge headlong into the Thames.

This great tube is a model of one which is proposed to be laid down beneath some of the streets of London. We have the postmen to deliver letters, the railway-carts and the parcel delivery-carts to deliver parcels, and the over-house telegraph to deliver messages; but we seem to want something more than all these. A quick transmission of mail-bags between St. Martin's le Grand and the several central district offices, is felt to be a great desideratum; as well as between the chief office and the several railway termini. But this is only one part of the service proposed to be rendered by the Pneumatic Dispatch Company. It is now several years since the Electric and International Telegraph Company caused a tube to be laid down from their stations in Cornhill and at the Stock Exchange to the station in the Lothbury. Instead of having the trouble of transcribing the messages, and sending them by hand, the slips of paper were themselves put into the tube, and blown along in about thirty seconds. The plan answered so well, that other pipes have since been laid down; and the four stations at Cornhill, Stock Exchange, Mincing Lane, and Lothbury, are placed in communication with a central station in Moorgate street, to which strips of paper are blown containing messages to be transmitted to all parts of the world. It is a small beginning, but it promises well. The dispatches are placed in a small cylinder roughly surrounded by felt; and this cylinder obviously represents the iron carriage of the larger apparatus. The tubes are small; but those necessary for the

mail-and-parcel dispatch would be larger. Besides the conveyance of bags of letters through various districts of London, as just mentioned, the Company propose to carry small parcels to and from the several railway stations in alliance with the railway companies; and to convey professional, commercial, official, and private documents and papers of all kinds as well as newspapers and books, from office to office, combined with a hand-delivery to the consignees. The Company propose also that the government should have a complete series of tubes for special and separate use, to convey the almost numberless messages and papers which have every day to travel between the several government offices at Whitehall, Somerset House, Pall Mall, and Victoria street.

The Admiralty alone would save a very large sum every year by getting rid of the difficulty occasioned by one half of every day's business being transacted at Whitehall, and the other half at Somerset House.

The future must tell its own tale. It would not be wise to predict too warmly; but if this scheme once surmounts preliminary difficulties, and becomes effective, there is no calculating the amount of commercial and social advantage that may attend its adoption. Steam-pressure and water-pressure are working busily for us every day; perhaps air-pressure will shortly join the goodly company.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA: A Popular Dictionary of Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Volume XIII. Part to Redwitz. New-York: D. Appleton & Co., 443 and 445 Broadway. London: 16 Little-Britain. 1861.

AMONG the numerous works issued by American publishers we remember none of greater magnitude or practical importance to the country at large than this new *American Cyclopædia*, now in process of publication by the Appletons. We have just received Vol. XIII., and take pleasure in announcing its publication. It comprises more than 800 pages, double-columns, and a copious index of more than fifteen hundred articles, all between the alphabetical nomenclature of *Parr* to *Redwitz*. The number of articles in this single volume will indicate the vast number included in the whole thirteen volumes thus far published, and what the whole will amount to when completed in the future volumes. The editors of this work, Messrs. George Ripley and Charles A. Dana, have performed an almost Herculean labor in the structure of the work, which obviously requires untiring industry and immense research in all the departments of literature, history, biography, science, etc., etc., which few can fully appreciate without practical experience. The work itself is unsurpassed in magnitude and importance, and will remain a perpetual monument to the talents and industry of the editors, more enduring than marble. It is a great dictionary of useful knowledge—an omnium gatherum which ought to be accessible to the great masses of the community in all parts of the land, and we trust will be when the great political storm

which at present rages so fearfully has blown over and given place to the pursuits of literature and the peaceful arts.

THE RECREATIONS OF A COUNTRY PARSON. Second Series. Pages 480. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.

THIS neat volume comprises fourteen chapters. The readers of the *Eclectic* will readily call to mind a number of the articles of this gifted author, whose titles almost invariably begin with the word "Concerning." They abound with fine thoughts and great good sense admirably expressed in forcible and attractive language. All who have read them will be glad to obtain the entire series in the convenient form in which the publishers here present it to the public.

CORRECTION.—JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.—Our last number was embellished with a fine portrait of this eminent historian. For the biographical sketch which accompanied the portrait we were indebted to the new *American Cyclopædia*, the due credit of which was undesignedly omitted, and which we now take pleasure in acknowledging.

THE Trustees of the British Museum have purchased the fine collection of Dudley fossils, made by Mr. John Gray, of Hagley, and consisting of more than 2000 specimens. Many of them are figured in Sir R. Murchison's "Siluria" in the *Memoirs of the Geological Survey, Transactions of the Palæontographical Society, and Journal of the Geological Society of London*.

REVOLUTION IN GAS-MAKING.—Mr. John Leslie has patented a process for the manufacture of gas, which appears to contain in it the germ of great alteration in our present system. It consists in so arranging works as to employ in the manufacture the hydrocarbon products of coal obtained by distilling such substances at a low temperature, whereby the patentee is enabled to dispense with the machinery and processes used for purifying illuminating gas obtained by the existing process of destructive distillation of the bituminous mineral. For these purposes Cannel coal, Parrot coal, Boghead coal, and other coal, and other mineral bituminous matters, are distilled at a low temperature, in such manner as to obtain the products in a condensed form in place of in the state of gases: then, when necessary, the resulting fluids are purified, and then such fluids are subjected to the action of heat in a finely divided state in retorts or vessels, to convert them into gas, which is conveyed into gasometers such as heretofore used at gas works, in order that the same may be distributed therefrom, as heretofore practiced. The coal or bituminous mineral is introduced into a cylindrical retort, broken up into small pieces, and the products evolved pass off to the condensing apparatus, which is constantly kept cool by water, and the condensed hydrocarbon products are received into a suitable receiver or vessel. In order to convert the liquid into gas, it is caused to drop into a retort or vessel heated to a good red heat, and the gas is conveyed from the retort into gasometers of the ordinary construction, from which the illuminating gas is supplied to the gas-mains.

One result would be, the gas-works will be rendered less objectionable in any neighborhood. By this means, too, all the refuse coal which is now completely wasted at the pit's mouth may be distilled into oil at the collieries. "This fluid may be further purified from sulphur and other deleterious substances on the spot where it is made, whence it could be carried up to London and converted into gas in the space of a few minutes. The advantage of this would be: the coal, being used at the pit's mouth would cost a mere trifle; all the troublesome work of distillation and purification, with its concomitant evils of poisoning the neighborhood by the offensive odor, could be performed where labor was cheap and ground plentiful, instead of, as at present, in the heat of London; the expense of carriage of material to London would be considerably reduced, as only the real gas making constituent of the coal would be transported: and lastly, the complicated machinery of plant and hands, with the sickening odor with which it is always surrounded, would be, in great measure, done away with, no purifying apparatus being needed, and the mechanical labor of converting any quantity of the hydrocarbon fluid into gas, being reduced to the capacity of 'a man and a boy.' For foreign stations where coal is not obtainable on the spot, the system would seem to offer great advantages.—*Builder*.

PROFESSOR HANEBURG, abbot of the Benedictine convent at Munich, a distinguished Oriental scholar, has been summoned to Rome to put in order the Syriac manuscripts in the Vatican.

It was currently stated that in the late fire in Paternoster Row, London, Messrs. Longman & Co. lost the fifth volume of Macaulay's History, and the illustrated edition of Moore's Lalla Rookh, but there was no truth whatever in the report.

ARE BEES DOMESTIC ANIMALS.—A singular point of law was recently submitted to the Imperial Court of Limoges, namely, whether bees are to be ranged in the class of what the law calls "domestic animals," or are to be considered as "wild and ferocious." A laborer named Sauvenet, of Chenerailles, proceeded on the 8th of October, 1839, to extract the honey from a bee-hive in the garden of his employer, a tax-gatherer named Berand. This irritated the bees, and they flew wildly about. At that moment a farmer, named Legrand, of Peripierrolles, accompanied by his son, a boy of thirteen, came up the road in a gig, and the bees stung them and the horse severely. The animal in terror began prancing furiously, and the farmer and his son jumped out of the vehicle; the boy then ran along the road trying to avoid the bees, but the horse having started off, knocked him down, and so injured him that he died in a few hours. Legrand afterward brought an action before the Civil Tribunal of Anbusson against Berand and Sauvenet, to obtain from them 3000*fr.* as indemnity for the death of his son, which he said must be considered as caused by the bees. But the Tribunal held that bees are "ferocious animals" which no one can be expected to control, and that therefore the action could not be maintained. An appeal was presented to the Imperial Court at Limoges, and after long arguments, a contrary decision was come to, the Court laying down that bees are "domestic animals," and that the owner of them is responsible for any injury they commit. It therefore ordered that 200*fr.* should be paid to the plaintiff.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BED.—A wardrobe waitant dated 1581, orders the delivery for the Queen's use of a bedstead of walnut tree, richly carved, painted, and gilt. The selour, testor, and vallance, were of cloth of silver, figured with velvet, lined with changeable taffeta, and deeply fringed with Venice gold, silver, and silk. The curtains were of costly tapestry, curiously and elaborately worked; every seam and every border laid with gold and silver lace, caught up with long loops and buttons of bullion. The head-piece was of crimson satin of Bruges, edged with a passamayne of crimson silk, and decorated with six ample plumes, containing seven dozen ostrich feathers, of various colors, garnished with golden spangles. The counter-point was of orange-colored satin, quilted with cut work of cloths of gold and silver, of satins of every imaginable tint, and embroidered with Venice gold, silver spangles and colored silks, fringed to correspond, and lined with orange sarcenet. A royal patchwork indeed!—*Our English Home*.

The installment of antiquities from Bussorah has reached the St. Katharine's Dock, London, on the way for the British Museum. Besides inscriptions and Oriental manuscripts the consignment includes important fragments of sculpture in black marble, basalt and granite.

In the departments of La Gironde and Les Landes, France, the present year's honey crop is unparalleled for value by any thing within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

It is rumored that the feud between the French and American Bonapartes is to be extinguished by the marriage of Capt. Bonaparte, the grandson of Mrs. Patterson and Prince Jerome, with one of the daughters of Prince Murat.

IMPORTANT USE FOR SEA-WEED.—M. E. Legou has presented a report to the Paris Academy of Sciences on the employment of sea-weed, applied in layers against the thin walls of the habitations, to prevent sudden variations in and excess of temperature. The marine algae, such as sea-wrack, may be termed a sea-wool, which has this advantage over ordinary wool, that it does not harbor insects, and undergoes no change by dryness or humidity, provided it be not exposed to the solar rays; in that case it undergoes a complete transformation—from being brown and flexible it becomes white and almost rigid. In the dark, on the contrary, it is unchangeable, unfermentable, imputrescent, unflammable, and unattackable by insects. At first it has the objection of being hygroscopic; but a single washing in fresh water removes the salt, and then its properties become so beneficial, that a celebrated architect has styled it the “flannel of health for habitations.” It has been applied successfully between the tiles and ceiling of a railway station, also in a portable house intended for the use of officers at the camp of Chalons; also double panels, the intermediate space being filled with sea-weed, having been prepared for the construction of temporary barracks at the Isle of Réunion. The Consulting Committee of Public Health, the Society of Civil Engineers, the Council for Civic Structures, etc., have expressed their approval of the judicious employment of the marine algae, and state that the popularization of this process will be of great service in dwellings, especially in those of the humbler class, as it renders them both more agreeable and salubrious. It can be obtained for about 20s. the ton, which quantity is sufficient for upward of a hundred square yards of roofing.

M. MAZZINI is engaged in writing *Memoirs of his Life and Times*—a work which will embrace a good deal of the secret history of European events during the last thirty years.

“HALIFAX, October 9th, 1861.

“TO HENRY GRINNELL, 17 Bond street:

“HOMEWARD bound. Put in after a stormy passage for repairs and water. We were unable to penetrate Smith's Straits either this season or last on account of heavy ice. We wintered at Port Foulke, near Cape Alexander, and I have penetrated with dog-sledges to latitude eighty-one degrees thirty-five minutes, on the west side of Kennedy channel. In that channel there was much open water. The thirteen surviving members of my original party are all well. Two of my companions—Mr. Sontag and Gibson Caruthers—have died.

“I. J. HAYES, American Polar Expedition.”

THE announcement has been made in London of a performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* at Exeter Hall, with such an array of solo talent as is implied by the names of Mme. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, Mme. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Stanley.

A VETERAN.—The *Independent*, of Constantine, (Algeria,) mentions the death in that town of a dog, named Bellona, at the extraordinary age of thirty-four years. The dog formerly belonged to the soldiers of one of the batteries of artillery at the siege of Constantine, and successfully accompanied three regiments of the line in their expeditions. It had one of its legs broken by a musket-shot in 1831,

during an engagement in Kabylia. It has remained in the possession of its last master for eleven years. It may as well be stated that the age of twenty is considered about the extreme limit of a dog's existence. Homer, it may be remembered, represents Argus, the faithful dog of Ulysses, which dies of joy at again beholding its master, as having arrived at that age.

GREAT SPEED IN A SEA-GOING STEAMER.—It appears that the South-Eastern Company's new steamer, the *Victoria*, built by Messrs. Samuda, with engines by Messrs. Penn, has attained remarkable speed on her first trip from Gravesend to her station at Folkestone, preparatory to her employment in the Company's daily service between Folkestone and Boulogne. The voyage, which is stated to give the highest speed ever attained by any vessel over a similar distance, was performed in three hours and fifty-two minutes, giving (as the total distance is eighty-four statute miles) an average speed of 21.7 statute miles per hour, equal to about 18.6 knots. This included the assistance received from the tide, estimated by the pilot at under two miles. —*London Express*.

THE height of politeness is, passing around on the opposite side of a lady to avoid stepping on her shadow.

THE FOOT OF A HORSE.—The human hand has often been taken to illustrate Divine wisdom—and very well. But have you ever examined your horse's hoof? It is hardly less curious in its way. Its parts are somewhat complicated, yet their design is simple and obvious. The hoof is not, as it appears to the careless eye, a mere lump of insensate bone fastened to the leg by a joint. It is made up of a series of thin layers, or leaves, of horn, about five hundred in number, nicely fitted to each other, and forming a lining to the foot itself. Then there are as many more layers belonging to what is called the “collin-bone,” and fitted into this. These are elastic. Take a quire of paper and insert the leaves one by one into those of another quire, and you will get some idea of the arrangements of the several layers. Now, the weight of the horse rests on as many elastic springs as there are layers in his four feet—about four thousand; and all this is contrived, not only for the easy conveyance of the horse's own body, but for whatever burdens may be laid on him.

GUSTAVE DORE, who, in the wild, weird and supernatural walks of art has no equal living, has recently illustrated the *Inferno* of Dante. The grim fancies of the great Florentine are instinct with life in his hands. His designs (etchings, by the way) will shortly be published in London. The edition will be in folio, the price five pounds a copy.

THE HIGHLAND FOOTMAN.—When the family moved into a house there, Mrs. Campbell gave him very particular instructions regarding visitors, explaining that they were to be shown into the drawing-rooms, and no doubt used the Scotticism, “Carry any ladies that call up stairs.” On the arrival of the first visitors, Donald was eager to show his strict attention to the mistress's orders. Two ladies came together, and Donald, seizing one in his arms, said to the other, “Bide ye there till I come for ye,” and in spite of her struggles and remonstrances, ushered the terrified visitor into Mrs. Campbell's presence in this unwonted fashion.

NEW-YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The Directors of the New-York Academy of Music have entertained a petition from Mr. B. Ullman, the present lessee of the Academy for operatic entertainments, soliciting the coöperation of the Board to aid him in his efforts to secure the necessary means to carry out his contract.

The Directors, considering the present disturbed state of the country, the loss to the Manager of a fall season, almost entirely supported by transient sojourners in our city—the necessity to keep open the Academy, not only for the amusement it affords the stockholders, and music-loving citizens, but to show—despite a civil war that calls a quarter million of men to the field—despite the treasure promptly found to supply them necessities and war's expensive requisites—we are not compelled to close our institutions of art and intellectual amusement, or debar our citizens their usual pleasure of a season's opera.

The Directors, therefore, having resolved to support Mr. Ullman, in his laudable intentions, by subscribing for tickets for his benefit, in the ratio of from five to ten tickets per share of stock, do respectfully urge you as a fellow-proprietor of the Academy, on the plea of interest as well as good policy, to do likewise—to subscribe liberally for Mr. Ullman's benefit tickets, in order to give him the requisite aid to inaugurate the coming season. By order of the board.

D. KINGSLAND, Secretary.

NEW-YORK, Oct. 23, 1861.

Mr. B. Ullman says:

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
NEW-YORK, Oct. 1st, 1861.

To the Stockholders of the New-York Academy of Music:

The directors, after having taken my letter into consideration, have arrived at the conclusion that my demands are reasonable, and after having indorsed them, have addressed you a circular. You must pardon my troubling you likewise, but I am anxious you should be fully informed of all particulars. Should I not meet with the expected liberality on those two evenings, it would certainly discourage me to go through the trouble, risk, and anxiety of a season in times of war. But I am confident that my request will be favorably received. You have only to remember the many nights of opera I have given you—sixty to seventy every year instead of forty, as stipulated in my lease; the numerous great artists I have presented; the magnificent manner in which I have produced some of the most difficult and costly operas; the losses entailed upon me by the financial and political difficulties since I became the manager of the Opera; the use I intend to make of your liberality; the enjoyment you will derive this winter from the Opera, and that the income it will bring to the Academy will carry it unscathed—nay brilliantly—through this portentous year. Nor can you have many difficulties in the disposal of such a limited amount of tickets among those of your friends who many times have been invited by you to your seats and boxes. I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant, B. ULLMAN

NOVEL SWIMMING-BELT.—A curious invention for the use of the army has just been experimented on at Paris. It consists of a swimming-belt on an entirely new principle. An inverted truncated cone made of thin metal, fitting closely about the waist,

is divided into a number of small impermeable divisions, so that in case of accident to one or more of these the apparatus would still be effective. The whole does not weigh more than eight pounds. The experiment was made by the master of a swimming-school on the Seine, and a non-commissioned officer in the military establishment, and was deemed perfectly satisfactory. The river was crossed and re-crossed by what is known to bathers as treading water, cigars were lighted, and the action of using a musket gone through. The swimmers then made an effort to lie down on the river, and even to turn over, but the apparatus always brought them back to the vertical position.—*Morning Post.*

A VALEDICTION.

My hopes go with thee! Let them not be wrecked,
Or idly ventured on a treacherous sea;
But let them serve as ballast to thy bark,
Till they bring back a goodly argosie!

My heart goes with thee! Let it nerve thine own
To gallant feats and deeds of high emprise,
Not wrought to win the fleeting fame of earth,
But to abide in angel-memories.

My thoughts go with thee! Thoughts of trustful
love—
Of patient faith and gentle tenderness,
That shall go with thee through the desert world,
When sterner thoughts would have no strength
to bless!

My prayers go with thee! Prayers of lonely hours—
Of midnight wrestlings when e'en faith is dim;
And prayers of ecstasy that wing their flight
In the full rapture of the choral hymn—

And God goes with thee! Go thou forth in peace;
His word thy sword—his providence thy guide.
Go thou to Him, and then my hopes and prayers
Shall find fulfillment, whate'er betide.

—From *Scattered Seeds* by an English Lady.

SOAP AND WATER—THEIR RELATION.—In an address delivered by the engineer of the Glasgow Waterworks, that gentleman remarked, that Mr. Porter estimates the annual consumption of soap at 9·2 pounds per individual. The total population of Glasgow may be taken at 460,000; deduct for Gorbals, 110,000; total on the north of river, 350,000. Supposing that only five pounds and a half of soap are allowed for each person, it will give £72,000 as the annual cost of soap, on the average of the country, consumed by the 350,000 persons, on the north of the Clyde. Since the introduction of Loch Katrine, owing to its softness, careful returns show that nearly one half of the soap formerly used will now suffice. If these calculations were applied to London, the saving there, allowing for the harder character of the water, would amount to not less than £400,000 per annum, equivalent to the interest of ten millions of money, which it would be worth the while of the Londoners to pay for water equal in quality to that of Loch Katrine.

ENAMELED STEEL SHIRT-FRONTS AND COLLARS.—The cottony Manchester and the steely Sheffield are at cross purposes. In the Manchester starchy laundry they are "getting up" shirt-fronts, collars, and wristbands, of "enameled steel!" while at Sheffield

cotton or linen shoddy is about to be manufactured on the great scale, in shape of shirt-collars, fronts, and other fragments of piecemeal attire, in a large building, now in course of erection on an eligible stream there. The great Manchester house who have sent forth their business announcement, anent the steel manufacture, describe it as assuming the shapes of "elastic steel shirt-collars, wristbands, and fronts, enameled white." The gentlemen in steel wristbands and collars, we should fear, will feel much as if they were serving apprenticeships to the great Newgate house in the oakum line. But custom is every thing, as the cook said to the eels.—*Builder*.

THE SUNBEAM.

GENTLE ray of sunlight, gleaming
From the bright and azure sky,
With celestial glory beaming
Full of light and life and joy,
Gilding every hill and mountain,
Smiling on their rugged side,
Cheering every crystal fountain,
And the streamlets as they glide!

Tell me, is it not thy mission
On life's gloomy path to shine?
To give man a feeble vision
Of those heavenly rays divine?
Yes! to soothe affliction's pillow,
And to banish earthly gloom,
Thine to cheer time's fleeting billow,
As it bears us to the tomb!

INDIAN RAILWAYS.—We have already mentioned the Institution of Civil Engineers awarded a Telford gold medal and a council premium of books to Mr. James J. Berkley for a paper "On Indian Railways, with a Description of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway." The author is chief engineer to the Great Indian Peninsula Railway Company, whose service he entered in the year 1849. The projects comprise the two railway inclines up the Syhadree or Ghauts of Western India. One of these—the Bhoor-Ghaut incline—is rapidly drawing towards completion. It contains twenty-five tunnels through basaltic rock within the short space of thirteen miles. Upward

of 32,000 men are employed upon it under Messrs. Adamson and Clowser, the managers for the contractors, Messrs. Tredwell. To give some conception of the magnitude of the works, we may mention that, in the month of November, five tons of gunpowder per diem were consumed, and that work to the amount of £40,000 was executed within one month.—*London paper*.

RELIC OF BYRON.—At Newstead, age, wind, and weather have so much affected the tree the late Col. Wildman preserved with so much care, on which Byron carved his name, together with his sister's, on his last visit to the Abbey, that another winter would doubtless have destroyed every vestige of so very interesting a relic. Mr. Webb, the new proprietor, who is anxious to preserve every thing of interest connected with the place, has consulted with competent persons, and has decided upon at once removing the part, and preserving it with other relics of the noble poet, in the Abbey itself, as the only means of preserving it to posterity.—*Nottingham Guardian*.

KISSING IS BETTER THAN WINE.—Among the ancient Roman matrons and virgins the use of wine was unknown, and the woman was taxed with immodesty whose breath smelt of the grape. Pliny says that Cato was of the opinion that kissing first began between kinsmen and kinswomen, that they might know whether their wives, daughters, or nieces tasted wine. Young Sharpwits says Cato was an old coon! for kissing is better than wine any day.

At the recent Industrial Exhibition held at Marseilles, some specimens of paper, which it is said were scarcely distinguishable from the finest qualities of ordinary paper, were exhibited, made of a material which grows spontaneously throughout Algeria and Spain. This is the "esparto" or Spanish broom, which has heretofore been used merely for making mats and ropes. Algeria alone, it is said, produces two hundred millions of pounds annually of the raw material.

THE heart of a beautiful woman, like that of a beautiful flower, may be the abode of a reptile.

ARTISTIC PORTRAIT ATTRACTIONS.

THE finely-engraved Portraits of various personages of distinction, which have appeared as embellishments in the successive numbers of THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE, have come to be regarded with high favor by the public as a valuable element of art. We have had occasion to know that many of our patrons remove a choice selection of the portraits from the numbers, and have them framed to adorn their parlor-walls. Not a few others desire to purchase the portraits for a similar purpose. Influenced by these facts and others, we beg to offer inducements in this direction to those who desire to possess valuable portraits, finely engraved.

INDUCEMENTS.

We will send by mail, postage paid, to any new subscriber, or to any one of our patrons who will procure a new name among his friends or neighbors, and send the pay, \$5, in advance for one year, either of the following engravings or portraits:

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